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GRAY'S WORKS

VOL. III.

Cui
Spiritum Graiae tenuem Camenae
Parca non mendax dedit et malignum
Spernere vulgus

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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS GRAY

In Prose and Verse

EDITED BY

EDMUND GOSSE

CLARK LECTURER ON ENGLISH LITERATURE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

IN FOUR VOLS.—VOL. III.

LETTERS.—II.

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1884

LETTERS

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LETTERS.

I.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

July 23, 1759.

DEAR MASON—I was alarmed to hear the condition you were in when you left Cambridge, and, though Mr. Brown had a letter to tell him you were mending apace while I was there, yet it would give me great pleasure to hear more particularly from yourself how you are. I am just settled in my new habitation in Southampton Row; and, though a solitary and dispirited creature, not unquiet, nor wholly unpleasant to myself. The Museum will be my chief amusement. I this day passed through the jaws of a great leviathan,[1] that lay in my way, into the belly of Dr. Templeman,[2] superintendent of the

[1] This skeleton of a whale still yawns in the twilight of the Museum cellars.—[*Ed.*]

[2] Dr. Peter Templeman (1711-1769), held the office of Keeper of the Reading-room for the British Museum from its opening in 1758 till 1761, when he resigned, on being chosen Secretary of the Society of Arts, then newly established. Dr. Templeman was the author of several medical works and the translator of Norden's *Egypt*, to which he added notes.—[*Ed.*]

reading-room, who congratulated himself on the sight of so much good company. We were,—a man that writes for Lord Royston; a man that writes for Dr. Burton[1] of York; a third that writes for the Emperor of Germany, or Dr. Pocock,[2] for he speaks the worst English I ever heard; Dr. Stukeley,[3] who writes for himself, the very worst person he could write for; and I, who only read to know if there were anything worth writing, and that not without some difficulty. I find that they printed one thousand copies of the *Harleian Catalogue*, and have sold fourscore; that they have £900 a year income, and spend £1300, and that they are building apartments for the under-keepers, so I expect in winter to see the collection advertised, and set to auction.

Have you read the Clarendon book?[4] Do you remember Mr. Cambridge's[5] account of it before it came out; how well he recollected all the faults,

[1] John Burton, M.D. (1697-1771), author of *Monasticon Eboracense*, vol. i., York, 1758, folio.—[*Mit.*]

[2] Dr. Richard Pocock, Bishop of Ossory and of Meath (1704-1765), in his youth an Oriental traveller.—[*Ed.*]

[3] Dr. William Stukeley (1687-1765), the antiquary, was Rector of St. George's, Queen Square, near the Museum.—[*Ed.*]

[4] *Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon*, etc., written by himself, was printed in the year 1759, at the Oxford Press, in folio and 8vo.—[*Mit.*]

[5] On Mr. Cambridge and his habits of conversation, see Walpole's *Letters to Lady Ossory*. In conversation he was said to be full of entertainment, liveliness, and anecdote. One sarcastic joke on Capability Brown testifies his wit, and his *Scribleriad* still survives in the praises of Dr. Warton.—[*Mit.*]

and how utterly he forgot all the beauties? Surely the grossest taste is better than such a sort of delicacy.

The invasion goes on as quietly as if we believed every Frenchman that set his foot on English ground would die on the spot, like a toad in Ireland; nobody but I and Fobus are in a fright about it: by the way, he goes to church, not for the invasion, but ever since his sister Castlecomer[1] died, who was the last of the brood.

Moralise upon the death of my Lady Essex,[2] and do write to me soon, for I am ever yours.

At Mr. Jauncey's, Southampton Row, Bloomsbury. I have not a frank in the world, nor have I time to send to Mr. Fraser.

II.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM PALGRAVE.

London, July 24, 1759.

I AM now settled in my new territories commanding Bedford Gardens, and all the fields as far as Highgate and Hampstead, with such a concourse of moving pictures as would astonish you; so *rus-in-urbe-ish*,

[1] Sister of the Duke of Newcastle. Frances, second daughter of Lord Pelham, married Christoper Wandesford, Viscount Castlecomer; she died in 1756. Walpole, in a MS. note of his, which I possess, says, "The Duke of Newcastle is afraid of spirits, and never durst lie in a room alone! This is literally true."—[*Mit.*]

[2] Lady Essex died in childbirth, July 19, 1759. She was daughter of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, K.B., by Lady Frances, daughter of Thomas, Earl Coningsby.—[*Mit.*]

that I believe I shall stay here, except little excursions and vagaries, for a year to come. What though I am separated from the fashionable world by broad St. Giles's, and many a dirty court and alley, yet here is air, and sunshine, and quiet, however, to comfort you: I shall confess that I am basking with heat all the summer, and I suppose shall be blown down all the winter, besides being robbed every night; I trust, however, that the Musæum, with all its manuscripts and rarities by the cart-load, will make ample amends for all the aforesaid inconveniences.

I this day past through the jaws of the great leviathan into the den of Dr. Templeman, superintendant of the reading-room, who congratulated himself on the sight of so much good company. We were, first, a man that writes for Lord Royston; 2dly, a man that writes for Dr. Burton, of York: 3dly, a man that writes for the Emperor of Germany, or Dr. Pocock, for he speaks the worst English I ever heard; 4thly, Dr. Stukeley, who writes for himself, the very worst person he could write for; and, lastly, I, who only read to know if there be anything worth writing, and that not without some difficulty. I find that they printed 1000 copies of the *Harleian Catalogue*, and have only sold fourscore; that they have £900 a year income, and spend £1300, and are building apartments for the under-keepers; so I expect in winter to see the collection advertised and set to auction.

Have you read Lord Clarendon's Continuation of his History? Do you remember Mr. ——'s account of it before it came out? How well he recollected all the faults, and how utterly he forgot all the beauties. Surely the grossest taste is better than such a sort of delicacy.

III.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

August 8, 1759.

DEAR SIR—The season for triumph is at last come; I mean for our allies, for it will be long enough before we shall have reason to exult in any great actions of our own, and therefore, as usual, we are proud for our neighbours. Contades' great army is entirely defeated: this (I am told) is undoubted, but no particulars are known as yet; and almost as few of the other victory over the Russians, which is lost in the splendour of this greater action. So much for war; and now come and see me in my peaceful new settlement, from whence I have the command of Highgate, Hampstead, Bedford Gardens, and the Museum; this last (as you will imagine) is my favourite domain, where I often pass four hours in the day in the stillness and solitude of the reading-room, which is uninterrupted by anything but Dr. Stukeley the antiquary, who comes there to talk nonsense and coffee-house news; the rest of the learned are (I suppose) in the country, at least none of them come there, except two Prussians, and a man who writes for Lord

Royston.[1] When I call it peaceful, you are to understand it only of us visitors, for the society itself, trustees and all, are up in arms, like the fellows of a college. The keepers have broke off all intercourse with one another, and only lower a silent defiance as they pass by. Dr. Knight[2] has walled up the passage to the little house, because some of the rest were obliged to pass by one of his windows in the way to it. Moreover the trustees lay out £500 a-year more than their income; so you may expect all the books and the crocodiles will soon be put up to auction; the University (we hope) will buy.

I have not (as you silently charge me) forgot Mosheim. I enquired long ago, and was told there were none in England, but Nourse expects a cargo every day, and as soon as it comes, you shall have it. Mason never writes, but I hear he is well, from Dr. Gisburne. Do not pout, but pray let me hear from you, and above all, do come and see me, for I assure you I am not uncomfortably situated for a lodger; and what are we but lodgers? Adieu, dear Sir, I am ever yours, T. G.

At Mr. Jauncey's, Southampton Row, Bloomsbury.

[1] Afterwards second Earl of Hardwick (1720-1790). It is probable that "the *man who writes for Lord Royston*" was collecting materials for the *State Papers*, from 1750 to 1776, printed in 1778, 2 vols. 4to.—[*Mit.*]

[2] Doctor Gowin Knight, M.D., principal librarian of the British Museum from 1756 to his death in 1772, when another M.D., Matthew Maty, became his successor.—[*Mit.*]

IV.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

Saturday, August 9, 1759.

I RETRACT a part of my yesterday's intelligence, having to-day had an opportunity of hearing more, and from the best hand.

The merit of Prince Ferdinand's policy and conduct is not a little abated by this account. He made a detachment of 4 or 5000 men, under the hereditary Prince of Brunswick, which had got between the main French army and the town of Herwart, where their principal magazine lay. The fear they were under on that account obliged Contades to begin the attack, and he accordingly began his march at midnight, in eight columns. Very early in the morning, before the Prince had time to make the proper dispositions, they were upon him. He had only his first line formed when the battle began, and of that line the English infantry made a considerable part; Contades' troops (joined by the Duke of Broglio's corps) amounting to near fourscore thousand: the Prince had only forty battalions with him, half of which only engaged (as I said) for want of time. The French artillery at first did terrible execution, and it was then our four regiments suffered so much, 68 of their officers (all, I think, below a captain in degree) being killed or wounded; 267 private men killed, and above 900 wounded. The rest of the line were Hanoverians (who behaved very bravely), and, as their number

was much greater, it is likely they suffered still more; but of their loss I have no particular account. In the village of Tonhausen, near at hand, were all the Hessian artillery, which being now turned upon the French, soon silenced their cannon, and gave an opportunity to come to close engagement. The conflict after this lasted but an hour and a quarter. The French made a poor and shameful resistance, and were dispersed and routed on all sides. The Marshal himself (having detached a body of men to try if they could save or turn Herwart) retreated along the Weser toward Rintelen and Corvey, but wrote a letter to the Prince to say that, as Minden must now soon fall into the hands of his victorious troops, he doubted not but he would treat the wounded and sick (who were all lodged there) with his usual humanity. Accordingly he entered Minden the next day. Eight thousand only of the French were slain in the field, twenty pieces of cannon (sixteen-pounders) taken, and twelve standards. The number of prisoners and the slaughter of the pursuit not so great as it might have been, for the English horse (though they received orders to move) stirred not a foot, nor had any share in the action. This is unaccountable, but true; and we shall soon hear a greater noise about it. (Lord G. Sackville.)

The Prince of Brunswick fell in with the party sent towards Herwart, entirely routed it, took five pieces of cannon, the town, and all the magazines.

The loss of the Russians is not what has been

reported. Their march towards Silesia, however, was stopped; and the King of Prussia is gone in person to attack them.

The story of Durell[1] is all a lie.

Lord H.[2] is blamed for publishing General Yorke's and Mitchell's letters so hastily.

Don't quote me for all this Gazette. The Prussians have had a very considerable advantage ever General Harsch.

V.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR—I cannot say anything to you about Mason, whose motions I am entirely a stranger to, and have not once heard from him since he left London; till (the 3d of this month) a letter came, in which he tells me, that Gaskarth is at Aston with him, and that the latter end of the month, or the beginning of the next, he shall be in town as he goes into waiting the last fortnight in October. Lord H[oldernesse] has sent him no less than four expresses (literally so) with public news good and bad, which has made him of infinite importance in the eyes of that neighbourhood. I cannot pretend therefore to guess, whether he will be able to come to you. I am sorry to tell you that I try in vain to execute your

[1] In January 1758, Commodore Durell hoisted his broad pendant on board the Diana. He went to command the fleet at Halifax.—[*Mit.*]

[2] Lord Holdernesse, one of the Secretaries of State, appointed June 21, 1751; in March 1761, succeeded the Earl of Bute.

commission about tapestry. What is so bad, as wry-mouthed histories? and yet for this they ask me at least double the price you talk of. I have seen nothing neither, that would please me at any price: yet I allow tapestry (if at all tolerable) to be a very proper furniture for your sort of house; but doubt, if any bargain of that kind is to be met with, except at some old mansion sale in the country, where people will disdain tapestry, because they hear, that paper is all the fashion. Stonehewer has been in Northamptonshire till now: as you told me the subject of your letter, I did not send it thither to him, besides that he was every day expected in town. At last he is come, and has it; but I have not yet seen him: he is gone to-day (I believe) to Portsmouth to receive a Morocco Ambassador, but returns very shortly. There is one advantage in getting into your Abbey at Christmas time: that it will be at its worst, and if you can bear it then, you need not fear for the rest of the year. Mr. Walpole has lately made a new bed-chamber, which as it is in the best taste of anything he has yet done, and in your own Gothic way, I must describe a little. You enter by a peaked door at one corner of the room (out of a narrow winding passage, you may be sure) into an alcove, in which the bed is to stand, formed by a screen of pierced work opening by one large arch in the middle to the rest of the chamber, which is lighted at the other end by a bow-window of three bays, whose tops are of rich painted glass in mosaic. The ceiling is coved

and fretted in star and quatre-foil compartments, with roses at the intersections, all in papier maché. The chimney on your left is the high altar in the cathedral of Rouen (from whence the screen also is taken) consisting of a low surbased arch between two octagon towers, whose pinnacles almost reach the ceiling, all of nich-work; the chairs and dressing-table are real carved ebony, picked up at auctions. The hangings uniform purple paper, hung all over with the court of Henry the VIII., copied after the Holbeins in the Queen's Closet at Kensington, in black and gold frames. The bed is to be either from Burleigh (for Lord Exeter is new furnishing it, and means to sell some of his original household-stuff) of the rich old tarnished embroidery; or if that is not to be had, and it must be new, it is to be a cut velvet with a dark purple pattern on a stone-colour satin ground, and deep mixed fringes and tassels. There's for you, but I want you to see it. In the meantime I live in the Musæum, and write volumes of antiquity. I have got (out of the original Ledger-book of the Signet) King Richard the Third's oath to Elizabeth, late *calling herself Queen of* England; to prevail upon her to come out of sanctuary with her five daughters. His grant to Lady Hastings and her son, dated six weeks after he had cut off her husband's head. A letter to his mother; another to his chancellor, to persuade his solicitor-general not to marry Jane Shore then in Ludgate by his command. Sir Thomas Wyat's Defence at his trial, when accused by Bishop

Bonner of high treason; Lady Purbeck and her son's remarkable case, and several more odd things unknown to our historians. When I come home, I have a great heap of the Conway Papers (which is a secret) to read, and make out. In short, I am up to the ears.

The fish you mention is so accurately described, that I know it at sight. It is the Ink-fish, or Loligo of the Romans. In Greek Τευθὸς, in Italian, Calamaio, in French, Calmar. You will find it ranged by Linnæus in the class of *Vermes*, the order of *Mollusca*, the genus of *Sepia*, No. 4, page 659. The smaller ones are eaten as a delicacy fried, with their own ink for sauce, by the Italians and others. You may see it in Aldrovandus.

I do not see much myself of the face of nature here, but I enquire. Wheat was cutting in Kent the 23d of July, the 25th at Enfield. The 27th, wheat, barley, and oats cutting all at once about Windsor: the forward peas all got in, ground ploughed and turnips sowed. 9th of August, harvest still continued in Buckinghamshire. The 27th about Kennington it was just over, being delayed for want of hands. In some places, 50 miles from London it is but just over now for the same reason. The 3d of August, catharine-pears, muscle-plums, and small black cherries were sold in wheel-barrows. Filberds in plenty the 8th. Mulberries, and fine green-gage plums the 19th. Fine nectarines and peaches, the 27th. The 4th of September, melons and perdrigon-plums. The 8th,

walnuts 20 a penny. This is all I know about fruit. My weather is not very complete.

July		
20, 1759.	London. Thermom. 5 in the Afternoon,	at 79
21	. . . . .	—
22	. . . . . same hour	76
23	Wind N.N.E. . . Grass burnt up ,,	80
24	. . . . .	—
25	. . . . . ,,	78
26	Wind N.N.W. brisk at noon . . . Thermom.	71
27	,, laid at night	—
28	,, N. fair, white flying clouds . 9 in morning	68
29	,, S.S.W. still, and cloudy sunshine ,,	69
30	Gloomy and hot, W.S.W. shower at night ,,	70
31	Eight hours' rain, S.W. moonshine night ,,	70
August		
1	Cloudy, W.S.W. brisk and chill, bright even. ,,	66
2	Cloudy sun, W.S.W. chill, a little rain, night clear . . . . ,,	65
3	Fine, wind N.W. cool . . . ,,	64
4	Gloomy, S.W. high, seven hours' heavy rain ,,	64
5	Cloudy, N.W. hard rain at night . ,,	66
6	Clouds and sunshine, wind N.W. brisk ,,	64
7	Wind S.W. fair . . . . ,,	66
8	,, W. clear and hot . . . ,,	74
9	,, S.S.W. very hot . . . ,,	76
10	,, ,, hot and foggy . . ,,	74
11	,, ,, clear and extreme hot ,,	76
12	,, N.N.W. small rain, evening fine ,,	66
13	,, N.N.E. brisk, fine day . . ,,	66
14	,, ,, cloudy . . . ,,	64
15	,, N.N.W. clouds and sun . ,,	68
16	,, ,, very fine . . . ,,	64
17	,, S.W. overcast, some rain . ,,	68
18	,, very fine . . . . ,,	64
19	,, W.N.W. cloudy, but fair, at night hard rain . . . ,,	64
20	,, W.S.W. overcast, at night much rain ,,	66

I go no farther than you do: but it is down in my book.

What do you say to all our Victories? The night we rejoiced for Boscawen,[1] in the midst of squibs and bonfires arrived Lord G. Sackville. He sees company; and to-day has put out a short address to the Public, saying, he expects a Court-Martial (for no one abroad had authority to try him) and desires people to suspend their judgement. I fear, it is a rueful case.

I believe, I shall go on Monday to Stoke for a time, where Lady Cobham has been dying. My best respects to Mrs. Wharton. Believe me ever faithfully yours, T. G.

Southampton Row, September 18, 1759.

VI.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Stoke, October 6, 1759.

DEAR MASON—If you have been happy where you are, or merely better in health for any of your employments or idlenesses, you need no apologies with me: my end is answered, and I am satisfied. One goes to school to the world some time before one learns precisely how long a visit ought to last. At this day I do not pretend to know it exactly, and very often find out (when it is too late) that I have stayed half an hour too long. I shall not wonder,

[1] Victory of Admiral Boscawen over the French fleet under M. de la Clue, in the Mediterranean.—[*Mit.*]

therefore, if your friend should make a mistake of half a year, if your occasions did not call you to town sooner. When you come I should hope you would stay the winter, but can advise nothing in a point where my own interest is so much concerned. Pray let me know of your arrival immediately, that I may cut short my visitation here, or at least (if you are taken up always at Syon,[1] or Kensington) may meet you at Hounslow,[2] or at Billy Robinson's,[3] or somewhere. My only employment and amusement in town (where I have continued all the summer, till Michaelmas) has been the Museum; but I have been rather historically than poetically given, with a little of your encouragement, perhaps, I may return to my old Lydgate and Occleve, whose works are there in

[1] Syon, or Sion Hill, near Brentford, then the residence of Lord Holdernesse, since pulled down; *Kensington*, where Mason resided during the period of residence as chaplain to the king. —[*Mit.*]

[2] He may mean Mr. Walpole's residence, for in one of his letters Walpole says, "I live within two miles of Hounslow;" vol. v. 135. And in another letter he says, "I expect Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason to pass the day with me." Long after this time there was only a *ferry-boat* between Twickenham and Richmond, and Walpole's usual road to London must have been through Isleworth and Brentford, by the Hounslow road. —[*Mit.*]

[3] Billy Robinson was his friend the Rev. William Robinson, of Denton in Kent. I possess a list by Gray of the wild plants native to this district, made when on one of his two visits at Denton. He was the third surviving brother of Mrs. Montagu, and was of Westminster School, and St. John's College, Cambridge; Rector of Burfield, Bucks, where he died, aged 75, December 1803.—[*Mit.*]

abundance. I can write you no news from hence; yet I have lately heard ill news, which I shall not write. Adieu, dear Mason, and believe me most faithfully yours.

At the Lady Viscountess Cobham's,[1] at Stoke House, near Windsor, Bucks.

Your friend Dr. Plumptre[2] has lately sat for his picture to Wilson.[3] The motto, in large letters (the measure of which he himself prescribed) is, "Non magna loquimur, sed vivimus:" *i.e.* "We don't say much, but we hold good livings."

VII.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR—I know not what to say to you after so long a silence, but that I have been down at Stoke to see poor Lady Cobham, and after about three weeks passed there, she being obliged to come for advice (as they call it) to town, I returned with her, and have

[1] Ann, widow of Field-Marshal Richard Temple, Viscount Cobham, who died in 1749, daughter of Edmund Halsey, Esq. of Southwark; she lived at the *Old House* at Stoke Park. Miss Speed resided with her, who afterwards became Countess of Virey. Lady Cobham died in 1760.—[*Mit.*]

[2] In 1760 Dr. Robert Plumptre was President of Queen's College, and from 1760 to 1788 Professor of Casuistry; died in October 1788. His "*good livings*" were Wimpole and Whadden, in Cambridgeshire; he was afterward Prebendary of Norwich. —[*Mit.*]

[3] Benjamin Wilson (1721-1788) the portrait-painter, to whom Gray sat for the likeness in oil which now hangs in the common room of Pembroke College, Cambridge.—[*Ed.*]

been ever since, till about ten days ago, by her desire in the house with her in Hanover Square. She is dying (as it now plainly appears) of a dropsy, and the contemplation of lingering death is not apt to raise the spirits of any spectator . . . .[1] I have had an enquiry from Mr. Jonathan about painted glass, and have given him such information, as I could procure. The manufacture at York seems to be the thing for your purpose, but the name of the person I cannot learn. He at Worcester sells it for two shillings a pound (for it is sold by weight). I approve very well of the canopy work border on the sides of each light descending to the bottom, provided it do not darken the window too much, and take up so much of the twenty inches space, as to make the plain glass in the middle appear over narrow. But I have been more used to see the whole top of coloured glass (from where the Arch begins to turn), the gloom above contributing much to the beauty of the clear view below. I cannot decide: the first is more Gothic and more uncommon, the latter more convenient and more cheerful. Green glass is not classical, nor ever seen in a real church window, but where there is history painted, and there the green is remarkably bad. I propose, the rich amethyst-purple instead of it. The Mosaic pattern can hardly come amiss, only do not let too much yellow and scarlet come together. If I could describe the Mosaic at Mr. Walpole's it would be of no use to you, because it is not merely made of

[1] About 9 lines of MS. are here lost.—[*Ed.*]

squares put together, but painted in a pattern of Price, and shaded. It is as if little Balaustines, or Pomegranate flowers, were set four together, and formed a Lozenge. These are of a golden yellow with a white Pearl at the junctions, and the spaces inclosed by them are scarlet, or blue. This repeated makes a diaper-work, and fills the whole top of the window. I am sorry any of your designs depend upon Virginia; I fear it will fail you. Stonehewer tells me, you have a neighbouring scene superior to any banks of the Thames, where I am to live . . . .[1] clever, and forced from him by a nonsensical speech of Beckford's. The second was a studied and puerile declamation on funeral honours (on proposing a monument for Wolfe). In the course of it he wiped his eyes with one handkerchief, and Beckford (who seconded him, cried too, and wiped with two handkerchiefs at once, which was very moving. The third was about Gen. Amherst, and in commendation of the industry and ardour of our American Commanders, very spirited and eloquent. This is a very critical time, an action being hourly expected between the two great Fleets, but no news as yet. I don't know where my thermometer left off, but I do not find any observations till the 8th September.

Sept.
8, at 68 close and gloomy. Walnuts 20 a penny.
9, 70 same.
10, 72 very fine. Wind S.W. then N.W. Bergamot Pears.

[1] About 9 lines of MS. are wanting here.—[*Ed.*]

Sept.

11, at 68 wet, evening fine. Wind S.W. foggy night.
12, 64 cloudy . . ,, S.S.W.
13, 68 showery afternoon ,, S.W.
14, 62 fair . . . ,, W.N.W. cool.
15, 62 a little rain . ,, N.W. little frost at night.
16, 61 fair . . . ,, N.N.W. even. N.E. bright and cool.
17, 59 . . . . . ,, N.W.
18, 58.
19, 57 . . . . . ,, N.
20,
21, 60 fair . . . ,, N.E. high.
22, 60 fair and cool . ,, N.E. at night a little frost.
23, 59 fair, aftern. cold and gloomy, set by a fire. (Went to Stoke.)
24, — fine black and white Muscadine Grapes, black Figs (the white are over), Melons and Walnuts.
25, — red and blue double Asters, Musk and Monthly Roses, Marygolds, Sweet Peas, Carnations, Mignonette, and double Stocks, in bloom.
26, 59 . . . . . ,, N.W. high.
Elm, Oak, and Old Ash in full verdure. Horse Chesnut and Lime turn yellow, young Beeches russet, Cherry-Trees red, and dropping their Leaves.
27, 62 Clouds and sun.
28, — . . . . .
29, 64 fine.
30, 62.

Oct.

1, — . . Catherine Peaches very ripe. Black Frontignac Grapes. (All the rest is lost.)

The 20th of November, some snow fell in the night.

23d. Thermometer at 32 (Freezing Point) for the first time; since which it has continued rising: weather wet.

To-day, the 28th, at 54. Wind, W.N.W. high. Warm and wet.

My best respects to Mrs. Wharton. I am, dear Sir, ever yours.

November 28 [1759].

VIII.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

1759.

DEAR SIR—You will receive to-morrow *Caractacus*, piping hot, I hope, before anybody else has it. Observe, it is I that send it, for Mason makes no presents to any one whatever; and, moreover, you are desired to lend it to nobody, that we may sell the more of them; for money, not fame, is the declared purpose of all we do. I believe you will think it (as I do) greatly improved. The last chorus, and the lines that introduce it, are to me one of the best things I ever read, and surely superior to anything he ever wrote. He has had infinite fits of affectation as the hour approached, and is now gone into the country for a week, like a new married couple.

I am glad to find you are so lapt in music at Cambridge, and that Mingotti[1] is to crown the whole; I heard her within this fortnight, and think her voice (which always had a roughness), is considerably

[1] Catarina Mingotti, born at Naples 1726, married Mingotti, a Venetian, Manager of the Opera at Dresden. Sang with great applause at the theatres in Italy, Germany, and Spain. She came to London in 1754, and made her first appearance in *Ipermnestra* in 1758. She quitted England in 1772, having still preserved her voice. The date of her death is not known. —[*Mit.*]

harsher than it was, but yet she is a noble singer. I shall not partake of these delights, nor, I fear, be able to see Cambridge for some time yet; but in a week I shall know better. Dr. Wharton, who desires his love to you, will, I believe, set out for Durham in about three weeks to settle at Old Park; at present his least girl is ill of the small-pox, joined with a scarlet fever, but likely to get over it. Yesterday I and M. dined with Mr. Bonfoy. He told me that the old lady was eloped from Ripon, just at a time when he seemed to want her there, and was, I thought, a little ruffled at it; but I (in my heart) commended her, and think her very well revenged upon him. Pray, make her my best compliments. Old Turner[1] is very declining, and I was sounded by Dr. —— about my designs (so I understood it). I assured him I should not *ask* for it, not choosing to be refused. He told me two people had applied already. *N.B.*—All this is a secret. Adieu, dear Sir.—Believe me ever sincerely yours, T. G.

P.S.—The parcel will come by one of the flies. There is a copy for old Pa, who is outrageous about it. I rejoice in Jack's good fortune. Lord Strathmore is much out of order, but goes abroad.

[1] Shallet Turner, D.C.L., of Peterhouse, Professor of Modern History, from 1735 to 1762.

IX.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

December 1, 1759.

DEAR MASON—I am extremely obliged to you for the kind attention you bestow on me and my affairs. I have not been a sufferer by this calamity; it was on the other side of the street, and did not reach so far as the houses opposite to mine; but there was an attorney, who had writings belonging to me in his hands, that had his house burnt down among the first, yet he has had the good fortune to save all his papers. The fire is said to have begun in the chamber of that poor glass-organist who lodged at a coffee-house in Swithin's Alley, and perished in the flames. Two other persons were destroyed (in the charitable office of assisting their friends), by the fall of some buildings. Last night there was another fire in Lincoln's Inn Fields, that burnt the Sardinian Ambassador's chapel and stables, with some adjacent houses. 'Tis strange that we all of us (here in town) lay ourselves down every night on our funereal pile, ready made, and compose ourselves to rest, while every drunken footman and drowsy old woman has a candle ready to light it before the morning.

You will have heard of Hawke's victory before this can reach you; perhaps by an express. [1] . . . Monsieur de Conflans' own ship of . . . . . 74, were driven on shore, and

[1] Torn off.—[*Mit.*]

. . . . . two sunk (capital ships), with
. . . . . r it blew a storm during the whole
. . . . . could be saved out of them. Eight
. . . ng over their cannon were able to run
. . . mouth of a shallow river (where, if the wind will permit, it is probable they may be set on fire), and eight ran away, and are supposed to have got into Rochefort; two of Hawke's fleet (of seventy and sixty guns) out of eagerness ran aground, and are lost, but most of the men preserved and brought off. There is an end of the invasion, unless you are afraid of Thurot, who is hovering off Scotland. It is an odd contemplation that somebody should have lived long enough to grow a great and glorious monarch. As to the nation, I fear it will not know how to behave itself, being just in the circumstances of a chambermaid that has got the £20,000 prize in the lottery.

You mistake me. I was always a friend to employment, and no foe to money; but they are no friends to each other. Promise me to be always busy, and I will allow you to be rich.—I am, dear Mason, in all situations truly yours.

At Mr. Jauncey's, in Southampton Row. I received your letter November 29, the day on which it is dated; a wonderful instance of expedition in the post.

X.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

London, Thursday, January 23, 1760.

DEAR DOCTOR—I am much obliged to you for your antique news: *Froissard* is a favourite book of mine (though I have not attentively read him, but only dipp'd here and there) and it is strange to me that people who would give thousands for a dozen Portraits (originals of that time) to furnish a Gallery, should never cast an eye on so many moving Pictures of the life, actions, manners, and thoughts of their ancestors done on the spot, and in strong though simple colours. In the succeeding century *Froissard* (I find) was read with great satisfaction by everybody, that could read; and on the same footing with King Arthur, Sir Tristram, and Archbishop Turpin: not because they thought him a fabulous writer, but because they took them all for true and authentic Historians. To so little purpose was it in that age for a man to be at the pains of writing truth! Pray, are you come to the four Irish Kings, that went to school to K. Richard ye 2d.'s Master of the Ceremonies; and the man who informed Froissard of all he had seen in St. Patrick's Purgatory?

You ask after Quebec. Gen. Townsend says, it is much like Richmond Hill, and the river as fine (but bigger), and the Vale as *riant*, as rich, and as well cultivated. No great matters are attributed to his conduct. The Officer who brought over the news,

when the Prince of Wales asked, how long Gen. Townsend commanded in the action after Wolfe's death? answered, "A minute, Sir." It is certain, he was not at all well with Wolfe, who for some time had not cared to consult with him, or communicate any of his designs to him. He has brought home an Indian Boy with him (designed for Lord G. Sackville, but he did not choose to take him) who goes about in his own dress, and is brought into the room to divert his company. The General after dinner one day had been shewing them a box of scalps and some Indian arms and utensils. When they were gone, the boy got the box, and found a scalp, which he knew by the hair belonged to one of his own nation. He grew into a sudden fury (though but eleven years old) and catching up one of the scalping-knives made at his Master with intention to murther him, who in his surprise hardly knew how to avoid him; and by laying open his breast, making signs, and with a few words of French jargon, that the boy understood, at last with much difficulty pacified him. The first rejoicing night he was terribly frighted, and thought the bone-fire was made for him, and that they were going to torture and devour him. He is mighty fond of venison blood raw; and once they caught him flourishing his knife over a dog that lay asleep by the fire, because (he said) it was *bon-manger*.

You have heard of the Irish disturbances (I reckon); never were two Houses of Parliament so bep——d and s—— upon. This is not a figure, but literally

so. They placed an old woman on the Throne, and called for pipes and tobacco; made my Lord Chief-Justice administer an Oath (which they dictated) to my Lord Chancellor; beat the Bishop of Killaloe black and blue; played at football with Chenevix, the old refugee Bishop of Waterford; rolled my Lord Farnham in the kennel; pulled Sir Thos. Prendergast by the nose (naturally large) till it was the size of a cauliflower; and would have hanged Rigby, if he had not got out of a window. All this time *the Castle* remained in perfect tranquillity. At last the guard was obliged to move (with orders not to fire), but the mob threw dirt at them. Then the horse broke in upon them, cutting and slashing, and took seventeen prisoners: next morning they were all set at liberty, and said to be poor silly people, that knew nothing of the matter. The same night there was a ball at the Castle, and play till four in the morning. This tumult happened two days before the news of Hawke's victory got to Dublin; and there was another some time before, when first it was known that the Brest-fleet had sailed. Warning was given (from the *best hands* in England) six weeks before that time, that there would be a *rising of the Papists* in Ireland; and the first person whom the mob insulted was a Mr. Rowley, a Member always in opposition to the Court, but a *Presbyterian.* It is strange (but, I am assured, true) that the Government have not yet received any account of the matter from thence, and all the Irish here are ready to fight a man, that says there has

been any riot at all at Dublin. The notion, that had possessed the crowd, was, that a Union was to be voted between the two nations, and they should have no more Parliaments there.

Prince Ferdinand has done a strange thing in Germany. We have always studiously avoided doing anything to incur the Ban of the Empire. He has now (without waiting for commands from hence) detached 14,000 men, the flower of his flock, to assist the King of Prussia in Saxony against the Empress-Queen and the Empire. The old gentleman does not know how to digest it after giving him £2000 a year on the Irish Establishment, and £20,000 for the Battle of Minden (not out of his own pocket, don't mistake: but out of yours under the head of Extraordinaries). A great fleet is preparing, and an expedition going forward: but nobody knows where to: some say, Martinico, others Minorca. All thought of a Congress is vanished, since the Empress has shewed herself so cool to our proposal.

Mr. Pitt (not the great, but the little one, my acquaintance) is setting out on his travels. He goes with my Lord Kinnoul to Lisbon; then (by sea still) to Cales, then up the Guadalquivir to Seville and Cordova, and so perhaps to Toledo, but certainly to Grenada; and after breathing the perfumed air of Andalusia, and contemplating the remains of Moorish magnificence, re-embarks at Gibraltar or Malaga, and sails to Genoa. Sure an extraordinary good way of passing a few winter months, and better than drag-

ging through Holland, Germany, and Switzerland, to the same place. Now we have been contriving to get my Ld. Str[athmore] (for whose advantage it will be in several respects) to bear a part in this expedition, and to-day we have brought it about, and they will go in a fortnight: but this is a secret, and you must not tell, for fear my Lady should be frighted at so much sea.

The Attorney and Solic^r.^ General (to whom it was referred) have declared that Lord G. S[ackville] may be tried by a court-martial. Ld. Holdernesse has wrote to him a letter to inform him of this, and *desires* to know (these are the words) how his L^dp.^ *would have* them proceed, as there is no *specific charge* against him. I am told, he has answered, that he cannot pretend to prescribe how a Court, that sits in judgement upon him, is to proceed against him. That he well knows, nothing can justly be alledged against him; but doubts not from Pr. Ferdinand's treatment of him, that there was some charge against him, especially as he finds himself *dismissed from all his employments.* I hear too, that (whatever the lawyers have said) the General Officers insist, they will not have anything to do with his cause, as he is no longer of the army. So (I suppose) after a little bustle the matter will drop.

Here is a new farce of Macklin the Player's, that delights the town much, *Love-a-la-Mode*,[1] a Beau Jew,

[1] This farce, which was never printed, was brought out at Drury Lane in 1760.—[*Ed.*]

an English Gentleman-Jockey, a Scotch Baronet, and an Irish Officer in the Prussian service, that make love to a Merchant's Niece. The Irishman is the Hero, and the happy man, as he deserves; for Sir Reilichan O'Callaghan is a modest, brave, and generous soldier; yet with the manners, the brogue, and the understanding, of an Irishman, which makes a new character. The king is so pleased with the Scotch character (which is no compliment to that nation) that he has sent for a copy of the piece, for it is not printed, to read.

I am sorry to hear, you have reason to complain of Mr. Bell, because he seemed to have some taste in Gothic, and it may not be easy to find such another. It is for my sake, not from your own judgment, that you see the *affair* I mentioned to you in so good a light; I wish, I could foresee any such consequences, as you do: but fear, it will be the very reverse, and so do others than I. The Museum goes on as usual: I have got the Earl of Huntingdon and Sr. George Bowes's letters to Cecil about the Rebellion in the North. Heberden has married Miss Wollaston, of Charterhouse Square, this week, whom he formerly courted, but could not then afford to have; for she has (they say) but £2000 fortune. I have not yet seen her. My best respects to Mrs. Wharton. I am ever yours, T. G.

XI.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

April 1760.

Dear Sir—I received the little letter, and the inclosed, which was a summons from the insurance office. On Tuesday last came a dispatch from Lisbon. It is probable you have had one from my lord;[1] but lest you should not I will tell you the chief contents of mine. Mr. Pitt says they were both dreadfully sick all the time they were beating about the Channel, but when they came to Plymouth (I find) my lord was so well, however, that he opened a ball in the dock-yard with the Master-attendant's daughter. They set sail from thence on the 28th, and crossed the bay with a very smooth sea, came in sight of Cape Finisterre in three days' time, and before night saw the rugged mountains of Galicia with great delight, and came near the coast of Portugal, opposite to Oporto; but (the wind changing in the night) they drove off to the west, and were in a way to visit the Brazils. However, on the 7th of this month they entered the Tagus. He describes the rock of Lisbon as a most romantic and beautiful scene, and all the north bank of the river up to the city has (he says) every charm but verdure. The city itself too in that view is very noble, and shows but little of the earthquake. This is all as yet. My lord is to write next packet.

Lord G. S.[2] proceeds in his defence. People wonder

[1] Lord Kinnoul. [2] Lord George Sackville.

at (and some there are that celebrate) his dexterity, his easy elocution, and unembarrassed manner. He told General Cholmondeley, one of his judges, who was asking a witness some question, that it was such a question as no gentleman, no man of honour, would put, and it was one of his misfortunes to have him among his judges; upon which some persons behind him gave a loud clap; but I do not find the court either committed or reprimanded them. Lord Albemarle only contented himself with saying he was sure that those men could be neither gentlemen nor men of honour. In the midst of this I do not hear any one point made out in his favour; and . . . whose evidence bore the hardest upon him, and whom he had reflected upon with great warmth and very opprobrious terms, has offered the court (if they had any doubt of his veracity) to procure sixteen more witnesses who will say the same thing. To be sure nothing in the field of Minden could be half so dreadful as this daily baiting he now is exposed to; so (supposing him a coward) he has chosen very ill.

I am not very sorry your Venetians have abandoned you; no more I believe are you. Mason is very well, sitting as usual for his picture, and while that is doing will not think of Yorkshire. We heard Delaval the other night play upon the water-glasses, and I was astonished. No instrument that I know has so celestial a tone. I thought it was a cherubim in a box.

Adieu, dear Sir: remember me to such as re-

member me; particularly (whether she does or not) to Mrs. Bonfoy.

I suppose you know Dr. Ross has got the living of Frome from Lord Weymouth.

XII.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

London, April 22, 1760.

DEAR DOCTOR—I am not sorry to hear, you are exceeding busy, except as it has deprived me of the pleasure I should have in hearing often from you, and as it has been occasioned by a little vexation and disappointment. To find oneself business (I am persuaded) is the great art of life; and I am never so angry, as when I hear my acquaintance wishing they had been bred to some poking profession, or employed in some office of drudgery, as if it were pleasanter to be at the command of other people, than at one's own; and as if they could not go, unless they were wound up. Yet I know and feel, what they mean by this complaint: it proves, that some spirit, something of genius (more than common) is required to teach a man how to employ himself. I say *a Man*, for women, commonly speaking never feel this distemper: they have always something to do: time hangs not on their hands (unless they be fine ladies) a variety of small inventions and occupations fill up the void, and their eyes are never open in vain.

I thank you heartily for the sow. If you have no occasion for her, I have; and if his L^dp^. will be so

kind as to drive her up to town, will gladly give him forty shillings and the chitterlings into the bargain. I could repay you with the story of my Lady F^r^, but (I doubt) you know my sow already, especially as you dwell near Raby. However I'll venture: it may happen, you have not heard it. About two months ago Mr. Creswick (the D. of Cleveland's managing man) received an anonymous letter as from a lady, offering him (if he would bring about a match between her and his lord) £3000 to be paid after marriage out of the estate. If he came into the proposal, a place was named, where he might speak with the party. He carried the letter directly to the old Lady Darlington, and they agreed, he should go to the place. He did so, and found there a man, agent for the Lady: but refusing to treat with any but principals, after a little difficulty was conducted to her in person, and found it was my Lady F. (S^r.^ Ev. F.'s fine young widow). What passed between them, I know not: but that very night she was at Lady Darl^n.^'s Assembly (as she had used to be) and no notice taken. The next morning she received a card to say, Lady D. had not expected to see her, after *what had passed:* otherwise she would have ordered her porter not to let her in. The whole affair was immediately told to everybody. Yet she had continued going about all public places *tête levée*, and solemnly denying the whole to her acquaintance. Since that I hear she owns it, and says, her children were unprovided for, and desires to know, which of her friends would not have

done the same? but as neither of these expedients succeed very well, she has hired a small house, and is going into the country for the summer.

Here has just been a duel between the Duke of Bolton and Mr. Stuart (a candidate for the county of Hampshire at the late election) what the quarrel was, I do not know: but they met near Marybone, and the D. in making a pass over-reached himself, fell down, and hurt his knee. The other bid him get up, but he could not. Then he bid him ask his life, but he would not. So he let him alone, and that's all. Mr. Stuart was slightly wounded.

The old Pundles, that sat on L$^{d.}$ G. Sackville (for they were all such, but two, Gen. Cholmondeley and L$^{d.}$ Albermarle) have at last hammered out their sentence. He is declared disobedient, and unfit for all military command. It is said, that nine (out of the fifteen) were for death, but as two-thirds must be unanimous, some of them came over to the merciful side. I do not affirm the truth of this. What he will do with himself, nobody guesses. The poor old duke went into the country some time ago, and (they say) can hardly bear the sight of anybody. The unembarrassed countenance, the looks of sovereign contempt and superiority, that his L$^{dp.}$ bestowed on his accusers during the trial, were the admiration of all: but his usual talents and art did not appear, in short his cause would not support him. Be that as it will, everybody blames *somebody*, who has been out of all temper, and intractable during the whole time.

Smith (the Aid-de-camp, and principal witness for L$^{d.}$ G.) had no sooner finished his evidence, but he was forbid to mount guard, and ordered to sell out. The court and the criminal went halves in the expence of the short-hand writer, so L$^{d.}$ G. has already published the trial, before the authentic copy appears; and in it are all the foolish questions, that were asked, and the absurdities of his judges. You may think perhaps that he intends to go abroad, and hide his head. Au contraire, all the world visits him on his condemnation. He says himself, his situation is better, than ever it was. The Scotch have all along affected to take him under their protection; his wife has been daily walking with Lady Augusta (during the trial) in Leicester gardens, and Lord B.'s chariot stands at his door by the hour.

L$^{d.}$ Ferrers has entertained the town for three days. I was not there, but Mason and Stonehewer were in the D. of Ancaster's gallery and in the greatest danger (which I believe they do not yet know themselves) for the cell underneath them (to which the prisoner retires) was on fire during the trial, and the D. of Anc$^{r.}$ with the workmen by sawing away some timbers and other assistance contrived to put it out without any alarm given to the Court: several now recollect they smelt burning and heard a noise of sawing, but none guessed at the cause. Miss Johnson, daughter to the murthered man, appeared so cool, and gave so gentle an evidence, that at first sight every one concluded, she was bought off: but this could do him

little good. The surgeon and his own servants laid open such a scene of barbarity and long-meditated malice, as left no room for his plea of lunacy, nor any thought of pity in the hearers. The oddest thing was this plea of temporary lunacy, and his producing two brothers of his to prove it, one a Clergyman (suspended for Methodism by the B^p^. of London) the other a sort of Squire, that goes in the country by the name of *Ragged and Dangerous.* He managed the cause himself with more cleverness than any of his Counsel, and (when found guilty) asked pardon for his plea, and laid it upon the persuasions of his family. Mrs. Shirley (his mother), Lady Huntingdon, and others of the relations were at Court yesterday with a petition for mercy; but on the 5th of May he is to be hanged at Tyburn.

The town are reading the K. of Prussia's poetry, (Le Philosophe sans souci) and I have done, like the town. They do not seem so sick of it, as I am. It is all the scum of Voltaire and Bolingbroke, the *crambe recocta* of our worst Freethinkers, tossed up in German-French rhyme. *Tristram Shandy*[1] is still a greater object of admiration, the man as well as the book. One is invited to dinner, where he dines, a fortnight beforehand. His portrait is done by Reynolds, and now engraving. *Tristram Shandy*, Dodsley gives £700 for a second edition, and two new volumes not yet written; and to-morrow will

[1] Sterne's masterpiece had appeared on the 1st of January of that year: in March it had become the rage.—[*Ed.*]

come out two volumes of Sermons by him. Your friend, Mr. Hall[1] has printed two Lyric Epistles, one to my Cousin Shandy on his coming to town, the other to the grown gentlewomen, the Misses of York: they seem to me to be absolute madness. These are the best lines in them:—

I'll tell you a story of Elijah—
Close by a mob of children stood,
Commenting on his sober mood, etc.
And back'd them (their opinions) like such sort of
folks
With a few stones and a few jokes:
Till, weary of their pelting and their prattle,
He ordered out his Bears to battle.
It was delightful fun
To see them run
And eat up the young Cattle.

The 7th volume of Buffon is come over: do you choose to have it?

Poor Lady Cobham is at last delivered from a painful life. She has given Miss Speed above £30,000.

Mr. Brown is well: I heard from him yesterday, and think of visiting him soon. Mason and Stonehewer are both in town, and (if they were here) would send their best compliments to you and Mrs. Wh$^{n.}$ with mine. You see, I have left no room for weather: yet I have observed the birth of the Spring, which (though backward) is very beautiful at present. Mind, from this day the thermometer goes to its old

[1] John Hall Stevenson (1718-1785), the humorous poet.—[*Ed.*]

place below in the yard, and so pray let its sister do. Mr. Stillingfleet[1] (with whom I am grown acquainted) has convinced me, it ought to do so. Adieu!

XIII.—TO JAMES BROWN.

Southampton Row, April 27, 1760.

DEAR SIR—By this time I conclude, you are return'd to Cambridge: tho' I thought it a long time, before I heard of you from Thrandeston, and could have wish'd you had stay'd longer with Palgrave: perhaps you are in Hertfordshire, however I write at a venture. I went to Mr. Mann's, and (tho' he is in Town) not finding him at home, left a note with an account of my business with him, and my direction. I have had no message in answer to it: so possibly he has written to you, and sent the papers. I know not.

Mr. Precentor is still here, and not in haste to depart, indeed I do not know whether he has not a fit of the Gout: it is certain, he had a pain yesterday in his foot, but whether owing to Bechamel and Claret, or to cutting a corn, was not determined: he is still at Stonehewer's house, and has not made his journey to Eton and to Bath yet, tho' he intends to do it.

[1] Benjamin Stillingfleet (1702-1771), the naturalist, called the "Blue Stocking." He was one of the first revivers of the Sonnet.—[*Ed.*]

We have had no mobs, nor illuminations yet, since I was here. Wilkes's speech you have seen; the Court was so surprised at being contemn'd to its face, and in the face of the World, that the Chief in a manner forgot the matter in hand, and enter'd into an apology for his own past conduct, and so (with the rest of his Assessors) shuffled the matter off, and left the danger to the officers of the Crown, that is indeed, to the Ministry. Nobody had ventured, or would venture to serve the *Capias* upon him. I cannot assure, it is done yet; tho' yesterday I heard it was, and (if so) he comes again to-day into Court. He professes himself ready to make any submissions to the K., but not to give up his pursuit of L$^{d.}$ H$^{x.}$. The Delavals attend very regularly, and take notes of all that passes. His writ of Error on the Outlawry must come to a decision before the House of Lords.

I was not among the Coal-heavers at Shadwell, tho' seven people lost their lives in the fray: [

[1]] I [ ] Goodmans Fields where the Bawdy-house was demolish'd. The Ministry (I believe) are but ticklish in their situation: they talk of Greville and his Brother, again. Lord forbid! it must be dreadful necessity indeed, that brings them back. Adieu! I am ever yours, T. G.

If you are at Cambridge, pray let me know.

[1] There are *lacunæ* in the MS. here. This letter has not been printed before.—[*Ed.*]

XIV.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

London, June 7, 1760.

DEAR MASON—First and foremost pray take notice of the paper on which I am writing to you; it is the first that ever was made of silk rags upon the encouragement given by your Society of Arts; and (if this were all the fruits) I think you need not regret your two guineas a-year. The colour and texture you see; and besides I am told it will not burn (at least will not flame) like ordinary paper, so that it may be of great use for hanging rooms; it is uncommonly tough, and, though very thin, you observe, is not transparent. Here is another sort of it, intended for the uses of drawing.

You have lately had a visit where you are that I am sure bodes no good, especially just at the time that the Dean of Canterbury[1] and Mr. Blacowe died; we attribute it to a miff about the garter, and some other humps and grumps that he has received. Alas! I fear it will never do. The Condé de Fuentes was much at a loss, and had like to have make a quarrel of it, that he had nobody but the D[uke] of N[ew-

[1] Dr. Lynch, Dean of Canterbury from 1734 to May 25, 1760, when he died; succeeded, June 14, by Dr. William Friend, son of the third master of Westminster School. The Rev. Richard Blacowe, Canon of Windsor, F.R.S., died on 13th May 1760.—[*Mit.*]

castle] to introduce him; but Miss Chudleigh[1] has appeased him with a ball.

I have sent *Musæus* to Mr. Fraser, scratched here and there; and with it I desired him to inclose a bloody satire,[2] written against no less persons than you and me by name. I concluded at first it was Mr. Pottinger, because he is your friend and my humble servant; but then I thought he knew the world too well to call us the favourite minions of taste and of fashion, especially as to Odes, for to them his abuse is confined. So it is not Secretary Pottinger,[3] but Mr. Colman, nephew to my Lady Bath, author of *The Connoisseur*, a member of some of the inns of court, and a particular acquaintance of Mr. Garrick's. What have you done to him, for I never heard his name before? He makes very tolerable fun with me, where I understand him, which is not everywhere, but seems more angry with you. Lest people should not understand the humour of the thing (which indeed to do they must have our

[1] Miss Chudleigh, afterwards the celebrated Duchess of Kingston.

[2] Alluding to two odes, to Obscurity and Oblivion, written by G. Colman and R. Lloyd, which appeared in ridicule of him and Mason. The Ode to *Obscurity* was chiefly directed against Gray, that to Oblivion against Mason. Warburton, in a letter to Hurd, calls them "two miserable buffoon odes," and not without reason. Dr. J. Warton says: "The Odes of Gray were burlesqued by two men of wit and genius, who, however, once said to me that they repented of the attempt."—[*Mit.*]

[3] Mr. Richard Pottinger, Under-Secretary of State in 1754.

lyricisms at their fingers' ends), he writes letters in *Lloyd's Evening Post* to tell them who and what it was that he meant, and says that it is like to produce a great *combustion* in the literary world; so if you have any mind to *combustle* about it well and good; for me, I am neither so literary nor so *combustible.*

I am going into Oxfordshire for a fortnight to a place near Henley,[1] and then to Cambridge, if that owl Fobus[2] does not hinder me, who talks of going to fizzle there at the commencement.

What do you say to Lord Lyttelton, your old patron, and Mrs. Montagu, with their second-hand *Dialogues of the Dead?* And then there is your friend the little black man;[3] he has written one supplemental dialogue, but I did not read it.

[1] Park Place, near Henley, at that time the seat of General Conway and Lady Ailesbury. Horace Walpole writes to Lady Ossory: "My Lady Ailesbury has been much diverted, and so will you too. Gray is in this neighbourhood. Lady Carlisle says, 'He is extremely like me in his manner.' They went as a party to dine on a cold loaf, and passed the day. Lady A. protests he never opened his lips but once, and then only said, 'Yes, my lady, I believe so.'"—[*Mit.*]

[2] Lord Holland in a few words drew the character of the Duke of Newcastle (*the owl Fobus*) a little before the latter's death, and not long before his own. "His Grace had no friends, and deserved none. He had no rancour, no ill nature, which I think much to his honour; but, though a very good quality, it is only a negative one, and he had absolutely no one portion good, either of his heart or head."—[*Mit.*]

[3] Gray probably means Dr. J. Brown, author of *The Estimate*, to whom the dialogue called *Pericles and Aristides* was attributed.—[*Ed.*]

Do tell me of your health, your doings, your designs, and your golden dreams, and try to love me a little better in Yorkshire than you did in Middlesex, —For I am ever yours, T. G.

XV.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

London, June 27, 1760.

DEAR OLD SOUL—I cannot figure to myself what you should mean by my old papers. I sent none; all I can make out is this—when I sent the *Musæus* and the Satire home to Mr. Fraser, my boy carried back the *Conway Papers* to a house in your street,[1] as I remember they were divided into three parcels, on the least of which I had written the word "nothing," or "of no consequence." It did not consist of above twenty letters at most; and if you find anything about Mr. Bourne's affairs, or stewards' and servants' letters and bills, it is certainly so. This was carried to Mr. Fraser by mistake, and sent to Aston; and if this is the case, they may as well be burnt; but if there is a good number, and about affairs of State (which you may smell out), then it is one of the other parcels, and I am distressed, and must find some method of getting it up again. I think I had inscribed the two packets that signified anything, one, "Papers of Queen Elizabeth or earlier," the other, which was a great bundle, "Papers of King James and Charles the First." Pray Heaven it is

[1] To Horace Walpole's house in Arlington Street.

neither of these; therefore do not be precipitate in burning.

I do not like your improvements at Aston, it looks so like settling;[1] if I come I will set fire to it. Your policy and your gratitude I approve, and your determination never to quarrel and ever to pray; but I, that believe it want of power, am certainly civiller to a certain person than you, that call it want of exertion. I will never believe they are dead, though I smelt them; that sort of people always live to a good old age. I dare swear they are only gone to Ireland, and we shall soon hear they are bishops.

The bells are ringing, the squibs bouncing, the siege of Quebec is raised. Swanton got up the river when they were bombarding the town. Murray made a sally and routed them, and took all their baggage. This is the sum and substance in the vulgar tongue, for I cannot get the *Gazette* till midnight. Perhaps

[1] Mason pulled down the old rectory and built another very commodious house, changing the site, so as from his windows to command a beautiful and extensive prospect, bounded by the Derbyshire hills. He also much enlarged and improved the garden, planting a small group of tulip-trees at the farther end, near the summer-house dedicated to Gray. In another site, opposite the front door, and seen between some clumps, is a terminus, with the head of Milton: on the landing of the staircase, a copy of the Bocca Padugli eagle from Strawberry Hill. Since Mason's time the country round Aston has been much more exposed by the woods being cut down, and the beauty of the views from his place in that respect injured.—[*Mit.*]

you have had an *estafette*, since I find their cannon are all taken; and that two days after a French fleet, going to their assistance, was intercepted and sunk or burnt.

To-morrow I go into Oxfordshire, and a fortnight hence, when old Fobus's owl's nest[1] is a little aired, I go into it. Adieu, am ever and ever T. G.

XVI.—TO HORACE WALPOLE.

I AM so charmed with the two specimens of Erse poetry,[2] that I cannot help giving you the trouble to enquire a little farther about them, and should wish to see a few lines of the original, that I may form some slight idea of the language, the measures, and the rhythm.

Is there anything known of the author or authors, and of what antiquity are they supposed to be? Is there any more to be had of equal beauty, or at all approaching to it? I have been often told that the Poem called "Hardicanute" (which I always admired and still admire) was the work of somebody that lived a few years ago.[3] This I do not at all believe, though

[1] When the University, after the Commemoration has passed, is again quiet, which Gray calls the "*nest*" of the Chancellor the Duke of Newcastle.—[*Mit.*]

[2] That is to say, with the first installment of MacPherson's *Ossian*.—[*Ed.*]

[3] Lady Wardlaw was the author of the first part of this ballad, which she communicated through her brother Sir John Bruce, to Lord Binning. The Ballad was first published in

it has evidently been retouched in places by some modern hand: but however, I am authorised by this report to ask, whether the two Poems in question are certainly antique and genuine. I make this enquiry in quality of an antiquary, and am not otherwise concerned about it: for, if I were sure that any one now living in Scotland had written them to divert himself, and laugh at the credulity of the world, I would undertake a journey into the Highlands only for the pleasure of seeing him.

XVII.—TO RICHARD STONEHEWER.

London, June 29, 1760.

THOUGH you have had but a melancholy employment, it is worthy of envy, and (I hope) will have all the success it deserves.[1] It was the best and most natural method of cure, and such as could not have been administered by any but your gentle hand. I thank you for communicating to me what must give you so much satisfaction.

I too was reading M. D'Alembert,[2] and (like you) am totally disappointed in his Elements. I could

1719. Lady Wardlaw died about 1727. The second part is a forgery by Mr. Pinkerton, which he confessed in the *Maitland Poems.* He also, it appears, considerably corrupted the text of the first part.—[*Mit.*]

[1] Mr. Stonehewer was now at Houghton-le-Spring, in the Bishopric of Durham, attending on his sick father, rector of that parish.—[*Mason.*]

[2] Two subsequent volumes of his *Melanges de Literature & Philosophie.*—[*Mason.*]

only taste a little of the first course: it was dry as a stick, hard as a stone, and cold as a cucumber. But then the letter to Rousseau is like himself; and the "Discourses on Elocution," and on the "Liberty of Music," are divine. He has added to his translations from Tacitus; and (what is remarkable) though that author's manner more nearly resembles the best French writers of the present age, than anything, he totally fails in the attempt. Is it his fault, or that of the language?

I have received another Scotch packet with a third specimen, inferior in kind (because it is merely description), but yet full of nature and noble wild imagination. Five Bards pass the night at the Castle of a Chief (himself a principal Bard); each goes out in his turn to observe the face of things, and returns with an extempore picture of the changes he has seen; it is an October night (the harvest-month of the Highlands). This is the whole plan; yet there is a contrivance, and a preparation of ideas, that you would not expect. The oddest thing is, that every one of them sees Ghosts (more or less). The idea, that struck and surprised me most, is the following. One of them (describing a storm of wind and rain) says

> "Ghosts ride on the tempest to-night:
> Sweet is their voice between the gusts of wind;
> *Their songs are of other worlds!*"

Did you never observe (*while rocking winds are piping loud*) that pause, as the gust is recollecting itself, and

rising upon the ear in a shrill and plaintive note, like the swell of an Æolian harp? I do assure you there is nothing in the world so like the voice of a spirit. Thomson had an ear sometimes: he was not deaf to this; and has described it gloriously, but given it another different turn, and of more horror. I cannot repeat the lines: it is in his "Winter." There is another very fine picture in one of them. It describes the breaking of the clouds after the storm, before it is settled into a calm, and when the moon is seen by short intervals.

"The waves are tumbling on the lake,
And lash the rocky sides.
The boat is brim-full in the cove,
The oars on the rocking tide.
Sad sits a maid beneath a cliff,
And eyes the rolling stream:
Her lover promised to come,
She saw his boat (when it was evening) on the lake;
Are these his groans in the gale?
Is this his broken boat on the shore?"[1]

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[1] The whole of this descriptive piece has been since published in a note to a poem entitled "Croma." (See Ossian's *Poems*, vol. i. p. 350, 8vo). It is somewhat remarkable that the manuscript, in the translator's own hand, which I have in my possession, varies considerably from the printed copy. Some images are omitted, and others added. I will mention one which is not in the manuscript, *the spirit of the mountain shrieks.* In the tragedy of Douglas, published at least three years before, I always admired this fine line, *the angry spirit of the water shriek'd.*—Quere: Did Mr. Home take this sublime image from Ossian, or has the translator of Ossian since borrowed it from Mr. Home?—[*Mason.*]

XVIII.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

Endorsed [July 1760].

DEAR DOCTOR—I heard yesterday from your old friend Mr. Field, that Mrs. Wharton had brought you a son, and as I sincerely hope this may be some addition to your happiness, I heartily congratulate you both on the occasion. Another thing I rejoice in is, to know, that you not only grow reconciled to your scene, but discover beauties round you, that once were deformities. I am persuaded the whole matter is to have always something going forward. Happy they, that can create a rose-tree, or erect a honey-suckle, that can watch the brood of a hen, or see a fleet of their own ducklings launch into the water! It is with a sentiment of envy I speak it, who never shall have even a thatched roof of my own, nor gather a strawberry but in Covent Garden. I will not believe in the *vocality* of Old Park till next summer, when perhaps I may trust my own ears.

I remain (bating some few little excursions, that I have made) still in town, though for these three weeks I have been going into Oxfordshire with Madam Speed; but her affairs, as she says, or her vagaries, as I say, have obliged her to alter her mind ten times within that space: no wonder, for she has got at least £30,000, with a house in town, plate, jewels, china, and old japan infinite, so that indeed it would be ridiculous for her to know her own mind.

I, who know mine, do intend to go to Cambridge, but that owl Fobus is going thither to the commencement, so that I am forced to stay till his nonsense is at an end. Chapman you see is dead at last, which signifies not much, I take it, to anybody, for his family (they say) are left in good circumstances. I am neither sorry, nor glad, for Mason (I doubt) will scarce succeed to his prebend. The old creature is down at Aston, where my Lord[1] has paid him a visit lately, as the town says, in *a miff*, about the garter, and other *Trumps*, he has met with of late. I believe, this at least is certain, that he has deserted his old attachments, and worships another idol, who receives his incense with a good deal of coldness and negligence.

I can tell you but little of St. Germain. He saw Monsieur D'Affray at the Hague, who, in a day or two (on receiving a courier from his own court) asked the States leave to apprehend him,[2] but he was gone, and arrived safe in St. Mary Ax, where he had lodgings (I fancy) at his old friend La Cours, the Jew-Physician. After some days a messenger took charge of him, and he was examined (I believe) before Mr. Pitt. They however dismissed him, but with orders

[1] Lord Holdernesse.

[2] Count de St. Germain, who commanded an army on the Rhine of 30,000 men against the Allied forces, conceiving disgust at being obliged to serve under the Duke de Broglio, who was his junior in the service, relinquished his command; and it is, I conclude, to him that Gray alludes. Count d'Affray was the French Ambassador at the Hague.—[*Mit.*]

to leave England directly, yet I know care was taken, that he should be furnished with proper passports to go safe through Holland, to Hamburgh; which gives some room to believe, what many at first imagined, that he was charged with some proposal from the French Court. He is a likely person enough to make them believe at Paris, that he could somehow serve them on such an occasion.

We are in great alarms about Quebec. The force in the town was not 3000 men, sufficient to defend the place (naturally strong) against any attack of the French forces, unfurnished as they must be for a formal siege: but by no means to meet them in the field. This however is what Murray has chose to do, whether from rashness, or deceived by false intelligence, I cannot tell. The returns of our loss are undoubtedly false, for we have above 100 officers killed or taken. All depends upon the arrival of our garrison from Louïsberg, which was daily expected, but even that (unless they bring provisions with them) may increase the distress, for at the time, when we were told of the plenty and cheapness of all things at Quebec, I am assured, a piece of fresh meat could not be had for twenty guineas.

If you have seen Stonehewer he has probably told you of my old Scotch (or rather Irish) poetry. I am gone mad about them. They are said to be translations (literal and in prose) from the *Erse* tongue, done by one Macpherson, a young clergyman in the Highlands. He means to publish a collection he has

of these specimens of antiquity, if it be antiquity: but what plagues me is, I cannot come at any certainty on that head. I was so struck, so *extasié* with their infinite beauty, that I writ into Scotland to make a thousand enquiries. The letters I have in return are ill wrote, ill reasoned, unsatisfactory, calculated (one would imagine) to deceive one, and yet not cunning enough to do it cleverly. In short, the whole external evidence would make one believe these fragments (for so he calls them, though nothing can be more entire) counterfeit: but the internal is so strong on the other side, that I am resolved to believe them genuine, spite of the Devil and the Kirk. It is impossible to convince me, that they were invented by the same man, that writes me these letters. On the other hand it is almost as hard to suppose, if they are original, that he should be able to translate them so admirably. What can one do? since Stonehewer went, I have received another of a very different and inferior kind (being merely descriptive) much more modern than the former (he says) yet very old too; this too in its way is extremely fine. In short this man is the very Dæmon of poetry, or he has lighted on a treasure hid for ages. The Welch Poets are also coming to light: I have seen a Discourse in MS. about them (by one Mr. Evans, a clergyman) with specimens of their writings. This is in Latin, and though it don't approach the other, there are fine scraps among it.

You will think I am grown mighty poetical of a sudden; you would think so still more, if you knew,

there was a Satire printed against me and Mason jointly, it is called *Two Odes:* the one is inscribed to Obscurity (that is me) the other to Oblivion. It tells me, what I never heard before, for (speaking of himself) the Author says, though he has,

> "Nor the Pride, nor self-Opinion,
> That possess the happy Pair,
> Each of Taste the fav'rite Minion,
> Prancing thro' the desert air:
> Yet shall he mount, with classic housings grac'd,
> By help mechanick of equestrian block;
> And all unheedful of the Critic's mock
> Spur his light courser o'er the bounds of Taste."

The writer is a Mr. Colman, who published the *Connoisseur*, nephew to the late Lady Bath, and a friend of Garrick's. I believe his Odes sell no more than mine did, for I saw a heap of them lie in a bookseller's window, who recommended them to me as a very pretty thing.

If I did not mention *Tristram* to you, it was because I thought I had done so before. There is much good fun in it, and humour sometimes hit and sometimes missed. I agree with your opinion of it, and shall see the two future volumes with pleasure. Have you read his sermons (with his own comic figure at the head of them)? they are in the style, I think, most proper for the pulpit, and shew a very strong imagination and a sensible heart: but you see him often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of his audience. Now for my season.

April 10. I observed the elm putting out.
12. That, and the pear looked green. Therm. at 62.
13. Very fine ; white poplar and willow put out.
15. Standard pear (sheltered) in full bloom.
18. Lime and horn-beam green.
19. Swallows flying.
20. Therm. at 60. Wind S.W. Sky-lark, chaffinch, thrush, wren, and robin singing. Horse-chesnut, wild-briar, bramble, and sallow had spread their leaves. Haw-thorn and lilac had formed their blossoms. Black-thorn, double-flowered peach, and pears in full bloom ; double tonquils, hyacinths, anemones, single wall-flowers, and auriculas, in flower. In the fields,—dog violets, daisies, dandelion, butter-cups, red-archangel, and shepherd's purse.
21. Almond out of bloom, and spreading its leaves.
26. Lilacs flowering.

May 1. Gentianella in flower.
2. Pear goes off ; apple blows. Therm. at 63. Wind N.E. still fair and dry.
3. Evening and all night hard rain.
4. Th. at 40. Wind N.E. rain.
11. Very fine. Wind N.E. Horse-chesnut in full bloom. Walnut and vine spread. Lilacs, Persian jasmine, tulips, wall-flowers, pheasant-eye, lily-in-the-valley in flower. In the fields,—furze, cowslips, harebells, and cow-parsnip.
13. Jasmine and acacia spread. Fine weather.
18. Showery. Wind high.
19. Same. Therm. at 56.
20. Thunder, rain . 54.
21. Rain, Wind N.E. 52.
31. Green Peas 15d. a quart.

June 1. Therm. at 78.
2. Scarlet strawberries, duke-cherries ; hay-making here.
3. Wind S.S.E. Therm. at 84 (the highest I ever saw it), it was at noon. Since which, till last week

we had hot dry weather. Now it rains like mad. Cherries and strawberries in bushels.

I believe there is no fear of war with Spain.

[July 1760.][1]

XIX.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Pembroke Hall, August 7, 1760.

DEAR MASON—Your packet, being directed to me here, lay some days in expectation of my arrival (for I did not come till about ten days since); so, if the letter inclosed to Dr. Zachary Howlet[2] were not delivered so soon as it ought to have been, you must not lay the fault to my charge.

It is a great misfortune that I dare not present your new seal to the senate in congregation assembled, as I long to do. Not only the likeness, but the character of the fowl is so strongly marked, that I should wish it were executed in marble, by way of bas-relief, on, the pedestal of George the Second, which his Grace proposes soon to erect in the Theatre. Mr. Brown and I think we discover beauties which perhaps the designer never intended. There is a brave little mitred Madge already on the wing, who is flying, as it were, in the face of his parent; this, we say, is Bishop K.:[3] then there is a second, with

[1] Endorsed July 17*61*, but endorsed 1760 at beginning: no post-mark.—[*Ed.*]

[2] Dr. Zachary Grey is meant.

[3] Bishops Edmund Keene and Philip Yonge are meant.

ingratitude in its face, though not in its attitude, that will do the same as soon as it is fledged and has the courage; this is Bishop Y.: a third, that looks mighty modest, and has two little ears sprouting, but no mitre yet, we take for Dean G.:[1] the rest are embryos that have nothing distinguishing, and only sit and pull for a bit of mouse; they won't be prebends these five days, grace of God, and if the nest is not taken first.

Your friend Dr. Ch[apman] died of a looseness: about a week before, he eat five large mackerel, full of roe, to his own share; but what gave the finishing stroke was a turbot, on Trinity Sunday, of which he left but very little for the company. Of the mackerel I have eyewitnesses, so the turbot may well find credit. He has left, I am told, £15,000 behind him.

The Erse Fragments have been published five weeks ago in Scotland, though I had them not (by a mistake) till last week. As you tell me new things do not soon reach you at Aston, I inclose what I can; the rest shall follow when you tell me whether you have not got it already. I send the two which I had before, for Mr. Wood, because he has not the affectation of not admiring. I continue to think them genuine, though my reasons for believing the contrary are rather stronger than ever: but I will have them antique, for I never knew a Scotchman of my own time that could read, much less write, poetry; and

[1] I presume Dr. John Greene, Dean of Lincoln.—[*Mit.*]

such poetry too! I have one (from Mr. Macpherson) which he has not printed: it is mere description, but excellent, too, in its kind. If you are good, and will learn to admire, I will transcribe it. Pray send to Sheffield for the last *Monthly Review:* there is a deal of stuff about us and Mr. Colman. It says one of us, at least, has always borne his faculties meekly. I leave you to guess which that is: I think I know. You oaf, you must be meek, must you? and see what you get by it!

I thank you for your care of the old papers: they were entirely insignificant, as you suspected.

Billy Robinson has been married near a fortnight to a Miss Richardson (of his own age, he says, and not handsome), with £10,000 in her pocket; she lived with an (unmarried) infirm brother, who (the first convoy that sails) sets out with the bride and bridegroom in his company for Naples; you see it is better to be curate of Kensington than rector of Aston.

Lord J[ohn] C[avendish] called upon me here the other day; young Ponsonby,[1] his nephew, is to come this year to the University, and, as his Lordship (very justly) thinks that almost everything depends on the choice of a private tutor, he desires me to look out for such a thing, but without engaging

[1] One of the four sons of William, second Lord Ponsonby and Earl of Besborough, who all died young. He married Lady Caroline Cavendish, 1739, eldest daughter of William Duke of Devonshire, who died this year, 1760.—[*Mit.*]

him to anything. Now I am extremely unacquainted with the younger part of Cambridge, and consequently can only enquire of other people, and (what is worse) have nobody now here whose judgment I could much rely on. In my own conscience I know no one I should sooner recommend than Onley,[1] and besides (I own) should wish to bring him to this college; yet I have scruples, first because I am afraid Onley should not answer my lord's expectations (for what he is by way of a scholar I cannot tell), and next because the young man (who is high-spirited and unruly) may chance to be more than a match for Mr. B[rown], with whom the authority must be lodged. I have said I would enquire, and mean (if I could) to do so without partiality to any college: but believe, after all, I shall find no better. Now I perceive you have said something to Lord J[ohn] already to the same purpose, therefore tell me what I shall do in this case. If you chance to see his lordship you need not mention it, unless he tell you himself what has passed between us.

Adieu, dear Mason, I am ever yours.

A Note.—Having made many enquiries about the authenticity of these Fragments,[2] I have got a letter from Mr. David Hume, the historian, which is more

[1] Charles Onley, a fellow of Pembroke College from 1756 to 1763; the family has remained faithful to Pembroke until this day.—[*Ed.*]

[2] Hume's letter is printed entire in *European Magazine*, vol. v. p. 327, March 1784.

satisfactory than anything I have yet met with on that subject: he says,—

"Certain it is that these poems are in everybody's mouth in the Highlands—have been handed down from father to son—and are of an age beyond all memory and tradition. Adam Smith, the celebrated Professor in Glasgow, told me that the piper of the Argyleshire militia repeated to him all those which Mr. Macpherson has translated, and many more of equal beauty. Major Mackay (Lord Rae's brother) told me that he remembers them perfectly well; as likewise did the Laird of Macfarline (the greatest antiquarian we have in this country), and who insists strongly on the historical truth, as well as the poetical beauty, of these productions. I could add the Laird and Lady Macleod, with many more that live in different parts of the Highlands, very remote from each other, and could only be acquainted with what had become (in a manner) national works. There is a country-surgeon in Lochaber, who has by heart the entire epic poem mentioned by Mr. Macpherson in his Preface, and, as he is old, is perhaps the only person living that knows it all, and has never committed it to writing. We are in the more haste to recover a monument which will certainly be regarded as a curiosity in the republic of letters. We have therefore set about a subscription of a guinea or two guineas a-piece in order to enable Mr. Macpherson to undertake a mission into the Highlands to recover this poem and other fragments of antiquity."

I forgot to mention to you that the names of Fingal, Ossian, Oscar, etc., are still given in the Highlands to large mastiffs, as we give to ours the names of Cæsar, Pompey, Hector, etc.

XX.—TO DR. CLARKE.[1]

Pembroke Hall, August 12, 1760.

NOT knowing whether you are yet returned from your sea-water, I write at random to you. For me, I am come to my resting place, and find it very necessary, after living for a month in a house with three women that laughed from morning to night, and would allow nothing to the sulkiness of my disposition. Company and cards at home, parties by land and water abroad, and (what they call) *doing something*, that is, racketting about from morning to night, are occupations, I find, that wear out my spirits, especially in a situation where one might sit still, and be alone with pleasure; for the place was a hill like Clifden, opening to a very extensive and diversified landscape, with the Thames, which is navigable, running at its foot.

I would wish to continue here (in a very different scene, it must be confessed) till Michaelmas; but I fear I must come to town much sooner. Cambridge

[1] Physician at Epsom. With this gentleman Mr. Gray commenced an early acquaintance at College.—[*Mason.*] He was the husband of the lady whose *Epitaph* in verse Gray wrote.—[*Ed.*]

is a delight of a place, now there is nobody in it. I do believe you would like it, if you knew what it was without inhabitants. It is they, I assure you, that get it an ill name and spoil all. Our friend Dr. Chapman (one of its nuisances) is not expected here again in a hurry. He is gone to his grave with five fine mackerel (large and full of roe) in his belly. He eat them all at one dinner; but his fate was a turbot on Trinity Sunday, of which he left little for the company besides bones. He had not been hearty all the week; but after this sixth fish he never held up his head more, and a violent looseness carried him off. —They say he made a very good end.

Have you seen the Erse Fragments since they were printed? I am more puzzled than ever about their antiquity, though I still incline (against everybody's opinion) to believe them old. Those you have already seen are the best; though there are some others that are excellent too.

XXI.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

July 1760.

Dear Sir—I guess what the packet is, and desire you would keep it, for I am come back hither, and hope to be with you on Tuesday night. I shall trouble you to have my bed aired, and to speak about a lodging for my servant; though (if it be not contrary to the etiquette of the college) I should rather hope there might be some garret vacant this summer time,

and that he might lie within your walls; but this I leave to your consideration.

This very night Billy Robinson consummates his good fortune; she has £10,000 in her pocket, and a brother unmarried with at least as much more. He is infirm, and the first convoy that sails they all three set out together for Naples to pass a year or two. I insist upon it he owes all this to Mr. Talbot in the first place, and in the second to me, and have insisted on a couple of thousand pounds between us—the least penny—or he is a shabby fellow.

I ask pardon about Madame de Fuentes[1] and her twelve ladies. I heard it in good company, when first she arrived, piping hot; and I suppose it was rather what people apprehended than what they experienced. She surely brought them over, but I do not find she has carried them about; on the contrary, she calls on my Lady Hervey[2] in a morning in an undress, and desires to be without ceremony; and the whole tribe, except Madame de Mora (the young countess), were at Miss Chudleigh's ball and many other places: but of late Dr. Alren[3] (whom nobody ever liked) has advised them to be disagreeable, and they accept of no invitations.

[1] The wife of the Spanish Ambassador.

[2] The Mary Lepell of Pope, and to whom Voltaire addressed some English verses; born 1700; married John Lord Hervey 1720; died in 1768, aged 67. Archdeacon Nares speaks of her as "that very superior woman, Lady Hervey."—[*Mit.*]

[3] Probably the Catholic priest attending on the family.—[*Mit.*]

Adieu, dear sir; I hope so soon to be with you, that I may spare you the trouble of reading any more. —I am ever yours, T. G.

I hear there was a quarrel at the Commons, between Dr. Barnard[1] and Dr. Ogden—mackerel or turbot.

XXII.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

Saturday, August 1760.

Dear Sir—This is to inform you that I hope to see you on Monday night at Cambridge. If Fobus will come, I cannot help it. I must go and see somebody during that week—no matter where. Pray let Bleek make an universal rummage of cobwebs, and massacre all spiders, old and young, that live behind window-shutters and books. As to airing, I hear Dick Forrester has done it. Mason is at Prior Park, so I can say nothing of him. The stocks fell, I believe, in consequence of your prayers, for there was no other reason. Adieu.—I am ever yours, T. G.

[1] Edward Barnard, D.D., the well-known learned and accomplished Master of Eton, and afterwards Provost, Canon of Windsor on Richard Blacowe's decease.—[*Mit.*]

XXIII.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

London, October 21, 1760.

DEAR DOCTOR—Don't be afraid of me: I will not come, till you tell me, I may: though I long very much to see you. I hear, you have let your hair grow, and visit none of your neighbouring gentry; two (I should think) capital crimes in that county, and indeed in all counties. I hear too (and rejoice) that you have recovered your hearing. I have nothing equally important to tell you of myself, but that I have not had the gout, since I saw you; yet don't let me brag; the winter is but just begun.

I have passed a part of the summer on a charming hill near Henley[1] with the Thames running at my foot; but in the company of a pack of women, that wore my spirits, though not their own. The rest of the season I was at Cambridge in a duller, and more congenial, situation. Did I tell you, that our friend Chapman, a week before he died, eat five huge mackerel (fat and full of roe) at one dinner, which produced an indigestion: but on Trinity Sunday he finished himself with the best part of a large turbot, which he carried to his grave, poor man! he never held up his head after. From Cambridge I am come hither, yet am going into Kent for a fortnight, or so. You astonish me in wondering, that my Lady C[obham] left me nothing. For my part I wondered to find she

[1] Park Place, the seat of the Honourable Henry Seymour Conway, the friend and correspondent of Walpole.—[*Mit.*]

had given me £20 for a ring; as much as she gave to several of her own nieces. The world said, before her death, that Mrs. Speed and I had shut ourselves up with her in order to make her will, and that afterwards we were to be married.

There is a second edition of the Scotch Fragments, yet very few admire them, and almost all take them for fictions. I have a letter from D. Hume, the historian, that asserts them to be genuine, and cites the names of several people (that know both languages) who have heard them current in the mouths of pipers, and other illiterate persons in various and distant parts of the Highlands. There is a subscription for Mr. Macpherson, which will enable him to undertake a mission among the Mountaineers, and pick up all the scattered remnants of old Poetry. He is certainly an admirable judge; if his *learned* friends do not pervert or overrule his taste.

Mason is here in town, but so dissipated with his duties at Sion Hill, or his attention to the Beaux-Arts, that I see but little of him. The last Spring (for the first time) there was an Exhibition in a public room of Pictures, Sculptures, Engravings, etc., sent in by all the Artists in imitation of what has been long practised in Paris. Among the rest there is a Mr. Sandby,[1] who excells in Landscape, with Figures,

[1] Afterwards Paul Sandby, R.A. (1725-1798), the celebrated water-colour painter. At this time he was engaged in reviling Hogarth, and in organising the Incorporated Society of Artists. In 1768 he became one of the original members of the Royal Academy.—[*Ed.*]

Views of Buildings, Ruins, etc., and has been much employed by the Duke, Lord Harcourt, Lord Scarborough, and others. Hitherto he has dealt in wash'd drawings and water-colours, but has of late only practised in oil. He (and Mason together) have cooked up a great picture of Mount Snowdon, in which the Bard and Edward the First make their appearance; and this is to be his *Exhibition-Picture* for next year, but (till then) it is a sort of secret.

The great Expedition[1] takes up everybody's thoughts. There is such a train of artillery on board, as never was seen before during this war. Some talk of Brest, others of Rochfort, if the wind (which is very high) does not blow it away. I do believe it will succeed, for the French seem in a miserable way.

The Duke[2] is well recovered of his paralytic attack, though it is still visible in his face, when he speaks. It has been occasioned by the long intermission of his usual violent exercises, for he cannot ride, or walk much now on account of a dropsy confined to a *certain part*, and not dangerous in itself. Yet he appears at Newmarket, but in his chaise.

Mason and Mr. Brown send their best services. Dr. Heberden enquires *kindly* after you, and has his good dinners as usual. Adieu, dear Sir, and present

[1] The strong Armament destined for a secret Expedition was collected at Portsmouth; but after being detained there the whole summer, the design was laid aside.—[*Smollett.*]

[2] Duke of Cumberland.

my compliments to Mrs. Wharton.—I am ever truly yours, T. G.

XXIV.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

South^n. Row, October 23, 1760.

DEAR SIR—I am obliged to you for your letter, and the bills inclosed, which I shall take the first opportunity I have to satisfy.

I imagine by this then Lord John is or has been with you to settle matters. Mr. Onley (from whom I have twice heard) consents, though with great diffidence of himself, to undertake this task; but cannot well be there himself till about the 13th of November. I would gladly hear what your first impressions are of the young man, for (I must tell you plainly) our Mason, who had seen him at Chatsworth, was not greatly edified; but he hopes the best. To-morrow Dr. Gisborne[1] and I go to dine with that reverend

[1] Dr. Thomas Gisborne, in 1759, was elected a Fellow and Censor of the College of Physicians; he is also designated Med. Reg. ad Familiam. In 1791 he was President of the College, again in 1794, in 1796, and every succeeding year till 1803, inclusive: his name does not appear after 1805. He had been Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Dr. Gisborne was known to the present learned President of the College of Physicians, who remembers having met him at the dinner-table of Sir Isaac Pennington, at Cambridge. He was rather short and corpulent. When the Government of the day agreed to purchase John Hunter's Museum, the offer of being the Conservator of the Collection was made to the College of Physicians, *through Dr. Gisborne*, then President of the College. He put the letter in his pocket, forgot it, and the offer was never brought before

gentleman (Mason) at Kensington during his waiting. He makes many kind enquiries after you, but I see very little of him, he is so taken up with the beaux-arts. He has lately etched my head with his own hand;[1] and his friend Mr. Sandby, the landscape painter, is doing a great picture with a view of M. Snowdon, the Bard, Edward the First, etc. Now all this I take for a bribe, a sort of hush-money to me, who caught him last year sitting for his own picture, and know that at this time there is another painter doing one of the scenes in *Elfrida.*

In my way to town I met with the first news of the expedition from Sir William Williams, who makes a part of it, and perhaps may lay his fine Vandyck head in the dust.[2] They talk, some of Rochefort,

the consideration of the College. The Government subsequently made an offer of it to the College of Surgeons, and it now forms the chief part of their valuable Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was said that the College of Physicians declined to receive this collection, and this has been constantly repeated. For this curious anecdote, I am indebted to the kindness of the present learned President, Dr. Ayrton Paris. Dr. Gisborne was called in to attend Gray in his last illness. He died February 24, 1806.—[*Mit.*]

[1] This hideous little work is still preserved in the Master's Lodge at Pembroke College; it has very little value even as a portrait, but the pencil-sketch for it, for which Gray sat to Mason, has been deemed of sufficient interest to be engraved as the frontispiece to the present volume.—[*Ed.*]

[2] Sir William Peers Williams, C.B., a Captain in Burgoyne's Dragoons. He fell at Bellioch, June 13, 1761, and at the instigation of the Montagus Gray composed an elegy on him.—[*Ed.*]

some of Brest, and others of Calais. It is sure the preparations are great, but the wind blows violently.

Here is a second edition of the Fragments, with a new and fine one added to them. You will perhaps soon see a very serious Elegy (but this is a secret) on the death of my Lady Coventry. Watch for it.

If I had been aware Mr. Mapletoft[1] was in town I should have returned him the two guineas I have of his. Neither Osborn nor Bathurst know when the book will come out. I will therefore pay it to any one he pleases.

Adieu, dear sir, I am ever yours, T. G.

I did not mean to carry away your paper of the two pictures at Were Park;[2] but I find I have got it here.

XXV.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

October 25, 1760.

DEAR SIR—You will wonder at another letter so soon; it is only to tell you what you will probably hear before this letter reaches you.

The King is dead. He rose this morning about six (his usual early hour) in perfect health, and had his chocolate between seven and eight. An unaccountable noise was heard in his chamber; they ran in, and found him lying on the floor. He was directly

[1] Probably John Mapletoft, of Pembroke College, A.M. 1764, took a Wrangler's degree in 1752; one below that of (Bishop) Porteus.—[*Mit.*]

[2] Ware Park, near Hertford.

bled, and a few drops came from him, but he instantly expired.

This event happens at an unlucky time, but (I should think) will make little alteration in public measures.

I am rather glad of the alteration with regard to Chambers, for a reason which you will guess at.

My service to Pa.[1] I will write to him soon, and long to see his manuscripts, and blue books, and precipices. Adieu.—I am yours, T. G.

XXVI.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

London, November 8, 1760.

DEAR SIR—You will excuse me if I write you a little news in this busy time, though I have nothing else to write. The ladies are rejoiced to hear they may probably have a marriage before the coronation, which will restore to that pomp all the beauties it would otherwise have lost. I hear (but this is *sub sigillo*) no very extraordinary account of the Princess of Saxe Gotha. Mason walks in the same procession, and, as you possibly may see him the next day, he will give you the best account of it. You have heard, I suppose, that there are two wills (not duplicates). He had given to the Duke of Cumberland all his jewels, but at the last going to Hanover had taken with him all the best of them, and made them crown

[1] Rev. William Palgrave; in allusion to the manuscript diaries kept during his travels. He died in 1799.

jewels, so that they come to the successor. He had also given the Duke three millions of rixdollars in money; but in the last will (made since the affair at *Closter Seven*), after an apology to him, as the best son that ever lived, and one that has never offended him, declares that the expenses of the war have consumed all this money. He gives him (and had before done so by a deed of gift) all his mortgages in Germany, valued at £170,000; but the French are in possession of part of these lands, and the rest are devoured by the war. He gives to Princesses Emily and Mary about £37,000 between them, the survivor to take the whole. I have heard that the Duke was to have a third of this, but has given up his share to his sisters. To Lady Yarmouth a box, which is said to have in it £10,000 in notes. The K. is residuary legatee; what that amounts to no one will know, and consequently it must remain a doubt whether he died rich or poor. I incline to believe rather the latter; I mean in comparison of what was expected.

The Bishop[1] is the most assiduous of courtiers, standing for ever upright in the midst of a thousand ladies. The other day he trod on the toes of the Duke, who turned to him (for he made no sort of excuse), and said aloud, "If your Grace is so eager to make your court, that is the way" (pointing towards the king); and then to the Count de Fuentes, "You see priests are the same in this country as in yours."

[1] The name of the bishop is erased in the MS., but *Secker* is meant.—[*Mit.*]

Mr. E. Finch (your representative) has got the place that Sir H. E. (my friend) had—surveyor, I think, of the roads, which is about £600 a-year.[1] What then (you will ask) has become of my friend? Oh, he is a vast favourite, is restored to his regiment, and made Groom of the Bedchamber. I have not been to see him yet, and am half afraid, for I hear he has a levee. Pray don't tell.

Lord J. C. is fixed to come at his time in spite of the world. I hear within the year you may expect a visit from his Majesty in person.

. . . . . .

When the Duke of Devonshire introduced my lord mayor, he desired his grace would be so kind to tell him which was my Lord *Boot*. This must not be told at all, nor anything else as from me. Adieu.

XXVII.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

London, at Mr. Jauncey's, not Jenour's,
December 10, 1760.

DEAR MASON—It is not good to give copies of a thing before you have given it the last hand.[2] If you would send it to Lord H[oldernesse] you might have spared

[1] Mr. Finch was Member for Cambridge, and his predecessor as surveyor of the king's roads was *Sir Henry Erskine*. It was Sir Henry Erskine who made the unsuccessful application to Lord Bute for the place of Professor of Modern Languages in favour of Gray in 1762.—[*Mit.*]

[2] The Elegy on Lady Coventry.

that to Lady M. C.;[1] they have both shewed it to particular friends, and so it is half published before it is finished. I begin again from the beginning:—

"Ah, mark," is rather languid. I would read "Heard ye."

V. 3. I read, "and now with rising knell," to avoid two "the's."

V. 10. I read, "since now that bloom," etc.

V. 11, 12, are altered for the better, and so are the following; but for "liquid lightning," Lord J. Cavendish says there is a dram which goes by that name; and T. G adds, that the words are stolen from a sonnet of the late Prince of Wales.[2] What if we read "liquid radiance," and change the word "radiant" soon after.

V. 18. Read, "that o'er her form," etc.

V. 23. "Cease, cease, luxuriant muse." Though mended, it is still weakly. I do not much care for any muse at all here.

V. 26. "Mould'ring" is better than "clay-cold;" somewhat else might be better perhaps than either.

V. 35. "Whirl you in her wild career." This image does not come in so well here between two real happinesses. The word "lead" before it, as there is no epithet left to "purple," is a little faint.

[1] Lady Mary Coke, fourth daughter of John Duke of Argyll, married Edward Viscount Coke 1747, heir-apparent of Thomas Earl of Leicester, who died in his father's lifetime.

[2] Gray alludes to the song written by Frederick Prince of Wales, called "The Charms of Sylvia." But the Royal phrase, in the insipid lines themselves, is "liquid brightness."—[*Ed.*]

"Of her choicest stores an ampler share," seems to me prosaic.

"Zenith-height" is harsh to the ear and too scientific.

I take it the interrogation point comes after "fresh delight;" and there the sense ends. If so, the question is too long in asking, and leaves a sort of obscurity.

V. 46. I understand, but cannot read, this line. Does "tho' soon" belong to "lead her hence," or to "the steps were slow?" I take it to the latter; and if so, it is hardly grammar; if to the former, the end of the line appears very naked without it.

V. 55. "Rouse, then—his voice pursue." I do not like this broken line.

V. 74. "Firm as the sons," that is, "as firmly as." The adjective used for the adverb here gives it some obscurity, and has the appearance of a contradiction.

V. 76. A less metaphorical line would become this place better.

V. 80. This, though a good line, would be better too if it were more simple, for the same figure is amplified in the following stanza, and there is no occasion for anticipating it here.

V. 85. "And why?" I do not understand. You mean, I imagine, that the warrior must not expect to establish his fame as a hero while he is yet alive; but how does "living fame" signify this? The construction too, is not good; if you mean, with regard

to Fame, while he yet lives, Fate denies him that. The next line is a bold expression of Shakespeare. The third, "ere from her trump—heaven breathed," is not good.

V. 89. "Is it the grasp?" You will call me a coxcomb if I remind you, that this stanza in the turn of it is too like a stanza of "another body's."

V. 98. "Truth ne'er can sanctify," is an indifferent line. Both Mr. Brown and I have some doubt about the justness of this sentiment. A kingdom is purchased, we think, too dear with the life of any man; and this no less if there "be a life hereafter" than if there be none.

V. 102. We say the juice of the grape "mantles," but not the grape.

V. 107. "By earth's poor pittance;" will not do; the end is very well, but the whole is rather too long, and I would wish it reduced a little in the latter part.

I am sorry you went so soon out of town, because you lost your share in his Majesty's reproof to his chaplains: "I desire those gentlemen may be told that I come here to praise God, and not to hear my own praises." Kitt Wilson[1] was, I think, the per-

[1] Dr. Christopher Wilson, of Catharine Hall, Cambridge, M.A. 1740, Rector of Fulham and of Halsted, Essex, Canon of St. Paul's, Bishop of Bristol in 1783, died April 1792, aged 77. "He died extremely rich, having, as Prebendary of Finsbury, made a most fortunate and lucrative contract for a lease with the City of London;" for when he came in possession of it, it brought in only a life-interest of £39 : 13 : 4; and from it

son that had been preaching. This and another thing I have been told give me great hopes of the young man. Fobus was asking him what sum it was his pleasure should be laid out on the next election. "Nothing, my lord." The duke stared, and said, "Sir!" "Nothing, I say, my lord; I desire to be tried by my country."

There has been as great confusion this week as if the French were landed. You see the heads of the Tories are invited into the bedchamber; and Mr. P. avows it to be his advice, not as to the particular men, but the measure. Fobus knew nothing of it till it was done; and has talked loudly for two days of resigning. Lord Hardwick and his people say they will support the Whig interest, as if all was going to ruin, and they hoped to raise a party. What will come of it is doubtful, but I fancy they will acquiesce and stay in as long as they can. Great confusion in the army too, about Lord Fitzmaurice,[1] who is put over the head of Lord Lennox, Mr. Fitzroy, and also of almost all the American officers.

I have seen Mr. Southwell,[2] and approve him

he received £50,000 in his lifetime, and charged his estate with £50,000 more in his will.—[*Mit.*]

[1] William Viscount Fitzmaurice, promoted to the rank of Colonel, December 4, 1760. He became a Major-General, July 10, 1762; Lieutenant-General, May 25, 1772; General, February 19, 1783; and died senior of that rank in May 1805, *without having ever commanded a regiment.* Created Marquess of Lansdowne, November 30, 1784.—[*Mit.*]

[2] Mr. Henry Southwell was A.B. 1752, of Magdalen College; A.M. 1755; LL.D. 1763.—[*Mit.*]

much. He has many new tastes and knowledges, and is no more a coxcomb than when he went from hence. I am glad to hear you bode so well of Ponsonby and his tutor. Here is a delightful new woman[1] in the burlettas; the rest is all Bartholomew and his fair. Elisi[2] has been ill ever since he came, and has not sung yet. Adieu.—I am truly yours.

XXVIII.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

London, January 22, 1761.

DEAR MASON—I am delighted with Frederic Hervey and letter, and envy you his friendship, for the foundation of it (I am persuaded) was pure friendship as far as his idea of the thing extended; and if one could see his little heart one should find no vanity there for over-reaching you and artfully gilding so dirty a pile, but only a degree of self-applause for having done one of the genteelest and handsomest things in the world. I long to see the originals and (if you have any gratitude) you will publish them in your first volume. Alas! there was a time when he was my friend, and there was a time (he owned) when he had been my greatest enemy; why did I lose both one and the other of these ad-

[1] This was Signora Paganini the wife of Paganini, a coarse man. She appeared in 1760.—[*Mit.*]

[2] A man of great reputation and abilities; performed at the Opera in London 1760 and 1761. A great singer and eminent actor.—[*Mit.*]

vantages when at present I could be so happy with either, I care not which? Tell him he may take his choice; it is not from interest I say this, though I know he will some time or other be Earl of Bristol, but purely because I have long been without a knave and fool of my own. Here is a bishopric (St. David's) vacant, can I anyhow serve him? I hear Dr. Ayscough[1] and Dean Squire[2] are his competitors. God knows who will go to Ireland; it ought to be somebody, for there is a prodigious to-do there; the cause I have been told, but, as I did not understand or attend to it, no wonder if I forgot it; it is somewhat about a money-till, perhaps you may know. The Lords Justices absolutely refuse to comply with what the Government here do insist upon, and even offer to resign their posts; in the meantime none of the pensions on that establishment are paid. Nevertheless two such pensions have been bestowed within this few weeks, one on your friend Mrs. Anne Pitt (of £500 a year), which she asked, and Lord B.[3] got it done immediately; she keeps her place with it: the other (of £400) to Lady Harry Beauclerk,[4] whose husband died suddenly, and left her with six or seven children very poorly provided for; the grant was

[1] Francis Ayscough, chaplain and preceptor to the Prince of Wales, rector of North Church, Herts, Dean of Bristol, author of Sermons, etc., married the sister of Lord Lyttelton.—[*Mit.*]

[2] In 1761 Samuel Squire, Dean of Bristol, was appointed to the bishopric of St. David's.

[3] Earl of Bute.

[4] Lord Harry Beauclerk died July 8, 1761.

sent her without being asked at all by herself or any friend. I have done with my news, because I am told that there is an express just set out for Yorkshire, whom you are to meet on the road. I hope you will not fail to inform him who is to be his First Chaplain; perhaps you will think it a piece of treachery to do so, or perhaps you will leave the thing to itself, in order to make an experiment.

I cannot pity you; *au contraire*, I wish I had been at Aston when I was foolish enough to go through the six volumes of the *Nouvelle Heloise*. All that I can say for myself is, that I was confined at home for three weeks by a severe cold, and had nothing better to do. There is no one event in it that might not happen any day of the week (separately taken), in any private family: yet these events are so put together that the series of them are more absurd and more improbable than *Amadis de Gaul*. The *dramatis personæ* (as the author says) are all of them good characters; I am sorry to hear it, for had they been all hanged at the end of the third volume nobody (I believe) would have cared. In short, I went on and on in hopes of finding some wonderful *denouement* that would set all right, and bring something like nature and interest out of absurdity and insipidity; no such thing, it grows worse and worse, and (if it be Rousseau, which is not doubted) is the strongest instance I ever saw that a very extraordinary man may entirely mistake his own talents.[1] By the motto

[1] On this disparaging character of Rousseau's *great work*,

and preface it appears to be his own story, or something similar to it.

The Opera House is crowded this year like any ordinary theatre. Elisi is finer than anything that has been here in your memory, yet, as I suspect, has been finer than he is. He appears to be near forty, a little pot-bellied and thick-shouldered, otherwise no bad figure; his action proper, and not ungraceful. We have heard nothing, since I remember operas, but eternal passages, divisions, and flights of execution; of these he has absolutely none, whether merely from judgment, or a little from age, I will not affirm. His point is expression, and to that all the graces and ornaments he inserts (which are few and short), are evidently directed. He goes higher (they say) than Farinelli, but then this celestial note you do not hear above once in a whole opera, and he falls from this altitude at once to the mellowest, softest, strongest tones (about the middle of his compass) that can be heard. The Mattei[1] (I assure you) is much improved by his example, and by her great success this winter. But then the Burlettas and the Paganina. I have

Walter Savage Landor says, in his *De Cultu Latini Sermonis*:—"*Rossæo* nec in sententiis ipse suavior est (qui parum profecto præter suavitatem habet) Isocrates, nec in verbis uberior aut amplioris in dicendo dignitatis Plato, nec Sophronisci filius melior sophista. Nemo animi affectus profundius introspexit, delicatius tetigit, solertius explicavit. Odium vero hominum quos insinceros *Graius* aut pravos existimabat, aut religionis Christianorum inimicos, transversum egit et præceps judicium."

[1] Colomba Mattei, a charming singer and intelligent actress, and a very great favourite.—[*Mit.*]

not been so pleased with anything these many years; she too is fat and about forty, yet handsome withal, and has a face that speaks the language of all nations. She has not the invention, the fire, and the variety of action, that the Spiletta had;[1] yet she is light, agile, ever in motion, and above all graceful; but then her voice, her ear, her taste in singing: Good God!—as Mr. Richardson the painter[2] says. Pray ask my Lord, for I think I have seen him there once or twice, as much pleased as I was.

I have long thought of reading Jeremy Taylor, for I am persuaded that chopping logic in the pulpit, as our divines have done ever since the Revolution, is not the thing; but that imagination and warmth of expression are in their place there as much as on the stage, moderated however, and chastised a little by the purity and severity of religion.

I send you my receipt for *caviche*[3] (Heaven knows

[1] The part of Spiletta in *Gli Amante Gelosi:* a burletta by Cocchi.—[*Mit.*]

[2] Jonathan Richardson the elder (1665-1745), to whom Gray sat about 1729 for the portrait now in the Fitzwilliam Museum. He was a critic of art, and Dr. Johnson, not a very good judge, preferred his books to his pictures.—[*Ed.*]

[3] Gray's copy of Verral's *Book of Cookery*, 8vo., 1759, is in my possession, and is enriched by numerous notes in his writing, with his usual minute diligence, and remarks on culinary subjects, arranging the subjects of gastronomy in scientific order. 1st. List of *furniture* necessary for a kitchen, which he classes under twelve heads. 2dly. List of such receipts as are primarily necessary in forming essential ingredients for *others*, all accurately indexed to their respective pages. 3dly. Five pages of receipts for various dishes, with the names of the

against my conscience). Pray, doctor, will the weakness of one's appetite justify the use of provocatives? In a few years (I suppose) you will desire my receipt for tincture of cantharides? I do this the more unwillingly, because I am sensible that any man is rich enough to be an epicure when he has nobody to entertain but himself. Adieu, I am, *à jamais*, yours.

XXIX.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

Pembroke College, January 1761.

DEAR DOCTOR—The best piece of news I have to send you is, that Mason is Residentiary of York, which is worth near £200 a year. He owes it to our friend Mr. F. Montagu, who is Brother-in-Law to Dean Fountayne. The Precentorship (worth as much more) being vacant at the same time, Lord Holdernesse has obtained that too for him. But for this, he must come and kiss hands; and as the ceremony is not yet over, we do not proclaim it aloud for the present. He now (I think) may wait for Mr. Hutton's exit with great patience, and shut his insatiable

inventors. The one referred to in this letter is as follows:—"CAVICHE. (From Lord D^e.) Take three cloves, four scruples of coriander-seeds bruised, ginger powdered, and saffron, of each half a scruple, three cloves of garlic; infuse them in a pint of good white wine vinegar, and place the bottle in a gentle heat, or in water, to warm gradually. It is to be used as catchup, etc., in small quantity, as a sauce for cold meats, etc. etc."—[*Mit.*]

repining mouth. I hope to see him here in his way to town.

I pity your brother, and have little hope left of his wife's recovery: though I have been told that Dr. Lowth's, after she had continued for some years in that condition, was perfectly restored. It may be worth while to enquire in what method she was treated. The papers were to have been sent to Boswell Court the week after I left London to be seen before they were packed up. Mr. Jonathan is perhaps unable to attend to it, but doubtless you have ordered somebody to hasten Bromwick, and see that the sorts are right. I shall not be at London till the middle of March. My old friend Miss Speed has done what the world calls a very foolish thing. She has married the Baron de la Peyriere, son to the Sardinian Minister, the Comte de Viry. He is about 28 years old (ten years younger than herself), but looks nearer 40. This is not the effect of debauchery, for he is a very sober man; good natured, and honest, and no conjurer. The estate of the family is about £4000 a year. The Castle of Viry is in Savoy a few miles from Geneva, commanding a fine view of the Lake. What she has done with her money, I know not: but (I suspect) kept it to herself. Her religion she need not change, but she must never expect to be well received at that court, till she does; and I do not think she will make quite a *Julie* in the country.

The *Heloïse* cruelly disappointed me, but it has its partisans, among which are Mason and Mr. Hurd.

For me, I admire nothing but "Fingal"[1] (I conclude you have read it: if not Stonehewer can lend it you), yet I remain still in doubt about the authenticity of those poems, though inclining rather to believe them genuine in spite of the world. Whether they are the inventions of antiquity, or of a modern Scotchman, either case is to me alike unaccountable. Je m'y pers.

I take no joy in the Spanish war, being too old to privateer, and too poor to buy stock; nor do I hope for a good end of any war, as it will be now probably conducted. Oh that foolishest[2] of great men, that sold his inestimable diamond for a paltry peerage and pension: the very night it happened was I

[1] In a letter to another friend, informing him that he had sent "Fingal" down to him, he says: "For my part I will stick to my credulity, and if I am cheated, think it is worse for him (the translator), than for me. The Epic Poem is foolishly so called, yet there is a sort of plan and unity in it very strange for a barbarous age; yet what I more admire are some of the detached pieces—the rest I leave to the discussion of antiquarians and historians; yet my curiosity is much interested in their decision." No man surely ever took more pains with himself to believe anything, than Mr. Gray seems to have done on this occasion.—[*Mason.*]

[2] Mr. Pitt. "As I cannot put Mr. Pitt to death" (says Mr. Walpole in a letter to Mr. Conway) "at least I have buried him. Here is his epitaph:

"'Admire his eloquence.—It mounted higher
Than Attic purity, or Roman fire.
Adore his services—our lions view,
Ranging where Roman eagles never flew;
Copy his soul supreme o'er Lucre's sphere
—But oh! beware Three Thousand Pounds a year!'"

[*Mit.*]

swearing, it was a damned lie, and never could be: but it was for want of reading Thomas à Kempis, who knew mankind so much better, than I.

Young Pitt (whom I believe you have heard me mention) is returned to England: from him I hope to get much information concerning Spain, which nobody has seen: he is no bad observer. I saw a man yesterday, who has been a-top of Mount Ætna, and seen the ruins of a temple at Agrigentum, whose columns (when standing) were 96 feet in height: a moderate man might hide himself in one of the flutings. By the way there is a Mr. Phelps (now gone secretary with the embassy to Turin) who has been all over Sicily, and means to give us an account of its remains. There are two more volumes of Buffon (the 9th and 10th) arrived in England; and the two last maps of D'Anville's Europe. One Mr. Needham, tutor to a Lord Gormanstown now on his travels, has made a strange discovery. He saw a figure of Isis at Turin, on whose back was a pilaster of antique characters, not hieroglyphics, but such as are sometimes seen on Egyptian statues. When he came to Rome, in the Vatican Library he was shewed a glossary of the ancient Chinese tongue. He was struck with the similitude of the characters, and on comparing them with an exact copy he had of the inscription, found that he could read it, and that it signified—(This statue of Isis is copied from another, in such a city: the original is so many measures in height, and so many in breadth.)—If this be true, it may open many

new things to us. Deguignes some time ago wrote a dissertation to prove, that China was peopled from Egypt.

I still flatter myself with the notion of seeing you in summer: but God knows, how it will be. I am persuading Mr. Brown to make a visit to Lady Strathmore (who has often invited him) and then you will see him too: he is at present not very well, having something of the sciatica, which hangs about him. Present my best services to Mrs. Wharton.—I am ever truly yours, T. G.

P.S.—The Queen is said here to be ill, and to spit blood. She is not with child, I am afraid.

XXX.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

Dear Doctor—When I received your letter I was still detained in town: but am now at last got to Cambridge. I applied immediately to Dr. Ashton (who was nearest at hand) for information as to the expenses of Eton without naming any one's name. He returned me the *civilest* of answers, and that if the boy was to be on the foundation, I had no more to do but send him to him, and the business should be done. As to the charges, he was going to Eton, and would send me an account from thence; which he did accordingly on Sunday last, and here it is enclosed with his second letter. You will easily conceive, that there must be additional expenses, that can

be reduced to no rules, as pocket-money, clothes, books, etc., and which are left to a father's own discretion.

My notion is, that your nephew being an only son, and rather of a delicate constitution, ought not to be exposed to the hardships of the college. I know, that the expense in that way is much lessened; but your brother has but one son, and can afford to breed him an oppidant. I know, that a colleger is sooner formed to scuffle in the world, that is, by drubbing and tyranny is made more hardy or more cunning, but these in my eyes are no such desirable acquisitions: I know too, that a certain (or very probable) provision for life is a thing to be wished: but you must remember, what a thing a fellow of King's is, in short you will judge for yourselves. If you accept my *good friend's* offer, I will proceed accordingly: if not, we will thank him, and willingly let him recommend to us a cheap boarding-house, not disdaining his protection and encouragement, if it can be of any little use to your nephew. He has married one of Amyand's sisters with £12,000 (I suppose, you know her; she is an enchanting object!), and he is settled in the preachership of Lincoln's Inn.

Sure Mr. Jonathan, or some one has told you, how your *good friend*, Mr. L. has been horse-whipped, trampled, bruised, and p——d upon, by a Mrs. Mackenzie, a sturdy Scotch woman. It was done in an inn-yard at Hampstead in the face of day, and he has put her in the Crown Office. It is very true. I will

not delay this letter to tell you any more stories. Adieu!—I am ever yours, T. G.

Pembroke Hall, January 23, 1761.

Mr. Brown (the *petit bon-homme*) joins his compliments to mine, and presents them to you and Mrs. Wharton. I have been dreadfully disappointed in Rousseau's *Heloïse:* but Mason admires it.

XXXI.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

London, January 31, 1761.

My dear Doctor—You seem to forget me: if it were for any other reason, than that you are very busy, that is, very happy, I should not so easily pass it over. I send you a Swedish and English Calendar. The first column is by Berger, a disciple of Linnæus; the second, by Mr. Stillingfleet, the third (very imperfect indeed) by me. You are to observe, as you tend your plantations and take your walks, how the spring advances in the North; and whether Old Park most resembles Upsal, or Stratton. This latter has on one side a barren black heath, on the other a light sandy loam; all the country about it is a dead flat. You see, it is necessary you should know the situation (I do not mean any reflection upon anybody's place) and this is Mr. Stillingfleet's description of his friend Mr. Marsham's seat, to which in Summer he retires, and botanises. I have lately made an acquaintance

with this philosopher, who lives in a garret here in the Winter, that he may support some near relations, who depend upon him. He is always employed, and always cheerful, and seems to me a very worthy honest man. His present scheme is to send some persons properly qualified to reside a year or two in Attica to make themselves acquainted with the climate, productions, and natural history of the country, that we may understand Aristotle and Theophrastus, etc., who have been heathen Greek to us for so many ages. This he has got proposed to Lord Bute, who is no unlikely person to put it in execution, being himself a botanist, and having now in the press a new system of botany of his own writing in several volumes, the profits of which he gives to Dr. Hill (the inspector) who has got the place of master gardener at Kensington, reckoned worth near £2000 a year. There is an odd thing for you.

One hears nothing of the King, but what gives one the best opinion of him imaginable. I hope, it may hold. The Royal Family run loose about the world, and people do not know how to treat them, nor they how to be treated. They visit and are visited: some come to the street-door to receive them, and that, they say, is too much; others to the head of the stairs, and that they think too little. Nobody sits down with them, not even in their own house, unless at a card table, so the world are like to grow very weary of the honour. None but the Duke of York enjoy themselves (you know, he always did) but the world

seems weary of this honour too, for a different reason. I have just heard no bad story of him. When he was at Southampton in the Summer, there was a Clergyman in the neighbourhood with two very handsome daughters. He had soon wind of them, and dropped in for some reason or other, came again and again, and grew familiar enough to eat a bone of their mutton. At last he said to the father, Miss —— leads a mighty confined life here always at home, why can't you let one of them go, and take an airing now and then with me in my chaise? Ah! Sir (says the Parson) do but look at them, a couple of hale fresh-coloured hearty wenches! They need no airing, they are well enough; but there is their mother, poor woman, has been in a declining way many years. If your Royal Highness would give her an airing now and then, it would be doing us a great kindness indeed!

You see, old Wortley Montagu is dead at last at 83. It was not mere Avarice, and its companion, Abstinence, that kept him alive so long. He every day drank (I think, it was) half a pint of Tokay, which he imported himself from Hungary in greater quantity than he could use, and sold the overplus for any price he chose to set upon it. He has left better than half a million of money: to Lady Mary £1200 a year, in case she gives up her pretensions to dowry; and if not, it comes to his son. To the same son £1000 per annum for life only, and after him to his daughter, Lady Bute. (Now this son is about

£80,000 in debt.) To all Lady Bute's children, which are eleven, £2000 a-piece. *All the remainder* to Lady Bute, and after her to her second son, who takes the name of Wortley, and (if he fail) to the next in order; and after all these and their children to Lord Sandwich, to whom *in present* he leaves some old manuscripts. Now I must tell you a story of Lady Mary. As she was on her travels, she had occasion to go somewhere by sea, and (to save charges) got a passage on board a man of war: the ship was (I think) Commodore Barnet's. When he had landed her, she told him, she knew she was not to offer to pay for her passage, but in consideration of his many civilities intreated him to wear a ring for her sake, and pressed him to accept it, which he did. It was an emerald of remarkable size and beauty. Some time after, as he wore it, some friend was admiring it, and asking how he came by it. When he heard from whom it came, he laughed and desired him to shew it to a jeweller, whom he knew. The man was sent for. He unset it; it was a paste not worth forty shillings.

The ministry are much out of joint. Mr. Pitt much out of humour, his popularity tottering, chiefly occasioned by a pamphlet against the German war, written by that *squeaking* acquaintance of ours, Mr. Manduit: it has had a vast run. The Irish are very intractable, even the Lord J.'s themselves; great difficulties about who shall be sent over to tame them: my Lord H^sse.^ again named, but (I am told)

has refused it. Everybody waits for a new Parliament to settle their ideas.

I have had no gout, since you went: I will not brag, lest it return with redoubled violence. I am very foolish, and do nothing to mark, that I ever was: I am going to Cambridge to take the *fresh air* this fine winter for a month or so. We have had snow one day this winter, but it did not lie: it was several months ago. The 18th of January I took a walk to *Kentish Town*, wind N. W. bright and frosty. Thermometer, at noon, was at 42. The grass remarkably green and flourishing. I observed, on dry banks facing the south that Chickweed, Dandelion, Groundsel, Red Archangel, and Shepherd's Purse were beginning to flower. This is all I know of the country.

My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton. I hear her butter is the best in the bishoprick, and that even Deborah has learned to spin. I rejoice you are all in health, but why are you deaf: and blind too, or you could not vote for F. V I have abundance more to say, but my paper won't hear of it. Adieu!

1755.

	UPSAL IN SWEDEN, lat. 59° 51½″	STRATTON IN NORFOLK, lat. 52° 45″	CAMBRIDGE.
Hasel begins to f.	12 April	23 Jan.	——
Snow-drop F.	13 April	26 Jan.	4 Feb.
(White Wagtail) appears	13 April	12 Feb..	3 Feb.
Violets F.	3 May	28 Mar.	28 Mar.
Snow-drop goes off			——
Apricot f.		1 April	——

	UPSAL IN SWEDEN, lat. 59° 51½″	STRATTON IN NORFOLK, lat. 52° 45″	CAMBRIDGE.
Elm F.	8 May	1 April	——
(Swallow returns)	9 May	6 April	——
(Cuckoo heard)	12 May	17 April	——
(Nightingale sings)	15 May	9 April	——
Birch L.	13 May	1 April	——
Alder L.	14 May	7 April	——
Bramble L.	7 May	3 April	——
Elm L.	15 May	10 April	16 April
Hawthorn L.	15 May	.	10 April
Acacia L.	15 May	12 April	——
Lime L.	21 May	12 April	16 April
Aspen L.	20 May	26 April	——
Sycamore L.	.	13 April	——
White Poplar L.	.	17 April	——
Beech L.	.	21 April	——
Chesn. and Maple L.	.	18 April	18 April
Oak L.	20 May	18 April	18 April
Ash L.	21 May	22 April	——
Fig L.	.	21 April	24 April
Horse Chesnut F.	.	12 May	12 May
Mulberry L.	.	14 May	——
Crab and Apple f.	2 June	23 April	22 April
Cherry f.	28 May	18 April	17 April
Lilac f.	8 June	27 April	24 April
Hawthorn f.	17 June	10 May	12 May
Plumb tree f.	28 May	16 April	——
Lilly o' the Valley f.	30 May	3 May	——
Broom F.	.	24 April	——
Mulberry L.	.	14 May	——
Elder f.	29 June	25 April	——
Lady Smock f.	28 May	18 April	——
Pea and Bean f.	.	29 April	——
Strawberries ripe	26 June	9 July	16 June
Cherries	7 July	. (on walls)	25 June
Currants	9 July	30 June	4 July
Hay cut	7 July	(near London)	18 May

	UPSAL IN SWEDEN, lat. 59° 51½″	STRATTON IN NORFOLK, lat. 52° 45″	CAMBRIDGE.
Rye	4 Aug.	(at Stoke) 19 June	
Wheat		21 Aug. (latest)	15 Sept.
Barley	16 Aug.	3 Aug.	4 Sept.
(Cuckoo silent)	15 July	End of July	——
(Swallow gone)	17 Sept.	21 Sept.	28 Sept.
Birch, Elm, Sycamore, Lime, change colour	22 Sept.	14 Sept.	——
Ash drops its leaves	6 Oct.	9 Oct.	5 Oct.
Elm stripped	7 Oct.		——
Lime falls	12 Oct.		——
Hasel stripped.	17 Oct.		——

N.B.—*l.* stands for opening its leaves. *L.* for in full leaf. *f.* for beginning to flower. *F.* for full bloom.

The summer flowers, especially such as blow about the solstice, I take no notice of, as they blow at the same time in Sweden and in England, at least the difference is only a day or two.

Observe, from this calendar it appears, that there is a wonderful difference between the earlier phænomena of the spring in Sweden and in England, no less than 78 days in the flowering of the Snowdrop, 61 days in the appearance of the Wagtail, 62 days in the bloom of the Lilac, 43 days in the leafing of the Oak, 40 days in the blooming of the Cherry-tree, 36 days in the singing of the Nightingale, 33 in the return of the Swallow, 25 in that of the Cuckoo, and so on. Yet the summer flowers nearly keep time alike in both climates, the harvest differs not a fortnight, some of the fruits only 9 days; nay, Strawberries come earlier there by 13 days, than with

us. The Swallow stays with us only 4 days longer than with them, and the Ash tree begins to lose its leaves within 3 days of the same time. These differences, and these uniformities I know not how to account for.

Mr. Stillingfleet's calendar goes no farther than October 26; but I observed, that on December 2, many of our Rose-trees had put out new leaves, and the Lauristine, Polyanthus, single yellow, and bloody Wall-flowers, Cytisus, and scarlet Geraniums were still in flower.

January 15, 1756. The Honeysuckles were in leaf, and single Hepatica and Snow-drop in flower.

As to the noise of birds, Mr. Stillingfleet marks their times thus in Norfolk.

4 Feb.	Woodlark singing.
12 ,,	Rooks pair.
16 ,,	Thrush sings.
,,	Chaffinch sings.
22 ,,	Partridges pair.
2 March.	Rooks build.
5 ,,	Ring Dove cooes.
14 April.	Bittern bumps.
16 ,,	Redstart returns.
28 ,,	Blackcap sings.
,,	Whitethroat seen.
5 June.	Goatsucker (or Fern-Owl), heard in the evening. After the end of June most birds are silent for a time, probably the moulting season; only the Goldfinch, Yellow Hammer, and Crested Wren are heard to chirp.
7 Aug.	Nuthatch chatters.
14 ,,	Stone Curlew whistles at night.
15 ,,	Young Owls heard in the evening.

17 Aug.	Goatsucker no longer heard.
26 ,,	Robins singing.
16 Sept.	Chaffinch chirping.
25 ,,	Woodlark sings, and Fieldfares arrive.
27 ,,	Blackbird sings.
29 Aug.	Thrush sings.
2 Oct.	Royston Crow comes.
10 ,,	Woodlark in full song.
,,	Ringdove cooes.
22 ,,	Woodcock returns.
24 ,,	Skylark sings.

I add the order of several fruits ripening at Stoke that year.

Hautboy-Strawberry	25 June
Wall Duke Cherry	,,
Early Apricot	,,
Black-heart Cherry	2 July
Raspberry	4 July
Gooseberry	15 July
Musculine Apricot	,,
Black Fig	30 July
Muscle, Orleans, Green Gage } Plumb	18 Aug.
Filbert	,,
Nectarine, Newington Peach, Morella Cherry	4 Sept.
Mulberry, Walnut	18 Sept.
Melon, Burgamot Pear, Black Muscad. Grape	25 Sept.
Nectarine over	,,
White Muscad. Grape	12 Oct.

XXXII.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Pembroke College, February 5, 1761.

DEAR MASON—When the belly is full, the bones are at rest. You squat yourself down in the midst of your revenues, leave me to suppose that somebody has broke in upon the Dean before you, that Mr. Beedon has seized upon the precentorship, that you are laid up with a complication of distempers at York, that you are dead of an apoplexy at Aston, and all the disagreeable probabilities that use to befall us, when we think ourselves at the height of our wishes; and then away you are gone to town while I am daily expecting you here, and the first I know of it is from the *Gazette*. Why, if you were Bishop of Lincoln[1] you could not serve one worse.

I wrote to you the same day I received your letter, the 11th January, and then to Dr. Wharton, who sends you his congratulations to be delivered in your way to London; here, take them, you miserable precentor. I wish all your choir may mutiny, and sing you to death. Adieu, I am ever yours, T. G.

Commend me kindly to Montagu.

[1] Dr. John Greene, Master of Ben'et College, first appointed Bishop of Lincoln in 1761, which he held till his death in 1779

XXXIII.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

London, February 9, 1761.

Dear Sir—If I have not sooner made answer to your kind enquiries, it has been owing to the uncertainty I was under as to my own motions. Now at last, I perceive, I must stay here till March and part of April are over, so I have accommodated myself to it; and perhaps it may be better to come when your codlin hedge is in bloom, than at this dull season. My cold, which Mr. Bickham told you of, kept me at home above three weeks, being at first accompanied with a slight fever, but at present I am marvellous. Not a word of the gout yet; but do not say a word, if you do it will come. A fortnight ago I had two sheets from Mr. Pitt, dated Genoa, December 23; he had been thirty days in going from Barcelona thither, a passage often made in four. He spends the winter with Sir Richard Lyttelton, and hopes to pass the end of the carnival at Milan with Lord Strathmore, who has been ill at Turin, but is now quite recovered. He does not speak with transport of Andalusia (I mean of the country, for he describes only that in general, and refers for particulars to our meeting); it wants verdure and wood, and hands to cultivate it; but Valencia and Murcia (he says) are one continued garden—a shady scene of cultivated lands, interspersed with cottages of reed, and watered by a

thousand artificial rills. A like spirit of industry appears in Catalonia. He has written to Pa. also; I suppose to the same purpose.

The only remarkable thing I have to tell you is old Wortley's will, and that, perhaps, you know already; he died worth £600,000. This is the least I have heard, and perhaps the truest; but Lord J. and Mr. Montagu tell me to-day it is above a million, and that he had near £800,000 in mortgages only. He gives to his son (who is £50,000 in debt) £1000 a-year for life only. To his wife Lady Mary, if she does not claim her dower, £1200 a-year, otherwise this to go to his son for life, and after him to Lady Bute his daughter. To all Lady Bute's children, which are eleven, £2000 a-piece. To Lady Bute, for her life, all the remainder (no notice of my Lord); and after her, to her second son, who takes the name of Wortley; and so to all the sons, and, I believe, daughters too in their order; and if they all die without issue, to Lord Sandwich, to whom at present he gives some old manuscripts about the Montagu family.

And now I must tell you a little story about ——,[1] which I heard lately. Upon her travels (to

[1] Lady Mary Wortley Montague. There is a story told by Mr. J. Pitt (Lord Camelford), which makes so good a *pendant* to the present one, that I may be excused for giving it. "I will find you a keepsake like that the Duchess of Kingston drew from the bottom of her capote for the Consul at Genoa, who had lodged her and clothed her I believe, and caressed her for anything I know. 'How do you like this diamond

save charges), she got a passage in the Mediterranean, on board a man-of-war; I think it was Commodore Barnet. When he had landed her safe, she told him she knew she was not to offer him money, but entreated him to accept of a ring in memory of her, which (as she pressed him) he accepted. It was a very large emerald. Some time after, a friend of his taking notice of its beauty, he told him how he came by it. The man smiled, and desired him to shew it to a jeweller. He did so; it was unset before him, and proved a paste worth 40 shillings.

And now I am telling stories, I will tell you another, nothing at all to the purpose, nor relating to anybody I have been talking of.

In the year 1688, my Lord Peterborough had a great mind to be well with Lady Sandwich, Mrs. Bonfoy's old friend. There was a woman, who kept a great coffee-house in Pall Mall, and she had a miraculous canary-bird, that piped twenty tunes. Lady Sandwich was fond of such things, had heard of and seen the bird. Lord Peterborough came to the woman and offered her a large sum of money for it; but she was rich, and proud of it, and would not part with it for love or money. However, he watched the bird

ring?' 'Very fine, my lady!' 'This ruby?' 'Beautiful!' 'This snuff-box?' 'Superb!' etc. etc. etc. 'Well, Mr. Consul, you see these spectacles (and here she sighed); these spectacles were worn twenty years by my dear Duke (here she opened the *etui*, and dropped a tear); take them, Mr. Consul, wear them for his sake and mine; I could not give you a stronger proof of my regard for you.' "—[*Mit.*]

narrowly, observed all its marks and features, went and bought just such another, sauntered into the coffee-room, took his opportunity when no one was by, slipped the wrong bird into the cage, and the right into his pocket, and went off undiscovered to make my Lady Sandwich happy. This was just about the time of the Revolution, and, a good while after, going into the same coffee-house again, he saw his bird there, and said, "Well, I reckon you would give your ears now that you had taken my money." "Money!" says the woman, "no, nor ten times that money now; dear little creature; for, if your Lordship will believe me (as I am a Christian it is true), it has moped and moped, and never once opened its pretty lips since the day that the poor king went away!"

Adieu. Old Pa. (spite of his misfortunes) talks of coming to town this spring. Could not you come too? My service to Mr. Lyon.

XXXIV.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

Dear Doctor—I have been very naughty, I confess; but I informed your brother a good while ago, that both your letters came safe to my hands. The first indeed which went to Cambridge, had had its seal broken, which naturally, I should have attributed to the curiosity of somebody at Durham: but as Mr. Brown (who, you know, is care itself) sent it me without taking notice of any such thing, I rather believe

it was mere accident, and happened after it had passed through his hands.

I long to see you, but my visit must be deferred to another year, for Mr. Jauncey having lost his bishop, and having settled his son in a curacy, means to let his house entire, and in September I shall be forced to look out for another place, and must have the plague of removing. The Glass Manufacture in Worcestershire (I am told) has failed. Mr. Price[1] here has left off business, and retired into Wales. The person, who succeeds him, does not pretend to be acquainted with all the secrets of his art. The man at York is now in town, exhibiting some specimens of his skill to the Society of Arts: him (you say) you have already consulted. Coats of Arms will doubtless be expensive (Price used to have five guineas for a very plain one) figures much more so. Unless therefore you can pick up some remnants of old painted glass, which are, sometimes met with in farm houses, little out-of-the-way churches and vestries, and even at country glaziers shops, etc., I should advise to buy plain coloured glass (for which they ask here in St. Martin's Lane five shillings a pound, but it is sold at York for two or three shillings) and make up the tops of your windows in a mosaic of your own fancy. The glass will come to you in

[1] William Price (d. July 16, 1765) the most reputed glass painter of his time, whose manufactory was in Kirby Street, Hatton Garden. He worked at the windows in Westminster Abbey from 1722 to 1735.—[*Ed.*]

square plates (some part of which is always wrinkled and full of little bubbles, so you must allow for waste), any glazier can cut it into *quarrels*, and you can dispose the pattern and colours, red, blue, purple, and yellow (there is also green, if you like it) as well, or better than the artisan himself, and certainly much cheaper. I would not border it with the same, lest the room should be too dark. For should the *quarrels* of clear glass be too small (in the lower part of the window); if they are but turned corner-ways, it is enough to give it a Gothic aspect. If there is anything to see (though it be but a tree) I should put a very large diamond pane in the midst of each division.

I had rather Major G. throwed away his money than somebody else. It is not worth while even to succeed, unless *gratis;* nor in any case to be attempted without the bishop's absolute concurrence. I wish you joy of Dr. Squire's bishoprick: he keeps both his livings, and is the happiest of devils. Stonehewer, who is coming, will (if you see him) tell you more news vivâ voce, than I could write: I therefore do not tap that chapter. My best services to Mrs. Wharton, I am ever truly yours.

May 9, 1761.

I am at last going to Cambridge: it is strange else.

XXXV.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

May 26, 1761.

Dear Sir—I thank you for your kind enquiries and impatience about me. Had I not been so often disappointed before, when I thought myself sure, I should have informed you before this time of my motions. I thought I was just setting out for Cambridge, when the man on whom I have a mortgage gave me notice that he was ready to pay in his money; so that now I must necessarily stay to receive it, and it will be (to be sure) the middle of June before I can see Cambridge, where I have long wished to be. Montagu had thoughts of going thither with me, but I know not what his present intentions may be. He is in real affliction for the loss of Sir W. Williams, who has left him one of his executors, and (as I doubt his affairs were a good deal embarrassed) he possibly may be detained in town on that account. Mason too talked of staying part of the summer with me at Pembroke, but this may perhaps be only talk. My Lord[1] goes into Yorkshire this summer, so I suppose the parson must go with him. You will not see any advertisement till next winter at soonest. Southwell is going to Ireland for two months, much against his will. I have not seen my new Lady E.[2] but her husband I have; so (I'm afraid) I soon must

[1] Lord Holdernesse.

[2] By Lady E—— I have no doubt that Gray meant the wife of his friend Sir Henry Erskine, who married this year.—[*Mit.*]

have that honour. God send ——[1] may lie in just about the commencement, or I go out of my wits, that is all. The news of the surrender of Belleisle is daily expected. They have not, nor (they say) possibly can, throw in either men or provisions; so it is looked upon as ours. I know it will be so next week, because I am then to buy into the Stocks. God bless you.—I am ever yours, T. G.

XXXVI.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

1761.

DEAR SIR—I hope to send you the first intelligence of the Church preferments, though such is your eagerness there for this sort of news, that perhaps mine may be stale before it can reach you. Drummond is Archbishop of York, Hayter Bishop of London, Young of Norwich, Newton of Bristol, with the residentiaryship of St. Paul's; Thomas goes to Salisbury; Greene, of Ben'et, to Lincoln; James Yorke succeeds to his deanery.

As to the Queen, why you have all seen her. What need I tell you that she is thin, and not tall, fine, clear, light brown hair (not very light neither), very white teeth, mouth ——, nose straight and well-formed, turned up a little at the end, and nostril

[1] Gray's inveterate dislike of the "old fizzling Duke" of Newcastle, "that owl Fobus," is by this time familiar to us. His contempt here takes a singular form, but relates beyond question to this personage.—[*Ed.*]

rather wide; complexion little inclining to yellow, but little colour; dark and not large eyes, hand and arm not perfect, very genteel motions, great spirits, and much conversation. She speaks French very currently. This is all I know, but do not cite me for it.

Mason is come, but I have not seen him; he walks at the Coronation. I shall see the show, but whether in the Hall, or only the Procession, I do not know yet. It is believed places will be cheap. Adieu.

XXXVII.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

Dear Doctor—As you and Mr. R. Wharton seem determined for the foundation, I shall say no more on that subject: it is pity you could not resolve sooner, for I fear you are now too late, and must defer your design till the next year, as the election at Eton begins this day se'nnight, and your nephew ought to be there on the evening of the 27th at farthest, which is scarce possible. You have never told me his age: but (I suppose) you know, that after 15 complete boys are excluded from the election, and that a certificate of their age (that is, an extract from the Parish Register, where they were baptized), is always required, which must be attested and signed by the minister and churchwardens of the said parish. Your nephew (I imagine) is much younger than fifteen, and therefore there will be no great inconvenience if he should be placed at Eton, whenever it suits Mr.

Wharton to carry him, and there wait for the next election. This is commonly practised, and Dr. Ashton (I do not doubt) will be equally ready to serve him then, as now; he will probably be placed pretty high in the school, having had the same education, that is in use there, and will have time to familiarize himself to the place, before he actually enters the college. I have waited to know your intentions, before I could answer Dr. Ashton's letter; and wish you would now write to me, what you finally determine. There is a month's breaking up immediately after the election (which lasts a week) so it is probable Mr. Wharton will hardly send his son till those holidays are over.

I do not mention the subject you hint at for the same reason you give me; it should be *offered*, and *clear of all taxes*, before I would go into it, in spite of the Mines in America, on which I congratulate you.

I shall hope to see Old Park next summer, if I am not bed-rid, but who can tell? Mr. Brown presents his best services to the family with mine: he is older than I. Adieu! the Post waits.—I am ever truly yours, T. G.

July 19 [endorsed 1761], Pembroke College.

XXXVIII.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

August 1761.

DEAR MASON—Be assured your York canon never will die,[1] so the better the thing is in value the worse for you. The true way to immortality is to get you nominated one's successor. Age and diseases vanish at your name, fevers turn to radical heat, and fistulas to issues. It is a judgment that waits on your insatiable avarice. You could not let the poor old man die at his ease when he was about it; and all his family, I suppose, are cursing you for it.

I should think your motions, if you are not perverse, might be so contrived as to bring you hither for a week or two in your way to the Coronation, and then we may go together to town, where I must be early in September. Do, and then I will help you to write a . . . sermon on this happy occasion. Our friend Jeremy Bickham is going off to a living (better than £400 a-year) somewhere in the neighbourhood of Mr. Hurd; and his old flame, that he has nursed so many years, goes with him. I tell you this to make you pine.

I wrote to Lord John on his recovery, and he answers me very cheerfully, as if his illness had been but slight, and the pleurisy were no more than a hole in one's stocking. He got it, he says, not by scamper-

[1] This was written at a time when, by the favour of Dr. Fountayne, Dean of York, I expected to be made a Residentiary in his cathedral.—[*Mason.*]

ing, and racketing, and heating his blood, as I had supposed, but by going with ladies to Vauxhall. He is the picture (and pray so tell him if you see him) of an old alderman that I knew, who, after living forty years on the fat of the land (not milk and honey, but arrack-punch and venison), and losing his great toe with a mortification, said to the last that he owed it to two grapes which he ate one day after dinner. He felt them lie cold at his stomach the minute they were down.

Mr. Montagu (as I guess at your instigation) has earnestly desired me to write some lines to be put on a monument, which he means to erect at Belleisle. It is a task I do not love, knowing Sir W. Williams so slightly as I did; but he is so friendly a person, and his affliction seemed to me so real, that I could not refuse him. I have sent him the following verses, which I neither like myself, nor will he, I doubt: however, I have showed him that I wished to oblige him. Tell me your real opinion:—

Here foremost in the dang'rous paths of fame,
  Young Williams fought for England's fair renown;
His mind each muse, each grace adorn'd his frame,
  Nor envy dared to view him with a frown.
At Aix uncall'd his maiden sword he drew,
  There first in blood his infant glory seal'd;
From fortune, pleasure, science, love, he flew,
  And scorn'd repose when Britain took the field.
With eyes of flame and cool intrepid breast,
  Victor he stood on Belleisle's rocky steeps;
Ah gallant youth! this marble tells the rest,
  Where melancholy friendship bends and weeps.

Three words below to say who set up the monument.

XXXIX.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR—I am just come to town, where I shall stay six weeks or more, and (if you will send your dimensions) will look out for papers at the shops. I own I never yet saw any Gothic papers to my fancy. There is one fault, that is in the nature of the thing, and cannot be avoided. The great beauty of all Gothic designs is the variety of perspectives they occasion. This a painter may represent on the walls of a room in some measure; but not a designer of papers, where, what is represented on one breadth, must be exactly repeated on another, both in the light and shade, and in the dimensions. This we cannot help; but they do not even do what they might. They neglect Hollar, to copy Mr. Halfpenny's[1] architecture, so that all they do is more like a goose-pie than a cathedral. You seem to suppose, that they do Gothic papers in colours, but I never saw any but such as were to look like stucco: nor indeed do I conceive that they could have any effect or meaning. Lastly, I never saw anything of gilding, such as you mention, on paper, but we shall see. Only pray leave as little to my judgment as possible.

[1] William Halfpenny, a London architect, who had just published a work on *Useful Architecture,* 1760.—[*Ed.*]

I thanked Dr. Ashton before you told me to do so. He writes me word, that (except the first Sunday of a month), he believes, he shall be at Eton till the middle of November; and (as he now knows the person in question is your nephew) adds, I remember Dr. Wharton with great pleasure, and beg you will signify as much to him, when you write.

The king is just married, it is the hottest night in the year. Adieu! it is late.—I am ever yours,

T. G.

Tuesday [endorsed September 8, 1761].

XL.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

London, September 24, 1761.

DEAR SIR—I set out at half an hour past four in the morning for the Coronation, and (in the midst of perils and dangers) arrived very safe at my Lord Chamberlain's box in Westminster Hall. It was on the left hand of the throne, over that appropriated to the foreign ministers. Opposite to us was the box of the Earl Marshal and other great officers; and below it that of the princess and younger part of the royal family. Next them was the royal sideboard. Then below the steps of the *haut pas* were the tables of the nobility, on each side quite to the door; behind them boxes for the sideboards; over these other galleries for the peers' tickets; and still higher the boxes of the Auditor, the Board of Green Cloth, etc.

All these thronged with people head above head, all dressed; and the women with their jewels on. In front of the throne was a *triomphe* of foliage and flowers resembling nature, placed on the royal table, and rising as high as the canopy itself. The several bodies that were to form the procession issued from behind the throne gradually and in order, and, proceeding down the steps, were ranged on either side of hall. All the privy councillors that are commoners (I think) were there, except Mr. Pitt, mightily dressed in rich stuffs of gold and colours, with long flowing wigs, some of them comical figures enough. The Knights of the Bath, with their high plumage, were very ornamental. Of the Scotch peers or peeresses that you see in the list very few walked, and of the English dowagers as few, though many of them were in town, and among the spectators. The noblest and most graceful figures among the ladies were the Marchioness of Kildare (as Viscountess Leinster), Viscountess Spencer, Countesses of Harrington, Pembroke, and Strafford, and the Duchess of Richmond. Of the older sort (for there is a grace that belongs to age too), the Countess of Westmoreland, Countess of Albemarle, and Duchess of Queensberry. I should mention too the odd and extraordinary appearances. They were the Viscountess Say and Sele, Countesses of Portsmouth and another that I do not name, because she is said to be an extraordinary good woman, Countess of Harcourt, and Duchess of St. Alban's. Of the men doubtless the noblest and most striking

figure was the Earl of Errol, and after him the Dukes of Ancaster, Richmond, Marlborough, Kingston, Earl of Northampton, Pomfret, Viscount Weymouth, etc. The men were—the Earl Talbot (most in sight of anybody), Earls of Delaware and Macclesfield, Lords Montford and Melcombe; all these I beheld at great leisure. Then the princess and royal family entered their box. The Queen and then the King took their places in their chairs of state, glittering with jewels, for the hire of which, beside all his own, he paid £9000; and the dean and chapter (who had been waiting without doors a full hour and half) brought up the regalia, which the Duke of Ancaster received and placed on the table. Here ensued great confusion in the delivering them out to the lords who were appointed to bear them; the heralds were stupid; the great officers knew nothing of what they were doing. The Bishop of Rochester[1] would have dropped the crown if it had not been pinned to the cushion, and the king was often obliged to call out, and set matters right; but the sword of state had been entirely forgot, so Lord Huntingdon was forced to carry the lord mayor's great two-handed sword instead of it. This made it later than ordinary before they got under their canopies and set forward. I should have told

[1] Zachary Pearce, translated from Bangor. He resigned the deanery of Westminster in 1788, and wanted to resign his bishopric, but was not permitted by law. He was a very good scholar, as his editions of Cicero and Longinus show; a learned divine, and an excellent man, of a modest and unambitious temper.—[*Mit.*]

you that the old Bishop of Lincoln,[1] with his stick, went doddling by the side of the Queen, and the Bishop of Chester had the pleasure of bearing the gold paten. When they were gone, we went down to dinner, for there were three rooms below, where the Duke of Devonshire was so good as to feed us with great cold sirloins of beef, legs of mutton, fillets of veal, and other substantial viands and liquors, which we devoured all higgledy-piggledy, like porters; after which every one scrambled up again, and seated themselves. The tables were now spread, the cold viands eat, and on the king's table and sideboard a great show of gold plate, and a dessert representing Parnassus, with abundance of figures of Muses, Arts, etc., designed by Lord Talbot. This was so high that those at the end of the hall could see neither king nor queen at supper. When they returned it was so dark that the people without doors scarce saw anything of the procession, and as the hall had then no other light than two long ranges of candles at each of the peers' tables, we saw almost as little as they, only one perceived the lords and ladies sidling in and taking their places to dine; but the instant the queen's canopy entered, fire was given to all the lustres at once by trains of prepared flax, that reached from one to the other. To me it seemed an interval of not half a minute before the whole was in a blaze

[1] Dr. John Thomas, who was this year translated to Salisbury, and died 1776; succeeded at Lincoln by John Greene.—[*Mit.*]

of splendour. It is true that for that half minute it rained fire upon the heads of all the spectators (the flax falling in large flakes); and the ladies, Queen and all, were in no small terror, but no mischief ensued. It was out as soon as it fell, and the most magnificent spectacle I ever beheld remained. The King (bowing to the lords as he passed) with his crown on his head, and the sceptre and orb in his hands, took his place with great majesty and grace. So did the Queen, with her crown, sceptre, and rod. Then supper was served in gold plate. The Earl Talbot, Duke of Bedford, and Earl of Effingham,[1] in their robes, all three on horseback, prancing and curveting like the hobby-horses in the Rehearsal, ushered in the courses to the foot of the haut-pas. Between the courses the Champion performed his part with applause. The Earl of Denbigh[2] carved for the King, the Earl of Holdernesse for the Queen. They both eat like farmers. At the board's end, on the right, supped the Dukes of York and Cumberland; on the left Lady Augusta; all of them very rich in jewels. The maple cups, the wafers, the faulcons, etc., were brought up and presented in form; three persons were knighted; and before ten the King and Queen retired. Then I got a scrap of supper, and at one o'clock I walked home. So much for the spectacle, which in magnificence surpassed everything I have

[1] Thomas Harcourt, succeeded 1743; born 1719, died 1763; he was Deputy Earl Marshal and Lieutenant-General.—[*Mit.*]

[2] Basil Fielding, sixth Earl, succeeded 1755, died 1800.

seen. Next I must tell you that the Barons of the Cinque Ports, who by ancient right should dine at a table on the haut-pas, at the right hand of the throne, found that no provision at all had been made for them, and, representing their case to Earl Talbot, he told them, "Gentlemen, if you speak to me as High Steward, I must tell you there was no room for you; if as Lord Talbot, I am ready to give you satisfaction in any way you think fit." They are several of them gentlemen of the best families; so this has bred ill blood. In the next place, the City of London found they had no table neither; but Beckford[1] bullied my Lord High Steward till he was forced to give them that intended for the Knights of the Bath, and instead of it they dined at the entertainment prepared for the great officers. Thirdly. Bussy was not at the ceremony. He is just setting out for France. Spain has supplied them with money, and is picking a quarrel with us about the fishery and the logwood. Mr. Pitt says so much the better, and was for recalling Lord Bristol directly; however, a flat denial has been *returned* to their pretensions. When you have read this send it to Pa.

[1] The well-known Alderman Beckford, Member for the City, and twice Mayor of London, father of a more illustrious son. He died during his mayoralty in 1770.

XLI.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

London, October . . ., 1761.

DEAR MASON—Perhaps you have not yet hanged yourself; when you do (as doubtless you must be thinking of it), be so good as to give me a day or two's notice that I may be a little prepared. Yet who knows, possibly your education at St. John's, in conjunction with the Bishop of Gloucester,[1] may suggest to you that the naked Indian that found Pitt's diamond[2] made no bad bargain when he sold it for three oyster-shells and a pompon of glass beads to stick in his wife's hair; if so, you may live and read on.

Last week I had an application from a broken tradesman (whose wife I knew) to desire my interest with the Duke of Newcastle for a tide-waiter's place; and he adds, "Sir, your speedy compliance with this will greatly oblige all your family." This morning before I was up, Dr. Morton, of the Museum,[3] called here and left the inclosed note. He is a mighty civil man; for the rest you know him full as well as I do; and I insist that you return me a civil answer. I do

[1] William Warburton.

[2] Allusion to Pope's lines,—

> "Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
> An honest factor stole a gem away."

Moral Essays, Epist. iii.—[*Mit.*]

[3] Dr. Charles Morton, of the British Museum, is mentioned by Lord Chesterfield in his *Letters*, vol. i. p. 38. He was Keeper of the MSS. and Medals, and, after the death of Dr. Maty, principal librarian. He died February 10, 1799.—[*Mit.*]

not insist that you should get him the mastership; on the contrary, I desire (as anybody would in such a case) that you will get it for yourself; as I intend, when I hear it is vacant, to have the tide-waiter's place, if I miss of the Priory Seal and Cofferership. —Yours, T. G.

XLII.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

Southampton Row, October 22, 1761.

Dear Doctor—Do not think me very dilatory, for I have been sending away all my things from this house (where nevertheless I shall continue while I stay in town) and have besides been confined with a severe cold to my room. On rummaging Mr. Bromwick's and several other shops I am forced to tell you, that there are absolutely no papers at all, that deserve the name of Gothic, or that you would bear the sight of. They are all what they call *fancy*, and indeed resemble nothing that ever was in use in any age or country. I am going to advise, what perhaps you may be deterred from by the addition of expense, but what, in your case I should certainly do. Anybody that can draw the least in the world is capable of sketching in India ink a compartment or two of diaper-work, or a niche or tabernacle with its fretwork: take such a man with you to Durham Cathedral, and let him copy one division of any ornament you think will have any effect, from the high-altar suppose or the nine altars, or what you please. If nothing there suits you, chuse in Dart's *Canterbury*

or Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, etc., and send the design hither. They will execute it here, and make a new stamp on purpose, provided you will take twenty pieces of it, and it will come to a halfpenny or a penny a yard the more (according to the work, that is in it). This I really think worth your while. I mention your doing it there, because it will be then under your own eye, and at your own choice, and you can proportion the whole better to the dimensions of your room, for if the design be of Arcade-work, or anything on a pretty large scale, and the arches or niches are to rise one above the other, there must be some contrivance, that they may fill the entire space and not be cut in sunder and incomplete. This indeed, where the work is in small compartments, is not to be minded. Say therefore, if you come into this, or shall I take a man here to Westminster, and let him copy some of those fretworks? though I think, in the books I have named you may find better things. I much doubt of the effect colours (any other than the tints of Stucco) would have in a Gothic design on paper, and here they have nothing to judge from. Those I spoke of at Ely were green and pale blue with the raised work white, if you care to hazard it. I saw an all-silver paper quite plain, and it looked like block-tin. In short there is nothing I would venture to send you. One of 3d. a yard in small compartments, thus,[1] might

[1] At this point Gray introduces a rough drawing to explain his meaning.—[*Ed.*]

perhaps do for the stairs, but very likely it is common, and besides it is not pure Gothic, therefore I would not send it alone. Adieu, and tell me soon what I shall do.

I go to Cambridge in three weeks or less.

XLIII.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

London, November 13, 1761.

DEAR DOCTOR—I went as soon as I received your last letter, to chuse papers for you at Bromwick's. I applaud your determination, for it is mere pedantry in Gothicism to stick to nothing but Altars and Tombs, and there is no end of it, if we are to sit upon nothing but Coronation-chairs, nor drink out of nothing but chalices or flagons. The idea is sufficiently kept up, if we live in an ancient house, but with modern conveniences about us. Nobody will expect the inhabitants to wear ruffs and farthingales. Besides these things are not to be had, unless we make them ourselves.

I have however ventured to bespeak (for the staircase) the Stucco-paper of 3d. a yard, which I mentioned to you before. It is rather pretty, and nearly Gothic. The border is entirely so, and where it runs horizontally, will be very proper; where perpendicularly, not altogether so. I do not see, how this could be avoided. The crimson paper is the handsomest I ever saw; from its simplicity, I believe, as it is nothing but the same thing repeated throughout.

Mr. Trevor (Hambden) designed it for his own use. The border is a spiral scroll, also the prettiest I have seen. This paper is 8d. a yard. The blue is the most extravagant, a Mohair-flock paper of a shilling a yard, which I fear you will blame me for; but it was so handsome, and looked so warm, I could not resist it. The pattern is small, and will look like a cut-velvet: the border a scroll like the last, but on a larger scale. You will ask, why the crimson (which was to be the best) is not a Mohair-paper too? Because it would have no effect in that sort of pattern; and it is as handsome as it need to be, without that expense. The Library paper is a cloth colour: all I can say for it is, that it was the next best design they had after the former. I think it is 7½d. a yard. They do not keep any quantity by them (only samples of each sort) but promise, they shall be finished in a week, and sent to your brother's, with whom I have left the bill, as I go myself to Cambridge in a day or two. Indeed this is a very improper time to trouble him, though when I called there last night, I was told she was a great *deal better*. I did not know of his loss till you told me: on which I went to ask how they did, and found him truly in a very deplorable situation. He said he had wrote to you, but I do not know, whether he was able to give you a full account of [1]

. . . . . .

[1] The last page of the MS. has been lost.—[*Ed.*]

XLIV.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

November, Saturday, 1761.

Dear Sir—Your letter has rejoiced me, as you will easily believe, and agreeably disappointed me. I congratulate you in the first place; and am very glad to see the college have had the spirit and the sense to do a thing so much to their own credit, and to do it in a handsome manner. My best service to Mr. Lyon;[1] and tell him it will be a great disobligation if my lady takes him away to pass the Christmas with her, just when I am proposing to visit him in his new capacity. I hope to be with you in about a week, but will write again before I come. Do persuade Mr. Delaval to stay; tell him I will say anything he pleases of . . . . .

Have you read the negociations? I speak not to Mr. Delaval, but to you. The French have certainly done Mr. Pitt service in publishing them. The spirit and contempt he has shown in his treatment of Bussy's proposals, whether right or wrong, will go near to restore him to his popularity, and almost make up for the disgrace of the pension. My Lord Temple is outrageous; he makes no scruple of declar-

[1] Thomas Lyon, Fellow of Pembroke College, 1761, third son of Thomas, Lord Strathmore; admitted Fellow-Commoner, 1756, elected Fellow, November 1761, and vacated his Fellowship in 1767; his *new capacity* must mean as *Fellow*. James Philip Lyon, the second son of Lord Strathmore, was admitted Fellow-Commoner in 1756, the same year as Gray.—[*Mit.*]

ing that the Duke of N.[1] and Lord Bute were the persons whose frequent opposition in council were the principal cause of this resignation. He has (as far as he could) disinherited his brother G. Grenville, that is of about £4000 a-year, his father's estate; and yesterday he made a very strange speech in the House that surprised everybody. The particulars I cannot yet hear with certainty; but the Duke of Bedford replied to it. Did you observe a very bold letter in the *Gazette* of Thursday last about Carr Earl of Somerset?[2] How do you like the King's speech? It is Lord Hardwicke's. How do you like Hogarth's perriwigs?[3] I suppose you have discovered the last face in the rank of peeresses to be a very great personage; extremely like, though you never saw her. Good-night.—I am ever yours, T. G.

[1] Newcastle.

[2] This allusion is, of course, to the growing favour of Lord *Bute*. At this time great irritation was felt at the resignation of Mr. Pitt and the increasing favouritism and influence of Lord Bute, and very *strong* letters were written in the papers; but I have not found the letter to which Gray alludes. The *London Gazette* was only an official paper. In Lloyd's *Evening Post* of that period and month are several letters on the subject: to what particular paper Gray alluded it seems difficult to say. There were, besides the two papers mentioned above, Reed's *Weekly Journal* and the *London Chronicle*, which may be found in the Catalogue of the British Museum. Two Letters to the Earl of Bute are advertised this month, November 1761, in Lloyd's paper.—[*Mit.*]

[3] Gray probably had been visiting the exhibition of Hogarth's pictures at Spring Gardens. The "personage" is Queen Charlotte.—[*Ed.*]

XLV.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Pembroke Hall, December 8, 1761.

DEAR MASON—Of all loves come to Cambridge out of hand, for here is Mr. Delaval and a charming set of glasses that sing like nightingales;[1] and we have concerts every other night, and shall stay here this month or two; and a vast deal of good company, and a whale in pickle just come from Ipswich; and the man will not die, and Mr. Wood is gone to Chatsworth; and there is nobody but you and Tom and the curled dog; and do not talk of the charge, for we will make a subscription; besides, we know you always come when you have a mind. T. G.

XLVI.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Cambridge, January 11, 1762.

DEAR MASON—It is a mercy that old men are mortal, and that dignified clergymen know how to keep their

[1] See Walpole's *Misc. Letters,* vol. ii. p. 111. "Gluck, a German. He is to have a benefit, at which he is to play on a set of drinking-glasses, which he modulates with water. I think I have heard you speak of having seen some such thing." They were much in fashion about this time. In the *St. James's Chronicle,* December 3, 1761, is an advertisement: "At Mr. Sheridan's lecture on Elocution, Miss Lloyd succeeds Miss Ford in performing on the *musical glasses for the amusement of genteel company.*"—[*Mit.*] They consisted of a set of goblets, like finger-glasses, which revolved on their centres when the rim was struck with the fingers; the whole enclosed in a small box. Another name for the instrument was harmonica.—[*Ed.*]

word. I heartily rejoice with you in your establishment, and with myself that I have lived to see it—to see your insatiable mouth stopped, and your anxious perriwig at rest and slumbering in a stall. The Bishop of London,[1] you see, is dead; there is a fine opening. Is there nothing farther to tempt you? Feel your own pulse, and answer me seriously. It rains precentorships; you have only to hold up your skirt and catch them.

I long to embrace you in your way to court. I am still here, so are the Glasses and their master. The first still delight me; I wish I could say as much for the second. Come, however, and see us, such as we are. Mr. Brown is overjoyed at the news, yet he is not at all well. I am (which is no wonder, being undignified and much at leisure) entirely yours,

T. G.

XLVII.—TO HORACE WALPOLE.

Sunday, February 28, 1762.

I RETURN you my best thanks for the copy of your book,[2] which you sent me, and have not at all lessened my opinion of it since I read it in print, though the press has generally a bad effect on the complexion of one's works. The engravings look, as you say, better than I had expected, yet not altogether so well as I

[1] Thomas Hayter succeeded Bishop Sherlock, translated from Norwich, 1761; died the following year; succeeded by Thomas Osbaldeston, 1762.—[*Mit.*]

[2] The *Anecdotes of Painting.*

could wish. I rejoice in the good dispositions of our Court, and in the propriety of their application to you: the work is a thing so much to be wished; has so near a connection with the turn of your studies and of your curiosity; and might find such ample materials among your hoards and in your head; that it will be a sin if you let it drop and come to nothing, or worse than nothing, for want of your assistance. The historical part should be in the manner of Henault, a mere abridgement; a series of facts selected with judgment, that may serve as a clue to lead the mind along in the midst of those ruins and scattered monuments of art, that time has spared. This would be sufficient, and better than Montfaucon's more diffuse narrative. Such a work (I have heard) Mr. Burke is now employed about, which, though not intended for this purpose, might be applied perhaps to this use. Then, at the end of each reign, should come to a dissertation explanatory of the plates, and pointing out the turn of thought, the customs, ceremonials, arms, dresses, luxury, and private life, with the improvement or decline of the arts during that period. This you must do yourself, beside taking upon you the superintendence, direction, and choice of materials. As to the expense, that must be the King's own entirely, and he must give the book to foreign Ministers and people of note; for it is obvious no private man can undertake such a thing without a subscription, and no gentleman will care for such an expedient; and a gentleman it should be,

because he must have easy access to archives, cabinets, and collections of all sorts. I protest I do not think it impossible; but they may give in to such a scheme; they approve the design, they wish to encourage the arts, and to be magnificent, and they have no Versailles or Herculaneum.

I hope to see you toward the end of March. If you bestow a line on me, pray tell me whether the Baronne de la Peyriere is gone to her Castle of Viry, and whether Fingal be discovered or shrewdly suspected to be a forgery. Adieu!—I am yours ever,

T. GRAY.

XLVIII.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Cambridge, March 17, 1762.

DEAR DOCTOR—I send your reverence the lesson, which is pure good-nature on my part, knowing already, as I do, that you do not like it. No sooner do people feel their income increase than they want amusement. Why, what need have you of any other than to sit like a Japanese divinity with your hands folded on your fat belly, wrapped and, as it were, annihilated in the contemplation of your own *copuses* and revenues? The pentagrapher is gone to town, so you have nothing to do but to go and multiply in your own vulgar way; only don't fall to work and forget to say grace.

The laureate has honoured me (as a friend of yours, for I know no other reason) with his new play and

his "Charge to the Poets":[1] the first very middling; the second I am pleased with, chiefly with the sense, and sometimes with the verse and expression; and yet the best thing he ever wrote was that "Elegy against Friendship" you once shewed me, where the sense was detestable; so that you see it is not at all necessary a poet should be a good sort of man—no, not even in his writings. Bob Lloyd has published his works in a just quarto volume, containing, among other things, a Latin translation of my Elegy; an epistle, in which is a very serious compliment to me by name,[2] particularly on my Pindaric accomplishments; and the very two odes you saw before, in which we were abused, and a note to say they were written in concert with his friend Mr. Colman; so little value have poets for themselves, especially when they would make up a just volume. Mr. Delap is here, and has brought his cub to Trinity. He has picked up again purely since his misfortune, and is fat and well, all but a few bowels. He says Mrs. Pritchard spoilt his *Hecuba* with sobbing so much, and that she was really so moved that she fell in fits

[1] The new play of Mr. Whitehead was *The School for Lovers*, acted at Drury Lane, 1762. His poem was "Address to youthful Poets, a poetic Charge."—[*Mit.*]

[2] The praise of Gray occurs in Lloyd's Epistle to Churchill—

> 'What muse like Gray's shall pleasing, pensive, flow,
> Attempered sweetly to the rustic woe;
> Or who like him shall sweep the Theban lyre,
> And, as his master, pour forth thoughts of fire?"
>
> [*Mit.*]

behind the scenes. I much like Dr. Lowth's Grammar; it is concise, clear, and elegant. He has selected his solecisms from all the best writers of our tongue. I hear Mr. Hurd is seriously writing against Fingal, by the instigation of the devil and the bishop.[1] Can it be true? I have exhausted all my literary news, and I have no other. Adieu.—I am truly yours,

T. G.

Mr. Brown has got a cap, and hopes for a suitable hood. You must write a line to tell him how to send them. I go to town on Monday, but direct to me here.

XLIX.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR—I have no other apprehension, if I should come into the north, than that of somehow incommoding you and your family; and yet I believe, my strong inclination to see you and your Carthage will prevail over so reasonable an apprehension. As to all the inconveniences, that regard myself, and which you are so kindly providing against, I set them at nought. However, you shall know of my motions before I stir.

You are not to take this for a letter: it is a message, that I am forced to send. There is a Mr. Thomas Hornsby, an Apothecary at Durham, who makes a sort of lozenges, said to be good in a gouty cough, and indigestions. A relation of mine, a poor girl, who is

[1] Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester.

exceedingly ill, having had some of these from the Abdy family (whose stock is nearly exhausted) fancies they do her great service. I therefore must beg you would send to Mr. Hornsby, and let him put up a quarter of a pound in as little compass as he can, and send it to the post-master (directed to Mrs. Antrobus, post-mistress at Cambridge), and let him put it in the mail. The sooner this can be done the better, and you will oblige me and the patient.

I am sorry, you are forced to complain of this untoward suffocating season: but who has escaped without illness? for me I have felt neither cold nor fever: but I have had two slight attacks of the gout after near three years intermission, it is well, if I escape so.

Adieu! dear Doctor. My best services to Mrs. Wharton.—I am ever truly yours, T. GRAY.

Pembroke Hall, June 4, 1762.

I am just returned hither from London, where I have been these two months.

L.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Pembroke Hall, Monday [June], 1762.

DEAR MASON—If you still are residing and precenting at York, I feel a great propensity to visit you there in my way northwards. Do not be frightened; for I do not mean to be invited to your house. I can bring many reasons against it, but will content myself

with referring you to Mr. Whitehead's "Satire on Friendship," the sentiment of which you thought as natural as I did the verses. I therefore desire of you to procure me a lodging by the week (the cheaper the better), where there is a parlour, and bed-chamber, and some closet (or other place near it) for a servant's bed. Perhaps I may stay a fortnight, and should like, when I have a mind, to have any little thing dressed at home; probably I may arrive next week, but you shall have exacter notice of my motions when they are settled.

Dr. Delap (your friend) is here, and we celebrate very cordially your good qualities in spite of all your bad ones. We are rather sorry that you, who have so just a sense of the dignity of your function, should write letters of wit and humour to Lord D.[1] and his sweet daughter in the *Royal* (I think it is) *or Lady's Magazine;* but you are very rightly served for your vivacity and reflection upon poor K. Hunter.[2] Adieu. —I am truly yours, T. G.

Pray write a line directly to say if you are at York.

[1] There is no *Lady's Magazine* of that date in the British Museum. There is the *Royal or Gentleman's Magazine.* Through the volumes of 1761 and 1762 I have looked, but no letters to Lord D. and his daughter appear in them.—[*Mit.*]

[2] See Walpole's *Miscellaneous Correspondence*, iv. 211-214. "In all your reading, true or false, have you heard of a young Earl, married to the most beautiful woman in the world, Lord of the Bedchamber, a general officer, and with a great estate, quitting everything,—his young wife, world, property, for life,

LI.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR—I have passed a week here with Mr. Precentor, and assisted at all his functions in the Minster with the greatest regularity. He is at present gone to meet Lord and Lady Holdernesse at Aston, but returns (I believe) on Wednesday: after which (on Saturday or Sunday probably), I hope to see you at Old Park, if you have no objection, otherwise you will direct to me at Mason's. Adieu, I am ever yours, T. G.

York, July 10, 1762.

LII.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

Old Park, July 19, 1762.

DEAR SIR—After my fortnight's residence at York, I am arrived here. The Precentor is very hopefully improved in dignity. His scarf sets the fullest about his ears; his surplice has the most the air of lawn-sleeves you can imagine in so short a time; he begins

in a pacquet-boat with a *Miss!* I fear your connexion will but too readily lead you to the name of the peer; it's Henry Earl of Pembroke, the nymph Kitty Hunter. The town and Lady Pembroke were first witnesses to the intrigue, last Wednesday, at a great ball given at Lord Middleton's; on Thursday they decamped." The peer was Henry, tenth Earl of Pembroke, who married in March 1756 Lady Elizabeth Spencer, second daughter of the third Duke of Marlborough. They lived for some time separated, but he afterwards *ran away with her!!* They were reconciled and lived together.—[*Mit.*]

to complain of qualms and indigestions from repose and repletion: in short *il tranche du Prelat.* We went twice a-day to church with our vergers and all our pomp. Here the scene is totally altered: we breakfast at six in the morning, and go to bed at ten. The house rings all day with carpenters and upholsterers, and without doors we swarm with labourers and builders. The books are not yet unpacked, and there is but one pen and ink in the house. Jetty and Fadge (two favourite sows) are always coming into the entry, and there is a concert of poultry under every window: we take in no newspaper or magazine, but the cream and butter is beyond compare. You are wished for every day, and you may imagine how acceptable a correspondent you must be. Pray write soon, and believe me ever sincerely yours, T. G.

LIII.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

Dear Doctor—I feel very ungrateful every day, that I continue silent, and yet I do not write to you; but now the pen is in my hand, and I am in for it. When I left you, in spite of the rain I went out of my way to Richmond, and made a shift to see the castle, and look down upon the valley, through which the Swale winds: that was all the weather would permit. At Rippon I visited the church, which we had neglected before, with some pleasure, and saw the Ure full to its brink and very inclinable to

overflow. Some faint gleams of sunshine gave me an opportunity of walking over Studley, and descending into the ruins of Fountain's Abbey, which I examined with attention. I passed over the ugly moor of Harrowgate, made a bow to the Queen's Head, and got late at night to Leeds; here the rain was so perverse I could scarce see the town, much less go to Kirkstall Abbey, which was my intention; so I proceeded to Wakefield and Wentworth Castle. Here the sun again indulged me, and opened as beautiful a scene of rich and cultivated country, as (I am told) Yorkshire affords. The water is all artificial, but with an air of nature; much wood; a very good house in the Queen Anne style, which is now new-fronting in a far better taste by the present Earl; many pictures not worth a farthing, and a castle built only for a plaything on the top of the hill as a point of view, and to command a noble prospect. I went on to Sheffield, liked the situation in a valley by a pretty river's side, surrounded with charming hills; saw the handsome parish church with the chapel and monuments of the Talbots. Then I entered the Peak, a country beyond comparison uglier than any other I have seen in England, black, tedious, barren, and not mountainous enough to please one with its horrors. This is mitigated, since you were there, by a road like a bowling-green, which soon brought me to Chatsworth. The house has the air of a palace, the hills rising on three of its sides shut out the view

of its dreary neighbourhood, and are covered with wood to their tops: the front opens to the Derwent winding through the valley, which, by the art of Mr. Brown is now always visible and full to its brim; for heretofore it could not well be seen (but in rainy seasons) from the windows. A handsome bridge is lately thrown over it, and the stables taken away, which stood full in view between the house and the river. The prospect opens here to a wider tract of country terminated by more distant hills; this scene is yet in its infancy, the objects are thinly scattered, and the clumps and plantations lately made, but it promises well in time. Within doors the furniture corresponds to the stateliness of the apartments, fine tapestry, marble door cases with fruit, flowers, and foliage, excellently done by old Cibber's father,[1] windows of plate glass in gilded frames, and such a profusion of Gibbons'[2] best carving in wood, viz. dead game, fish, shells, flowers, etc., as I never saw anywhere. The ceilings and staircases all painted by Verrio[3] or Laguerre,[4] in their usual sprawling way, and no other pictures,

[1] Caius Gabriel Cibber (1630-1700), a Danish sculptor, who came to England and worked under John Stone. He was employed at Chatsworth for many years.—[*Ed.*]

[2] Grinling Gibbons (1648-1721), the famous wood-carver.

[3] Antonio Verrio (1634-1707), the historical painter.

[4] Louis Laguerre (1663-1721), called "Old Laguerre." All these artists were employed in the embellishment of Chatsworth, "where," as Pope says, "sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre."—[*Ed.*]

but in one room 8 or 10 portraits, some of them very good, of James and Charles the first's time. The gardens are small, and in the French style; with waterworks, particularly a grand cascade of steps, and a *temple d'eaux* at the head of it. From thence I went to Hardwicke.[1] One would think Mary Queen of Scots, was but just walked down into the park with her guard for half-an-hour. Her gallery, her room of audience, her ante-chamber, with the very canopies, chair of state, footstool, lit-de-repos, oratory, carpets, and hangings, just as she left them. A little tattered indeed, but the more venerable; and all preserved with religious care, and papered up in winter. The park and country are just like Hertfordshire. I went by Chesterfield and Mansfield to revisit my old friend the Trent at Nottingham, where I passed two or three days, and from thence took stage coach to London.

When I arrived there, I found Professor Turner[2] had been dead above a fortnight, and being cockered and spirited up by some friends (though it was rather of the latest) I got my name suggested to Lord Bute. You may easily imagine, who undertook it,[3] and in-

[1] Seat of the Duke of Devonshire in Nottinghamshire.—[*Mason.*] Queen Mary never resided at Hardwicke.

[2] Shallet Turner, of Peterhouse, was Professor of Modern History and Modern Languages from 1735, when he succeeded the first holder of the office, Samuel Harris, to 1762, when he was succeeded by Lawrence Brockett. Turner was much blamed as being not merely non-lecturing, but non-resident.—[*Ed.*]

[3] This person was the late Sir Henry Erskine. As this

deed he did it with zeal. I received my answer very soon, which was what you may easily imagine, but joined with great professions of his *desire to serve me* on any future occasion, and many more fine words, that I pass over, not out of modesty, but for another reason. So you see I have made my fortune, like Sir Fr. Wronghead. This *nothing* is a profound secret, and no one here suspects it even now: to-day I hear, that Delaval[1] has got it, but we are not yet certain: next to myself I wished for him.

You see we have made a peace. I shall be silent about it, because if I say anything anti-ministerial, you will tell me, you know the reason; and if I approve it, you will tell me, I have expectations still. All I know is, that the D. of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke both say it is an excellent peace; and only Mr. Pitt calls it inglorious and insidious.

I had a little gout twice, while I was in town, which confined me some time: yet I bespoke your chairs. They are what is called *rout-chairs*, but as they are to be a little better in shape and materials than ordinary, will come to about 6s. 9d. a chair. I desired your brother to judge, how he performed, and the first, that was made, was to be sent him to see.

was the only application Mr. Gray ever made to ministry, I thought it necessary to insert his own account of it. The place in question was given to the tutor of Sir James Lowther.—[*Mason.*]

[1] Fellow of Pembroke Hall and of the Royal Society.—[*Mason.*]

My best respects attend Mrs. Wharton, who I suppose, receives them in bed. How does she do? My compliments to Miss.—I am ever truly yours.

Cambridge, December 4, 1762.

Mason is in Yorkshire now, but I missed of him.

LIV.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Cambridge, December 21, 1762.

DEAR MASON—As to my pardon, for which you supplicate, you know too well how easily it is obtained without any reason at all; but now I have a very good one, as I have read the third book of the *Ghost*,[1] where Churchill has so mumbled Mr. Whitehead, to whom you owe all your principles (see the unpublished elegy de Amicitia), that it would be base in me to demand any farther satisfaction. This only I shall add, that I would rather steal the Laureate's verses than his sentiments.

I am sorry for the disagreeable event you mention, which I learnt by mere accident from Mr. Curtall in a coffee-house. I do not doubt it must have taken up a good deal of your thoughts and time, and should wish to know whether there are any hopes of the poor fellow's recovery.

We have received your poetical packet and de-

[1] Gray was mentioned in the *Ghost*, and for this reason, perhaps, it is the only poem absent from the collection of Churchill's pieces which exists with his marginal annotations.—[*Ed.*]

livered them to the several parties. The sentiments we do not remark, as we can find nothing within ourselves congenial to them: for the expression, we hint (but in a low, timid voice) that there is a want of strength and spirit; in short, they are nothing like the choruses in *Elfrida*, only the lines[1] that relate to Lady C——'s beauty have made a deep impression upon us; we get them by heart and apply them to our sempstresses and bedmakers. This is (I think) the sum and substance of our reflections here; only Mrs. Rutherford observes that there is great delicacy and tenderness in the manner of treating so frail a character as that of Lady C——, and that you have found a way to reconcile contempt and compassion: these might not be her words, but this was the sense of them; I don't believe she had it from the doctor.

I rejoice (in a weakly way you may be sure, as I have not seen him some years, and am in so different a way of life), but I rejoice to hear of any accession to Mr. Hurd's fortune,[2] as I do not believe he will be anything the worse for it. Forrester (whom I perceive you can still remember) is removed from Easton[3] to a better living by his patron Lord Maynard, on

[1] Apparently Mason's *Elegy V. on the Death of a Lady.*—[*Ed.*]

[2] Mr. Hurd had the sinecure rectory of Folkton, near Bridlington, Yorkshire, given him by the Lord Chancellor (Earl of Northington), on the recommendation of Mr. Allen, of Prior Park, November 2, 1762.—[*Mit.*]

[3] Near Dunmow, Essex, the seat of Lord Maynard.

purpose to get rid of him; for Easton is his own parish, and he was sick to death of his company. He is now seated just by his brother Pulter,[1] and they are mortal foes.

Mr. Brockett has got old Turner's professorship, and Delaval has lost it.[2] When we meet I have something to tell you on this subject. I hope to continue here till March; if not, I shall inform you. How does the peace agree with you? Adieu.—I am ever yours.

LV.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

Aston, January 15, 1763.

DEAR SIR—I send you with this a drawing of the ruin you were so much pleased with when you saw it at York.[3] I take it certainly to have been the chapel of St. Sepulchre, founded by Archbishop Roger, of which Dugdale has given us the original *charta fundationis;* but, as this opinion seems to contradict the opinion of Torre, and of Drake too, who follows him, it is necessary to produce authentic

[1] His brother, "*Poulter* Forrester."

[2] In a manuscript pocket-book of Gray's, at Aston, of the year 1762, I read the following entry:—"Nov. 4. Prof. asked of D. of N. by Lord P. and Sir F. B. D. (*i.e. Sir Francis Blake Delaval*).—Saturday, Nov. 1762. Heard for certain that the professorship is given away, and not to D——l."—[*Mit.*]

[3] A small Gothic chapel near the north-west end of York Cathedral, with which Mr. Gray was much struck by the beautiful proportion of the windows.—[*Mit.*]

authority in proof of my assertion. These two learned antiquaries suppose that the chapel in question joined to the minster. Thus Torre: "Roger (Archbishop) having built against the great church a chapel." And Drake: "Roger was buried in the cathedral, near the door of St. Sepulchre's chapel, which he himself had founded."—Vide Drake's *Ebor.*, p. 478, p. 421. From these accounts we should be led to conclude that this chapel was as much and as close an appendage to the minster as the chapter-house is; but the original records, on which they found this opinion, may I think be construed very differently.

Archbishop Roger himself, in his *charta fundationis*, describes its situation thus:—"capellam quam juxta majorem ecclesiam extruximus." "Juxta" is surely "near" only, not "adjoining;" and this ruin is near enough. In the extract of this archbishop's life, from an ancient MS. which Dugdale also gives us, we find these words, "Condidit etiam Capellam Sancti Sepulchri ad januam ipsius Palatii ex parte boreali juxta eccl'am S. Petri." The ruin in question might very probably be connected with the palace gate by a cloister, of which on one side there are a string of arches remaining; and on the outside of the minster, over the little gate next the tomb, there are also vestiges of the roof of a cloister, which I imagine went aside the palace gateway, and connected the three buildings; vide plan. But between this little gate and the palace gate (which still remains) it is very

evident there was no room for anything but a cloister, for I do not think they are twenty yards asunder.

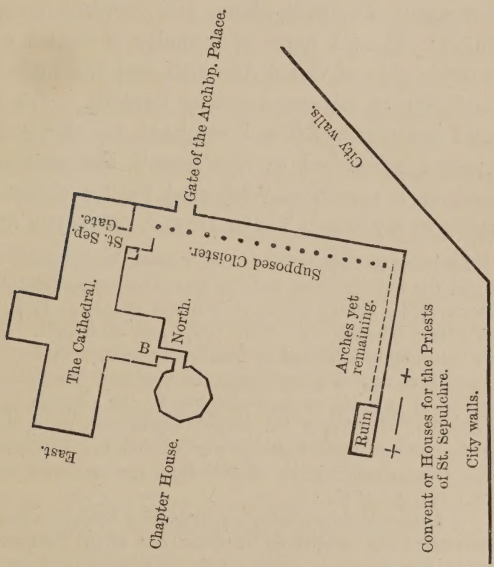
The last and only further account I can find of the situation is from the same Life, where it is said the canons of St. Peter, "graviter murmurabant super situ dictæ capellæ eo quod nimis adhæsit matrici ecclesiæ."

This I think need not be translated literally; the word "nimis" leads one to a metaphorical sense. The priests of St. Sepulchre were too near neighbours to St. Peter's canons, and were troublesome to them; accordingly we find the archbishop, to quiet matters, ordered that the saint of his chapel should make them a recompense, which is in this extract stated.

To these arguments I would add, that Archbishop Roger's donation was very great (as we find in Drake) to this chapel; and, from the number of persons maintained in its service, I question not but there was a large convent built round it, of which there are plainly the foundations still to be seen; and what puts the matter out of all doubt that this building was separate and entire, though indeed near to the minster, is the following fact, viz. that the tithes of the chapel and chapel itself were sold to one Webster, anno 42 Elizabeth: "Capella vocat. St. Sepulcre's Chapell prope Eccles. Cath. Ebor. cum decimis ejusdem. W. Webster. Ap. 4, anno 4 Eliz."—Rolls. Chap. Thus you see the "juxta" and "prope" are clearly on my side; the "nimis adhæsit" is equivocal. I conclude with a rude draught of the platform

according to my idea, but without any mensuration, and merely to explain what has been said. I am with the greatest respect and deference to your sagacity, yours, etc. etc. etc

P.S.—I ought to mention to you, that in the transept (I think you call it) of the church, namely, at B, there is at the top over the large pillars, a range of



stonework like the windows in the ruin, viz. three pointed arches under a circular one, but of a clumsy proportion. This part I think you said was the oldest

in the minster. Johnny Ludlam[1] found this out. Perhaps it contradicts all I have been saying, and proves the building much older than Archbishop Roger.

LVI.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

February 8, 1763.

DOCTISSIME DOMINE—Anne tibi arrident complimenta?[2] If so, I hope your vanity is tickled with the *verghe d'oro* of Count Algarotti, and the intended translation of Signor Agostino Paradisi. For my part I am ravished (for I too have my share), and moreover astonished to find myself the particular friend of a person so celebrated for his *politezza e dottrina* as my cousin Taylor Howe.[3] Are you upon

[1] There were two persons well known in literature and science, the Rev. William and the Rev. Thomas Ludlam, both Fellows of St. John's College. William was M.A. 1742, and died 1788; Thomas was M.A. 1752, and died 1811. They were both highly esteemed by Dr. Balguy and Dr. Ogden; and Bishop Hurd was so pleased with the merits of the Essays on Theological subjects as to contribute to the expense of the publication. My friend Mr. Nichols agrees with me in thinking that one of these brothers was alluded to: the familiar name *Johnny* being given to him from his residence at St. John's College.—[*Mit.*]

[2] A foreign scholar dining at Pembroke College, when the conversation was carried on in Latin, one of the Fellows addressed him in these words: "Domine, anne tibi arrident herbæ?" (Sir, do you choose any greens?).—[*MS. Note of Dr. Bennet, Bishop of Cloyne.*]

[3] William Taylor Howe, of Standon Place, near Ongar, Essex, an honorary Fellow of Pembroke College.—[*Mit.*]

the road to see all these wonders, and snuff up the incense of Pisa, or has Mr. Brown abated your ardour by sending you the originals? I am waiting with impatience for you and Mr. Hurd, though (as the Bishop of Gloucester has broke his arm[1]) I cannot expect him to stay here, whatever you may do.

I am obliged to you for your drawing, and very learned dissertation annexed. You have made out your point with a great degree of probability (for, though the "nimis adhæsit" might startle one, yet the sale of the tithes and chapel to Webster seems to set all right again), and I do believe the building in question was the chapel of St. Sepulchre; but then that the ruin now standing was the individual chapel, as erected by Archbishop Roger, I can by no means think. I found myself merely on the style and taste of architecture. The vaults under the choir are still in being, and were undoubtedly built by this very archbishop. They are truly Saxon, only that the arches are pointed, though very obtusely. It is the south transept (not the north) that is the oldest part of the minster now above ground. It is said to have been begun by Geoffrey Plantagenet, who died about thirty years after Roger, and left it unfinished. His successor, Walter Grey, completed it; so we do not exactly know to which of these two prelates we are to ascribe any certain part of it. Grey lived a long time, and was archbishop from 1216 to 1255 (39mo

[1] Dr. Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, broke his arm, 1763, while walking in the garden at Prior Park.

Hen. III.); and in this reign it was that the beauty of the Gothic architecture began to appear. The chapter-house is in all probability his work, and (I should suppose) built in his latter days, whereas what he did of the south transept might be performed soon after his accession. It is in the second order of this building that the round arches appear, including a row of pointed ones (which you mention, and which I also observed), similar to those in St. Sepulchre's Chapel, though far inferior in the proportions and neatness of workmanship. The same thing is repeated in the north transept, but this is only an imitation of the other, done for the sake of regularity, for this part of the building is no older than Archbishop Romaine, who came to the see in 1285, and died 1296.

All the buildings of Henry the Second's time (under whom Roger lived, and died, 1181) are of a clumsy and heavy proportion, with a few rude and awkward ornaments; and this style continues to the beginning of Henry the Third's reign, though with a little improvement, as in the nave of Fountains Abbey, etc. Then all at once come in the tall piqued arches, the light clustered columns, the capital of curling foliage, the fretted tabernacles and vaultings, and a profusion of statues, etc., that constitute the good Gothic style, together with decreasing and flying buttresses and pinnacles on the outside. Nor must you conclude anything from Roger's own tomb, which has, I remember, a wide surbased arch with scalloped ornaments, etc.; for this can be no older than the

nave itself, which was built by Archbishop Melton after the year 1315, one hundred and thirty years after our Roger's death.

. . . . . .

Pray come and tell me your mind, though I know you will be as weary of me as a dog, because I cannot play upon the glasses, nor work joiner's work, nor draw my own picture. Adieu, I am ever yours.

Why did not you send me the capital in the corner of the choir?[1]

LVII.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

February 17, 1763.

You will make my best acknowledgments to Mr. Howe, who not content to rank me in the number of his friends, is so polite as to make excuses for having done me that honour.

I *was not born so* far from the sun as to be ignorant of Count Algarotti's[2] name and reputation; nor am I so far advanced in years or in philosophy, as not to feel the warmth of his approbation. The Odes in

[1] Gray's letter ends here. The long passage, which has always hitherto been printed here, asserting that the writer has discovered copious plagiarism of Mason's *Elfrida* in *Helvetius*, is a forgery by Mason.—[*Ed.*]

[2] Count Francesco Algarotti (1712-1764), a learned dilettante, who corresponded on matters of taste with Frederick the Great, with Voltaire, and with Augustus III., King of Poland. Frederick buried him under a pompous monument in the Campo Santo at Pisa.—[*Ed.*]

question, as their motto shews, were meant to be *vocal to the intelligent alone.* How few *they* were in my own country, Mr. Howe can testify; and yet my ambition was terminated by that small circle. I have good reason to be proud, if my voice has reached the ear and apprehension of a stranger distinguished as one of the best judges in Europe.

I am equally pleased with the just applause he bestows on Mr. Mason, and particularly on his *Caractacus*, which is the work of a Man: whereas the *Elfrida* is only that of a boy, a promising boy indeed, and of no common genius: yet this is the popular performance with us, and the other little known in comparison.

Neither Count Algarotti, nor Mr. Howe (I believe) have heard of *Ossian, the Son of Fingal.* If Mr. Howe were not upon the wing, and on his way homewards, I would send it to him in Italy. He would there see, that Imagination dwelt many hundred years ago in all her pomp on the cold and barren mountains of Scotland. The truth (I believe) is that without any respect of climates she reigns in all nascent societies of men, where the necessities of life force every one to think and act much for himself.[1] Adieu!

[1] One is led to think from this paragraph that the scepticism which Mr. Gray had expressed before concerning these works of Ossian was now entirely removed. I know no way of accounting for this (as he had certainly received no stronger evidence of their authenticity) but from the turn of his studies at the time. He had of late much busied himself in antiquities, and consequently had imbibed too much of the spirit of a pro-

LVIII.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

March 6, 1763.

DEAR MASON—I should be glad to know at what time you think of returning into the North, because I am obliged to be in town the end of this month, or the beginning of next, and hope somewhere or other to coincide with you, if the waters are not too much out. I shall trouble you, in case you have any call into the city (or if not your servant may do it), to pay the insurance of a house for me at the London Assurance Office in Birchin Lane. You will shew them the receipt, which I here inclose. Pay twelve shillings, and take another such receipt stamped, which must be to 25th March, 1764.

You may remember that I subscribed long since to Stuart's book of Attica;[1] so long since, that I have either lost or mislaid his receipt (which I find is the case of many more people). Now he doubtless has a list of names, and knows this to be true; if, therefore, he be an honest man, he will take two guineas of you, and let me have my copy (and you will choose

fessed antiquarian; now we know, from a thousand instances, that no set of men are more willingly duped than these, especially by anything that comes to them under the fascinating form of a new discovery.—[*Mason.*]

[1] *The Antiquities of Athens Measured and Delineated*, by James Stuart, folio, 1762. This man, known as "Athenian Stuart" (1713-1788), was one of the most successful architects of the age.—[*Ed.*]

a good impression); if not, so much the worse for him. By way of douceur, you may, if you please (provided the subscription is still open at its first price), take another for Pembroke Hall, and send them down together; but not unless he will let me have mine, and so the worshipful society authorise me to say. All these disbursements the college and I will repay you with many thanks.

Where is your *just* volume, and when will you have done correcting it? Remember me to Stonhewer and Dr. Gisborne, and believe me, ever yours,

T. G.

LIX.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,—You may well wonder at my long taciturnity: I wonder too, and know not what cause to assign, for it is certain, I think of you daily. I believe, it is owing to the nothingness of my history, for except six weeks that I passed in town towards the end of Spring, and a little jaunt to Epsom and Box-hill, I have been here time out of mind in a place where no events grow, though we preserve those of former days by way of *Hortus Siccus* in our libraries. My slumbers were disturbed the other day by an unexpected visit from Mr. W[alpole], who dined with me, seemed mighty happy for the time he stayed, and said he could like to live here: but hurried home in the evening to his new gallery, which is all gothicism, and gold, and crimson, and looking-

glass. He has purchased at an auction in Suffolk ebony chairs and old moveables enough to load a waggon.

Mason and I have received letters from Count Algarotti, Chambellan de sa Majesté le Roi de Prusse, with observations (that is panegyrics) on our Tragedies and our Odes, and a present of certain Italian Dissertations, which he has lately published on the state of Painting and Music. One of them is dedicated to Mr. Pitt, whom he styles—*Uomo immortale, e Restitutore d'Inghilterra, Amico del gran Federigo.*

I was in town, when Mr. Middleton died, and immediately got all the information I could (first from Stonehewer, and then from your brother) of the dispositions he had made. I suppose, they are as good as you expected, and though the prospect is but small, that you should enjoy the benefit of them in your own person, yet that is not impossible; and your son (I think) stands a very good chance, which cannot chuse but open an agreeable prospect to you, in which I take a part, and congratulate you both upon it. I doubt you have not read Rousseau's *Emile;* everybody that has children, should read it more than once, for though it abounds with his usual glorious absurdity, though his general scheme of education be an impracticable chimera; yet there are a thousand lights struck out, a thousand important truths better expressed than ever they were before, that may be of service to the wisest man. Particularly I think he has observed children with more attention and knows

their meaning and the working of their little passions better than any other writer. As to his religious discussions, which have alarmed the world, and engaged their thoughts more than any other part of his book, I set them all at nought, and wish they had been omitted. Mrs. Jonathan told me, you begun your evening-prayer as soon as I was gone, and that it had a great effect upon the congregation: I hope you have not grown weary of it, nor lay it aside, when company comes. Poor Mrs. Bonfoy (who taught me to pray) is dead. She struggled near a week against the Iliac Passion (I fear) in great torture with all her senses about her, and with much resolution took leave of her physician some days before she expired, and would suffer no one to see her afterwards but common servants.

You describe Winston *con tanto amore*, that I take it amiss I was not suffered to see it, and want to be buried there too. But enough of death! I have forgot to tell you that Dr. Long has had an audience of the King and Queen an hour long at Buckingham House. His errand was to present them with a Lyricord[1] (such a one!) of his own making, and a glass sphere: he had long been soliciting this honour, which lord Bute at last procured him, and he is very happy. The King told him, he bid fair for a century

[1] A species of vertical harpsichord. Dr. Long, the aged Master of Pembroke, had a remarkable mechanical faculty, and several of his learned toys were still in existence a few years ago.—[*Ed.*]

of life at least; asked him, whether he preached; why he did not write verses in the Cambridge collection; and what not! The Q. spoke French to him, and asked, how he liked Handel.

And I ask you, how you like the present times? whether you had not rather be a printer's devil, than a secretary of state? You are to expect (I hear) a new ministry, composed of the Earl of Shelburne, Mr. Rigby, Duke and Dutchess of Bedford, Earl Gower, etc., which doubtless will give universal satisfaction. The great Lord Holland, who is at Paris, being lately asked by a young man, who was returning home, whether he had any commands in England, made no reply but by shrugging up his shoulders, and fetching a deep sigh.

I kept an exact account of heat and cold here in the Spring; the sum and substance of which is, that (at nine in the morning) on the 18th of January, the therm. was at 31, and the small birds were so tame you might take them up with your hand. This was the greatest cold. On the 15th of April it was at 58, and the same afternoon at 65, which was the greatest heat from January to May 1st.

Feb. 3. Snowdrops flowered.
12. Crocus and hepatica fl. the snow then lying, and therm. at 45.
18. Chaffinch sings. Bees appear.
21. White butterfly abroad.
25. Gnats fly, and large flies. Mezereon fl.
27. Honeysuckle and gooseberry unfold their leaves.
March 1. Violet flowers (in the garden). Rose opens its leaf.

March 3. Daffodil and single hyacinth fl. Spider spins.
5. Thrush singing.
6. Elder in leaf; currant and weeping willow in leaf.
8. Apricot blows. Skylark singing.
11. Wind very high at S.E. which continued with hard frost.
16. Frost gone.
18. Apricot in full bloom.
19. Almond flowers. Lilac, barberry, and guelder-rose in leaf.

April 2. Standard apricot, and wall-pears flower. Quince, apple, and sweet-briar, in leaf. Currant flowers. Dutch elm opens its leaf.
4. Plumb in leaf.
5. Crown imperial fl.
6. Plumb flowers; hawthorn, horse-chesnut, mountain-ash in leaf.
9. Lime-tree in leaf; jonquil and single anemone flower. Lady-birds seen.
11. Cowslip flowers, and auricula. Swallow appears. Young rooks caw in the nest.
14. Red-start appears. Cherries in full bloom.
15. Frontignac vine in leaf. Double wall-flower blows.
16. Nightingale sings. Apple blossoms.
19. Chaffinch and red-start sit on their eggs.
20. Elm, willow, and ash in flower (with the blackthorn), hawthorn in full leaf.
21. Sycamore quite green. Oak puts out.

Pray present my respects to Mrs. and Miss Wharton. —I am ever sincerely yours.

Pembroke, August 5, 1763.

We have nothing but rain and thunder of late.

LX.—TO COUNT ALGAROTTI.[1]

Cambridge, September 9, 1763.

SIR—I received some time since the unexpected honour of a Letter from you,[2] and the promise of a pleasure, which, till of late I had not the opportunity of enjoying. Forgive me if I make my acknowledgments in my native tongue, as I see it is perfectly familiar to you, and I (though not unacquainted with the writings of Italy) should from disuse speak its language with an ill grace, and with still more constraint to one, who possesses it in all its strength and purity.

I see with great satisfaction your efforts to reunite the congenial arts of poetry, music and the dance, which with the assistance of painting and architecture, regulated by taste, and supported by magnificence and power, might form the noblest scene, and bestow the sublimest pleasure, that the imagination can conceive. But who shall realise these delightful visions? There is, I own, one Prince in Europe, that wants neither the will, the spirit, nor the ability: but can he call up Milton from his grave, can he re-animate

[1] This letter exists in the *Additional MSS.* of the British Museum, not in Gray's handwriting, but apparently copied by a Frenchman, for all the "ands" are written "et."—[*Ed.*]

[2] Mr. Taylor Howe was the channel of intercourse, between Mr. Gray, Mr. Mason, and Count Algarotti; with the latter he was particularly intimate, and it seems only to have been from the disapprobation expressed by Mr. Gray, that he was induced to lay aside his favourite intention of republishing the Count's works in England. A collection of Letters between Gray and Algarotti is said to be in existence.—[*Mit.*]

Marcello, or bid the Barberina or the Sallé move again? can he (as much a king as he is) govern an Italian *Virtuosa*, destroy her caprice and impertinence, without hurting her talents, or command those unmeaning graces and tricks of voice to be silent, that have gained her the adoration of her own country?

One cause, that so long has hindered, and (I fear) will hinder that happy union, which you propose, seems to be this: that poetry (which, as you allow, must lead the way, and direct the operation of the subordinate arts) implies at least a liberal education, a degree of literature, and various knowledge, whereas the others (with a few exceptions) are in the hands of slaves and mercenaries, I mean, of people without education, who, though neither destitute of genius, nor insensible to fame, must yet make gain their principal end, and subject themselves to the prevailing taste of those, whose fortune only distinguishes them from the multitude.

I cannot help telling you, that eight or ten years ago, I was a witness to the power of your comic music.—There was a little troop of Buffi, that exhibited a Burletta in London, not in the Opera House, where the audience is chiefly of the better sort, but on one of the common Theatres full of all kinds of people and (I believe) the fuller from that natural aversion we bear to foreigners: their looks and their noise made it evident, they did not come thither to hear; and on similar occasions I have known candles lighted, broken bottles, and pen knives flung on the

stage, the benches torn up, the scenes hurried into the street and set on fire. The curtain drew up, the music was of Cocchi, with a few airs of Pergolesi interspersed. The singers were (as usual) deplorable, but there was one girl (she called herself the Niccolina) with little voice and less beauty; but with the utmost justness of ear, the strongest expression of countenance, the most speaking eyes, the greatest vivacity and variety of gesture. Her first appearance instantly fixed their attention; the tumult sunk at once, or if any murmur rose, it was hushed by a general cry for silence. Her first air ravished everybody; they forgot their prejudices, they forgot, that they did not understand a word of the language; they entered into all the humour of the part, made her repeat all her songs, and continued their transports, their laughter, and applause to the end of the piece. Within these three last years the Paganini and Amici have met with almost the same applause once a week from a politer audience on the Opera stage. The truth is, the Opera itself, though supported there at a great expence for so many years, has rather maintained itself by the admiration bestowed on a few particular voices, or the borrowed taste of a few men of condition, that have learned in Italy how to admire, than by any genuine love we bear to the best Italian music: nor have we yet got any style of our own, and this I attribute in great measure to the language, which in spite of its energy, plenty, and the crowd of excellent writers this nation has produced, does yet (I am sorry

to say it) retain too much of its barbarous original to adapt itself to musical composition. I by no means wish to have been born anything but an Englishman; yet I should rejoice to exchange tongues with Italy.

Why this nation has made no advances hitherto in painting and sculpture is hard to say. The fact is undeniable, and we have the vanity to apologise for ourselves, as Virgil did for the Romans, *Excudent alii*, etc. It is sure, that architecture had introduced itself in the reign of the unfortunate Charles I. and Inigo Jones has left us some few monuments of his skill, that shew him capable of greater things. Charles had not only a love for the beautiful arts, but some taste in them. The confusion that soon followed, swept away his magnificent collection; the artists were dispersed, or ruined, and the arts disregarded till very lately. The young monarch now on the throne is said to esteem and understand them. I wish he may have the leisure to cultivate and the skill to encourage them with due regard to merit, otherwise it is better to neglect them. You, Sir, have pointed out the true sources, and the best examples to your countrymen. They have nothing to do, but to be what they once were; and yet perhaps it is more difficult to restore good taste to a nation, that has degenerated, than to introduce it in one, where as yet it has never flourished. You are generous enough to wish, and sanguine enough to foresee, that it shall one day flourish in England. I too must wish, but can hardly extend my hopes so far. It is well for us that

you do not see our public exhibitions.—But our artists are yet in their infancy, and therefore I will not absolutely despair.

I owe to Mr. How the honour I have of conversing with Count Algarotti, and it seems as if I meant to indulge myself in the opportunity: but I have done. Sir, I will only add, that I am proud of your approbation, having no relish for any other fame than what is conferred by the few real judges, that are so thinly scattered over the face of the earth. I am, Sir, with great respect, your most obliged humble Servant,

T. GRAY.

A. S. E. Il Conte Fransisco Algarotti,
Ciambellan di S. M. il Ré di Prussia, etc. etc.
Italia, Bolognia.

LXI.—TO WILLIAM TAYLOR HOWE.

Cambridge, September 10, 1763.

SIR—I ought long since to have made you my acknowledgments for the obliging testimonies of your esteem that you have conferred upon me; but Count Algarotti's books[1] did not come to my hands till the end of July, and since that time I have been prevented by illness from doing any of my duties. I have read them more than once with increasing satisfaction, and should wish mankind had eyes to descry the genuine sources of their own pleasures, and judgment to know the extent, that nature has prescribed to them: if

[1] Three small treatises on Painting, the Opera, and the French Academy for Painters in Italy; they have been since collected in the Leghorn edition of his works.—[*Mason.*]

this were the case, it would be their interest to appoint Count Algarotti their "Arbiter Elegantiarum." He is highly civil to our nation, but there is one little point, in which he does not do us justice. I am the more solicitous about it, because it relates to the only taste we can call our own, the only proof of our original talent in matter of pleasure; I mean, our skill in gardening, and laying out grounds. That the Chinese have this beautiful art in high perfection, seems very probable from the *Jesuits' Letters*, and more from Chambers's little discourse published some few years ago. But it is very certain, we copied nothing from them, nor had anything but nature for our model. It is not forty years, since the art was born among us; and it is sure, that there was nothing in Europe like it, and as sure, we then had no information on this head from China at all.

I shall rejoice to see you in England, and talk over these and many other matters with you at leisure. Do not despair of your health, because you have not found all the effects you had promised yourself from a finer climate. I have known people, who have experienced the same thing, and yet at their return have lost all their complaints as by miracle.—I am, S^r^, your obliged humble Servant, T. GRAY.

P.S.—I have answered C. Algarotti, whose letter I conveyed to Mr. Mason, but whether he has received his books, I have not yet heard. Mr. Brown charges me with his best compliments.

LXII.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM ROBINSON.

Pembroke Hall, October 10, 1763.

DEAR (REVEREND) BILLY—Having been upon the ramble, I have neglected all my duties, in hopes of finding pleasures in their room; which, after all (as you know well), one never finds. My conscience reproaches me with your obliging letter, and would (I really think) carry me into Somersetshire, did not poverty and winter stare me in the face, and bid me sit still. I well remember Dr. Ross's kind invitation, and in better days still hope to accept it. Doubt not but my inclinations will be quickened by the hopes I entertain of seeing you in so many new lights; the travelled Mr. Robinson, with a thousand important airs and graces, so much *virtù*, so much *sçavoir-vivre!* the husband, the father, the rich clergyman, warm, snug, and contented as a bishop. My mouth waters; but sure—the family will be in town this winter, and I shall see you there in November. Is this the fine autumn you promised me? Oh! I hear you (not curse, you must not, but) . . . this untoward climate. I doubt not but you write to Mason, though he does not tell me so. There is he, repining at his four-and-twenty weeks residence at York, unable to visit his bowers, the work of his own hands, at Aston, except in the depth of winter; and longing for the flesh-pots and coffee-houses of Cambridge. There is nobody contented but you and I—oh yes, and Dr. Ross, who (I shrewdly suspect) is the happiest of the three.

Adieu, dear Sir, and believe me sincerely your friend and humble servant, T. GRAY.

Present my compliments to Mrs. Robinson. Some time or other I hope to have the honour of being better known to her. Mr. Brown is well, and much obliged to you for your kind remembrance of him.

LXIII.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

1763.

DEAR MASON—As I have no more received my little thing than you have yours, though they were sent by the *Beverley*, Captain Allen, I have returned no answer yet; but I must soon, and that in plain English, and so should you too. In the meantime I borrowed and read them.[1] That on the Opera is a good clever dissertation, dedicated to Guglielmo Pitt; the other (*Il Congresso di Citera*), in poetical prose, describes the negociation of three ambassadresses sent by England, France, and Italy to the Court of Cupid, to lay before him the state of his empire in the three nations; and is not contemptible neither in its kind; so pray be civil to the count and Signor Howe.

I think it may be time enough to send poor Smart the money you have been so kind to collect for him when he has dropped his lawsuit, which I do not

[1] Namely, the works of Count Algarotti. Of these the most successful were, *Newtonianismo par le Dame*, 1737; *Saggio sopra l'opera in musica*, 1763; *Saggio sopra la pittura*, 1763; and *Il Congreso di Citera*.—[*Ed.*]

doubt must go against him if he pursues it. Gordon (who lives here) knows and interests himself about him; from him I shall probably know if he can be persuaded to drop his design. There is a Mr. Anguish in town (with whom I fancy you were once acquainted); he probably can best inform you of his condition and motions, for I hear he continues to be very friendly to him.

When you speak of Mr. Bedingfield, you have always a dash of gall that shews your unforgiving temper, only because it was to my great chair he made the first visit. For this cause you refused the snuff-box (which to punish you I shall accept myself), and for this cause you obstinately adhere to the Church of England.

I like your Sonnet better than most dedications; it is simple and natural. The best line in it is:—

"So, to deceive my solitary days," etc.

There are an expression or two that *break the repose of* it by looking common and overworn: "sequestered shade," "woodbine sprays," "selected lays;" I dare not mention "lettered ease." "Life's vain vision" does not pronounce well. Bating these, it looks in earnest, and as if you could live at Aston, which is not true; but that is not my affair.

I have got a mass of Pergolesi,[1] which is all divinity; but it was lent me, or you should have it

[1] It was Mr. Walpole's opinion that Gray first brought the compositions of *Pergolesi* into England, though he does not mention *Pergolesi* in his Letters. Mason and Walpole had

by all means. Send for six lessons for the pianoforte or harpsichord of Carlo Bach, not the Opera Bach, but his brother. To my fancy they are charming, and in the best Italian style. Mr. Neville and the old musicians here do not like them, but to me they speak not only music, but passion. I cannot play them, though they are not hard; yet I make a smattering that serves "to deceive my solitary days;" and I figure to myself that I hear you touch them triumphantly. Adieu! I should like to hear from you.

The Petit Bon[1] sends his love to you. All the rest (but Dr. May[2] and the master) are dead or married.

heard from him that he regarded the vocal compositions of this master as models of perfection; but the Salve Regina was performed in England at the Haymarket in 1740, so that it could not have been brought into this country by Gray, who did not arrive in England from Italy till the August of the same year.—[*Burney.*] Gray made a valuable collection of manuscript music while he was in Italy. It was sold, in nine oblong quarto volumes, bound in the original vellum, at Mitford's sale in 1854, and was found to consist of the compositions of Aria, Arrigoni, Bernasconi, Broschi, Fini, Galuppi, Giaii, Hasse (called "Il Sassone"), Lampognani, Latilla, Leo, Ligi, Mazzoni, Pergolesi, Rinaldo di Capua, Sarvi, Schiassi, Sclitti, Leonardo Vinci, and Zamperilli. Several of these volumes contained annotations by the poet.—[*Ed.*]

[1] The affectionate and friendly title given by Gray to his friend Dr. James Brown, Fellow and subsequently Master of Pembroke Hall, having succeeded Dr. Long in 1770, and retained the headship till 1784.—[*Mit.*]

[2] Samuel May, elected a Fellow of Pembroke 1740, died in 1787. Mentioned by Gray in his Letters, but not in a very flattering manner.—[*Mit.*]

LXIV.—TO WILLIAM TAYLOR HOWE.

London, November 1763.

I AM ashamed of my own indolence in not answering your former letter: a second, which I have since received, adds to my shame, and quickens my motions. I can see no manner of objection to your design of publishing C. A.'s[1] works complete in your own country. It will be an evidence of your regard for him, that cannot but be very acceptable to him. The Glasgow-press, or that of Baskerville, have given specimens of their art, equal (at least) in beauty to anything that Europe can produce. The expence you will not much regard on such an occasion, and (if you suffer them to be sold) that would be greatly diminished, and most probably reimbursed. As to notes (and I think some will be necessary) I easily believe you will not overload the text with them, and besides everything of that kind will be concerted between you. If you propose any vignettes or other matters of ornament, it would be well they were designed in Italy, and the gravings executed either there, or in France, for in this country they are woeful and beyond measure dear. The revising of the press must be your own labour, as tedious as it is inglorious; but to this you must submit. As we improve in our types, etc., we grow daily more negligent in point of correctness, and this even in our own tongue. What will it be in the Italian?

[1] Count Algarotti.

I did not mean you should have told C. A. my objection, at least not as from me, who have no pretence to take such a liberty with him: but I am glad, he has altered the passage. He cannot wonder, if I wish to save to our nation the only honour it has in matters of taste, and no small one, since neither Italy nor France have ever had the least notion of it, nor yet do at all comprehend it, when they see it. Mr. Mason has received the books in question from an unknown hand, which I take to be Mr. Hollis, from whom I too have received a beautiful set of Engravings, as a present; I know not why, unless as a friend of yours. I saw and read the beginning of this year, the *Congresso di Citéra*, and was excessively pleased in spite of prejudice, for I am naturally no friend to allegory, nor to poetical prose. Entre nous, what gives me the least pleasure of any of his writings, that I have seen, is the *Newtoniasm.* It is so direct an imitation of Fontenelle, a writer not easy to imitate, and least of all in the Italian tongue, whose character and graces are of a higher style, and never adapt themselves easily to the elegant *badinage* and *légèreté* of conversation, that sets so well on the French. But this is a secret between us.

I am glad to hear, he thinks of revisiting England; though I am a little ashamed of my country at this present. Our late acquired glory does not set becomingly upon us; and even the Author of it, that *Resitutor d'Inghilterra*, is doing God knows what! If he should deign to follow the track of vulgar Ministers,

and regain his power by ways injurious to his fame, whom can we trust hereafter? M. de Nivernois on his return to France says (I hear) of England, "Quel Roy, quel Peuple, quelle Societé!" And so say I. Adieu, Sir, I am your most humble servant,

T. G.

LXV.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

February 21, 1764.

DEAR DOCTOR—If the ill news be true, which your last letter to Mr. Brown makes very probable, I am heartily sorry for the loss you have had of poor Mr. R. Wharton, as I am sure you cannot but feel it very sensibly in many respects.

I have indeed been very remiss in writing to you, nor can allege any other excuse for it but the lowness of spirits, which takes from me the power of doing everything I ought; this is not altogether without cause, for ever since I went last to town, in the beginning of November I have suffered a good deal from a *complaint*, which I have often mentioned to you, and which is now grown almost constant. I have left off wine, eat less than common, have made use of the common applications in such cases, and am now taking soap: yet find no essential amendment in myself, so that I have but an uncomfortable prospect before me, even if things remain as they are, but (I own) what I apprehend, is still worse.

Mason has passed three weeks here with me in his

way to town. The general report was, that he was going to be married out of hand: but I find it was only a faint sort of tendency that way, that may or may not come to something of maturity just as the season of the year shall incline him. The best I can tell you of her is, that she is no fine lady, and the worst, that her fortune is not large. Now you know it might have been a fine lady with no money at all. He still talks of visiting Old Park before he is tied down to his summer residence.

This silly dirty place has had all its thoughts taken up with choosing a new high steward, and had not Lord Hardwicke surprisingly and to the shame of the faculty recovered by a quack medicine, I believe in my conscience the noble Earl of Sandwich had been chosen, though (let me do them the justice to say) not without a considerable opposition. His principal Agents are Dr. Brook of St. John's, Mr. Brocket, and Dr. Long, whose old tory notions, that had long lain by neglected and forgotten, are brought out again and furbished for present use, though rusty and out of joint, like his own spheres and orreries. Their crests are much fallen, and countenances lengthened by the transactions of last week, for the ministry on Tuesday last (after sitting till near eight in the morning) carried a small point by a majority of only 40, and on another previous division by one of 10 only; and on Friday last (at five in the morning) there were 220 to 234, and by this the court only obtained to adjourn the debate for four months, and

not to get any declaration in favour of their measures. If they hold their ground many weeks after this, I shall wonder; but the new reign has already produced many wonders. The other house I hear, will soon take in hand a book lately published by some scoundrel lawyer on the Prerogative, in which is scraped together all the flattery and blasphemy of our old law books in honour of kings. I presume, it is understood, that the court will support the cause of this impudent scribbler. There is another impudent fellow of the same profession, but somewhat more conspicuous by his place (a friend of yours, with whom I supped at your house ten or eleven years ago) that has gained to himself the most general and universal detestation of any man perhaps in this age. I congratulate you on your acquaintance with him.

Mr. Brown is preparing your grafts, which are to be sent about a week hence, for that is the proper time; but as your parcels used to be carried to your brother's, we are afraid they may be neglected there in the present confusion. If you think so, you will direct him forthwith to whom he may address them.

Pray tell me (when you are at leisure) all the transactions and improvements of Old Park, that I may rectify and model my ideas accordingly. What has become of you in these inundations, that have drowned us all, and in this hot and unseasonable winter? Present my respects to Mrs. Wharton, and my compliments to Miss. How do the little family do?—I am ever sincerely yours.

LXVI.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

Cambridge, July 10, 1764.

DEAR DOCTOR—I do remember and shall ever remember, as I ought, your extreme kindness in offering to be present, and to assist me in the *perilous hour*. When I received your letter, I was pleased to find, I had done everything almost, that you advised. The fault lay in deferring matters too long. Upon inspection they found no reason to apprehend a fistula, but the piles only in an extreme degree, that threatened mortification. Nine or ten strokes of the lancet, and the application of a caustic, with fomentations innumerable I suffered manfully: indeed the pain in idea is much greater than in reality, and now I am glad, I know it. It is certain, I am better at present, than I had been in at least a year before the operation. I should tell you, that for some days before I submitted to it, I had taken soap in large quantities, and for aught I know the inflammation might be rather increased by it. Dr. Whytt (I remember) speaking of the use of lime-water and soap, says, that if the patient be subject to the piles, he must omit the latter. Towards the end of my confinement, during which (you may believe) I lived on nothing, came the gout in one foot, *but so tame you might have stroked it*;[1] such a *minikin*, you might have played with it. In three or four days it disappeared.

[1] George Montagu said of our last earthquake "that it was so tame you might have stroked it."—[*Walpole.*]

It was true, as Stonehewer told you, that I had a great tendency towards Old Park and Hart le-pool: but on prudent consideration I find, I cannot well afford it, and must defer that pleasure to another summer. The minikin and I act upon the same principles: she cannot be a river, nor I a traveller, without money. If we had but a *head*, we should both of us make a figure in the world.

Mason does not seem very impatient, for he writes word, that he is busy in modelling antique vases in clay,[1] and in reading a course of ecclesiastical history, when I expected *consummation*, and was praying heaven to give him a good and gentle governess: no man wants such a thing more in all senses; but his greatest wants do not make him move a foot the faster, nor has he properly speaking anything one can call a passion about him, except a little malice and revenge.

Our election here is in Westminster Hall: but it is not likely that any great matter can be done in it till Michaelmas Term next. In the meantime Lord Sandwich and his friends do what they can to keep up an interest and a bustle. Here is a poor scribbler, that he hires to write a weekly paper called the *Scrutator*, who by abuse of characters does all in his power to provoke people: but cannot so much as get himself answered. I could not find any one in town, that ever heard of it (though the subject is well known there), and if anybody saw its name in the advertisements, I

[1] An admirable employment for the arch-forger.—[*Ed.*]

believe, they only took it for a *scrutoire* to be sold. The Nation is in the same hands as the University, and really does not make so manful a resistance. Grumble indeed every one does, but since Wilkes's affair, they fall off their metal, and seem to shrink under the brazen hand of Norton[1] and his colleagues. I hear there will be no parliament till after Christmas. If the French should be so unwise as to suffer the Spanish Court to go on in their present measures (for they refuse to pay the ransom of Manilla, and have driven away our logwood cutters already) down go their friends the ministry, and all the schemes of right divine, and prerogative; and this is perhaps the best chance we have. Are you not struck with the great similarity there is between the first years of Charles I. and the present times? who would have thought it possible five years ago?

That old rogue Lord Bath is dead at last. I understood the contest for his spoils lay between your noble friend at Raby, and Mr. Coleman, the comic poet, but whether they are fallen to either of them I have not heard as yet. Pray what is the policy of that castle? the elder brother lives more than usual in the country, as if he were not in the best humour with his friends at court, and the younger has been at times an orator in the opposition? Have they been disobliged, or do they fear to disoblige their former friends, who may come into play again?

Two more volumes of *Buffon* are come over: I

[1] Sir Fletcher Norton, Solicitor-General.

mention them in case you choose to have them. I know of nothing else, except half a dozen new works of that inexhaustible, eternal, entertaining scribbler Voltaire, who at last (I fear) will go to heaven, for to him entirely it is owing, that the king of France and his council have review'd and set aside the decision of the parliament of Thoulouse in the affair of Calas.[1] The poor man, 'tis true, has been broke on the wheel long ago; but his widow and wretched family may have some reparation, and his murtherers may smart a little for it. You see a scribbler may be of some use in the world!

If you see Stonehewer at his return from Buxton, be so good to tell him, that there will be only 200 copies of *Lord Herbert's Life*[2] printed, half of which are for Lord Powis, and the rest will be given away only. If I happen to have two (which I do not expect) he shall have one of them.

Ah! poor James Lyon!—how do the family bear it? My best respects to the lady of Old Park (the duchess I should say) and lady Mary, etc. I hope they are all well. Are Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan with

[1] Madame Suard asked Voltaire why he kept the melancholy picture of the Calas family, which hung at the foot of his bed, always before his eyes. He replied, that he had become identified with them and their misfortunes, and that till he had redeemed all that was redeemable then of their wrongs, he should never laugh without feeling self-reproach.—[*Mit.*]

[2] The *Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury*, for the first time printed at the Strawberry Hill Press, in small 4to, in 1764. 200 copies.—[*Mit.*]

you? Do you say your prayers o' nights? Adieu!—
I am ever yours, T. G.

Mr. Brown, who is quite well, presents his humble service. He would wish to come to-morrow, only he thinks it impossible, and does not believe anybody did ever really go so far.

LXVII.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

Southampton, October 13, 1764.

DEAR SIR—Since I have been here, I have received from you, and by your means, five letters. That from Pa. I could wish you had opened, as I know you, by your good will, would have done. The sum of it is, that he is at Geneva, with the Rhone tumbling its blue and green tide directly under his window. That he has passed a fortnight in the Pays de Vaud, and the Cantons of Berne, Fribourg, and Soleure, and returned by the lake of Neufchâtel. That the whole country, and particularly the last-named, appeared to him astonishingly beautiful. He enquired much after Rousseau, but did not meet with him; his residence is at Moitier au Travers, about four leagues from Neufchâtel, where he lives in great plenty, the booksellers at the Hague being his bank, and ready to answer any sum he draws for. It is amazing what he got by his last two books. He is often flying about from village to village; generally wears a sort of Armenian dress, and passed for a kind of misanthrope, but is held in great veneration by the people.

He says, he saw all the matters that come in course in France, and was greatly disappointed. The only thing he mentions is the church at Amiens, which was really fine. They set out in a few days (his date is 19th September), and go by Chambery to Turin, from whence he will write to you. His letter, he says, is not worth the postage; but it is the abundance and not the want of matter that makes it so poor.

After this what shall I say to you of my Lilliputian travels? On Monday I think to see Salisbury, and to be sure Wilton, and Amesbury, and Stonehenge. This will take up three days, and then I come back hither, and think to be in London on Saturday or Monday after, for the weather grows untoward, and the sea (that is, the little miniature of it, Southampton River) rages horribly, and looks as if it would eat one, else I should have gone to Lymington and Christchurch, and called upon Mr. Mansfield in the New Forest, to see the bow that killed William Rufus, which he pretends to possess. Say not a word of Andover. My Lord Delawar has erected a little monument over the spot where, according to ancient tradition, that king was slain, and another in God's House Chapel, where the Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scroop, and Sir Thomas Grey, were interred by Henry V. after he had cut off their heads. It is in this town, and now the French Church. Here lives Dr. Saint André,[1] famous for the affair of the Rabbit-Woman, and for marrying Lady Betty Molyneux

[1] Nathaniel St. André, surgeon.

after they had disposed of her first husband. She died not long since in the odour of sanctity. He is 80 years old and is now building a palazzino here hard by, in a delightful spot called Bellevue, and has lately produced a natural son to inherit it. What do you say to poor Iwan, and the last Russ manifesto? Will nobody kill me that dragoness? Must we wait till her son does it himself?

Mr. Stonhewer has been at Glamis. He tells me no news. He only confutes a piece of news I sent him, which I am glad to hear is a lie. I must tell you a small anecdote I just hear, that delights me. Sir F. Norton[1] has a mother living at a town in Yorkshire, in a very indifferent lodging. A good house was to be sold there the other day. He thought in decency he ought to appear willing to buy it for her. When the people to whom it belongs imagined that everything was agreed on, he insisted on having two pictures as fixtures, which they value at £60, so Mrs. Norton lives where she did.

I am sorry for the Duke of Devonshire.[2] The cause, I fear, is losing ground, and I know the person (where Mr. T.[3] has lately been) looked upon all as gone, if this event should happen. Adieu. When I

[1] Sir Fletcher Norton, Attorney-General, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, and in 1792 Lord Grantley. Died 1794; buried in Ripon Minster.—[*Mit.*]

[2] William, fourth Duke of Devonshire, died October 2, 1764, aged 44, at the German Spa; buried at Allhallows, Derby.—[*Mit.*]

[3] Probably Mr. *Talbot*, Fellow of Pembroke.—[*Mit.*]

get to town I shall pick up something to tell you.—I am ever yours.

I know nothing of Mason, but that he is well.

Southampton, at Mr Vining's, plumber, in High Street.

LXVIII.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

Monday, October 1764.

DEAR SIR—I received your letter before I left London, and sit down to write to you, after the finest walk in the finest day that ever shone to Netley Abbey—my old friend, with whom I longed to renew my acquaintance. My ferryman (for one passes over a little arm of the sea about half a mile) assured me he would not go near it in the night-time for all the world, tho' he knew much money had been found there. The sun was "all too glaring and too full of gauds" for such a scene, wh^ch^ ought to be visited only in the dusk of the evening. It stands in a little quiet valley, wh^ch^ gradually rises behind the ruins into a half-circle crowned with thick wood. Before it, on a descent, is a thicket of oaks, that serves to veil it from the broad day and from profane eyes, only leaving a peep on both sides, where the sea appears glittering thro' the shade, and vessels, with their white-sails, that glide across and are lost again. Concealed behind the thicket stands a little Castle (also in ruins), immediately on the shore, that commands a view over an expanse of sea clear and smooth

as glass (when I saw it), with Southampton and several villages three miles off to the right, Calshot Castle at seven miles' distance, and the high lands of the Isle of Wight to the left, and in front the deep shades of the New Forest distinctly seen, because the water is no more than three miles over. The abbey was never very large. The shell of its church is almost entire, but the pillars of the aisles are gone, and the roof has tumbled in; yet some little of it is left in the transept, where the ivy has forced its way thro', and hangs flaunting down among the fretted ornament and escutcheons of the Benefactors. Much of the lodgings and offices are also standing, but all is overgrown with trees and bushes, and mantled here and there with ivy, that mounts over the battlements.

In my way I saw Winchester Cathedral again with pleasure, and supped with Dr. Balguy, who, I perceive, means to govern the Chapter. They give £200 a year to the Poor of the City: his present scheme is to take away this, for it is only an encouragement to laziness. But what do they mean to do with it? That indeed, I omitted to enquire, because I thought I knew. I saw St. Cross, too, the almshouse of Noble Poverty (so it was called), founded by Henry de Blois and Cardinal Beaufort. It maintains nine decayed footmen, and a master (Chancellor Hoadly), who has £800 a-year out of it.

This place is still full of Bathers. I know not a soul, nor have once been at the rooms. The walks all

round it are delicious, and so is the weather. Lodgings very dear, and fish very cheap. Here is no coffee-house, no bookseller, no pastrycook; but here is the Duke of Chandos. I defer my politics. My service to Mr. Talbot, Gould,[1] etc., and to Mr. Howe, if with you.—Adieu.

LXIX.—TO THE REV. N. NICHOLLS.

Monday, November 19, 1764.

SIR—I received your letter at Southampton, and, as I would wish to treat everybody according to their own rule and measure of good-breeding, have against my inclination waited till now before I answered it, purely out of fear and respect, and an ingenuous diffidence of my own abilities. If you will not take this as an excuse, accept it at least as a well-turned period, which is always my principal concern.

So I proceed to tell you, that my health is much improved by the sea; not that I drank it, or bathed in it, as the *common people* do. No! I only walked by it, and looked upon it. The climate is remarkably mild, even in October and November. No snow has been seen to lie there for these thirty years past, the myrtles grow in the ground against the houses, and Guernsey lilies bloom in every window. The town, clean and well built, surrounded by its old stone walls,

[1] Mr. Theodore Vine Gould, Fellow of New Hall, A.M. 1760. Mr. Thomas Talbot of Queen's College, A.M. 1764. William Taylor Howe, of Pembroke College, A.B. 1760.—[*Mit.*]

with their towers and gateways, stands at the point of a peninsula, and opens full south to an arm of the sea, which, having formed two beautiful bays on each hand of it, stretches away in direct view till it joins the British Channel. It is skirted on either side with gently-rising grounds, clothed with thick wood; and directly cross its mouth rise the high lands of the Isle of Wight, at distance, but distinctly seen. In the bosom of the woods (concealed from profane eyes) lie hid the ruins of Netteley Abbey. There may be richer and greater houses of religion; but the abbot is content with his situation. See there, at the top of that hanging meadow under the shade of those old trees, that bend into a half circle about it, he is walking slowly (good man!) and bidding his beads for the souls of his benefactors, interred in that venerable pile, that lies beneath him. Beyond it (the meadow still descending) nods a thicket of oaks, that mask the building, and have excluded a view too garish and too luxuriant for a holy eye: only, on either hand, they leave an opening to the blue glittering sea. Did not you observe how, as that white sail shot by and was lost, he turned and crossed himself, to drive the tempter from him, that had thrown that distraction in his way. I should tell you, that the ferryman who rowed me, a lusty young fellow, told me that he would not, for all the world, pass a night at the Abbey (there were such things seen near it), though there was a power of money hid there. From thence I went to Salisbury, Wilton, and Stonehenge:

but of these things I say no more, they will be published at the University press.

I have been at London this month, that tiresome dull place! where all people under thirty find so much amusement. The Opera, with Manzuoli in it, opens on Saturday, and I go to Cambridge the Wednesday preceding. The Ministry are all together by the ears, so are the Opposition: the only doubt is which will be the weakest: I am afraid I know. The sentence of Alma Mater, of the *North Briton*, and of D'Eon are deferred; in the meantime, Du Vergy, the adventurer who enraged D'Eon almost to madness, and has been in jail (for debt) ever since December last, having regained his liberty by the help (he says) of his countrymen, declares upon oath that he was sent from France with a half promise of being declared secretary to the embassy, that he might *se servir de son epée*, if occasion were, against D'Eon, or at least urge him to do something that might for ever disgrace him. He gives a detail of all his private conversations with Guerchy and others on this head. Mons de Guerchy is (I hear) much troubled; declares the whole a lie; but what is he to do? must he have another *plaidoyer* in our courts against this scoundrel? and indeed from his own narrative he appears to be no better, though it is interlarded with fine French sentiment about justice, and virtue, and honour, and such like.

I had prepared a finer period than the other to finish with, but, damn it! I have somehow mislaid it

among my papers—you shall certainly have it next summer. How can people subscribe such a devil of a name (I warrant), you call it a *christian* name, to their letters as you do? I always thought at times I had a small matter of aversion for you mechanically arising in me, and doubtless this was the reason. Fie, fie, put on a white satin mantle, and be carried to church again. However, I forgive you, for your Rippon history's sake. Adieu! I shall almost be glad to see you again. T. G.

You friend Dr. Marriott[1] came very kindly to see me, as soon as he had taken possession of his new mastership, and returned me his thanks for my civilities to you; so never say any more on that head: you see I am paid.

LXX.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

Jermyn Street,
Thursday, October 25, 1764.

Dear Sir—I am returned from Southampton, since Monday last; have been at Salisbury, Wilton, Stonehenge, and where not, and am not at all the worse for my expedition. Delly[2] has been here, and talks of going to Cambridge on Wednesday, if you want

[1] Dr. Marriott, afterwards Sir James Marriott, became LL.D. in 1757, Master of Trinity Hall in 1764, and continued so for nearly forty years. He was knighted about the time of his becoming Master, or perhaps a very few years after.—[*Mit.*]

[2] Delaval, Fellow of Pembroke, mentioned before.

him; but, if you do not, would be glad to be prevented by a letter. His intention is only to stay there a day or two. He asked me for my rooms, but as I had (intentionally) promised them to Mr. Mapletoft, I answered as if I had actually been engaged on that head, and had already wrote to you to say so. If Mr. Mapletoft[1] does not come, they are at Mr. Delly's service.

The present news is that Lady Harriet Wentworth (Lord Rockingham's sister), not a young or a beautiful maiden, has married her servant, an Irish footman.

Mr. Mason, who has been in Yorkshire, has seen the future bride. She has just such a nose as Mason has himself; so you see it was made in heaven.

The rent-roll of the present Duke of Devonshire's estate is £44,000 a-year. Lord Richard has better than £4000 a-year; Lady Dorothy £30,000; a legacy of £500 to General Conway; £500 apiece to the three brothers, and they are appointed guardians, and, I think, executors—business enough, in conscience. To-day I hear the Cambridge affair is compromised, and Lord Hardwicke to come in quietly. This I should not give credit to had I not heard it before I came from thence. The Duke of Cumberland, they say, is in a very good way: it is strange to me if he recovers.

I will write soon again, and try to tell you more, for I shall stay in town about a fortnight longer.

[1] John Mapletoft, of Pembroke College, A.M. 1764.

You will oblige me if you will send to enquire how Dolly Antrobus[1] does. Adieu.—I am ever yours,

T. G.

LXXI.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

Monday, October 29, 1764.

DEAR SIR—I was not able to answer your letter on Saturday, but Delly will certainly be with you on Wednesday, good man.

The Duke of Devonshire for the last fortnight of his life was in a state of infancy. On opening his head there were found two fleshy substances that pressed upon the brain—the source of his malady. He leaves Devonshire House, with the pictures, furniture, etc., to Lord Richard, his second son, which the present duke may redeem by paying down £20,000; in short, to Lord Richard and Lord George (for there are two) he gives about £4000 a-year apiece; the rest I think I told you before. The majority do not exult upon this death; they are modest and humble, being all together by the ears; so, indeed are the minority too. I hear nothing about the Cambridge affair, and you do not tell me whether my last news was true; I conclude not, for I am told the Yorkes are very fully and explicitly against the present measures—even their chief himself.

The present talk runs on Lady Harriet Wentworth

[1] Gray's cousin, for whom he had obtained the office of post-mistress at Cambridge.—[*Ed.*]

(that is her name since she married her Irish footman). Your friend the Marquis of Rockingham's sister is a sensible, well-educated woman; twenty-seven years old, indeed, and homely enough. O'Brien and his lady (big with child) are embarked for America, to cultivate their 40,000 acres of woodland. Before they went, her uncle made him enter himself at Lincoln's Inn; I suppose to give him the idea of returning home again.

I hope not to stay here above a fortnight, but in the meantime should be glad if you would inform me what is the sum total of my bill. Adieu.—I am ever yours, T. G.

As I have room, I shall tell you that, on the news of the Duke of Cumberland's illness at Newmarket, Lord S. coming out of the closet met a great butcherly lord with a white staff,[1] and, with a countenance very decent and composed to sorrow, told him they had extreme bad news; that his Royal Highness the Duke was so ill it was doubtful whether he could live till next day.[2] The other replied, "Bad news, do you call it? By God, I am very glad of it, and shall be to hear the same of all that do not love the King."

My service to Mr. T[albot]. I am glad to hear he is well.

[1] Lord Talbot, Lord Steward. Lord S. is probably *Lord Sandwich*, the Secretary of State.—[*Mit.*]

[2] He died in Upper Grosvenor Street, 31st October 1765.—[*Mit.*]

LXXII.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Cambridge, Thursday, November, 1764.

Dear Mr. Mason—As you are alone and not quite well, I do feel a little sort of (I am almost ashamed to speak it) tenderness for you, but then I comfort myself with the thought that it does not proceed from any remnant of old inclination or kindness that I have for you. That, you must allow, would be folly, as our places of abode are so distant, and our occupations and pursuits so different. But the true cause is, that I am pretty lonely too, and besides have a complaint in my eyes that possibly may end in blindness. It consists in not being able to read at all with one eye, and having very often the *muscæ volitantes* before the other. I may be allowed therefore to think a little of you and Delaval, without any disparagement to my knowledge of mankind and of human nature.

The match you talk of is no more consummated than your own, and Kitty[1] is still a maid for the Doctor, so that he wants the requisite thing, and yet, I'll be sworn, his happiness is very little impaired. I take broiled salmon to be a dish much more necessary at your table than his. I had heard in town (as you have) that they were married; and longed to go to Spilsby and make them a visit; but here I learn it is not true yet, whatever it may be. I read and liked the Epigram[2] as it was printed, and do insist

[1] Kitty Hunter and Dr. Delap.

[2] I possess several of Mason's political and personal epi-

it is better without the last lines, not that the thought is amiss, but because the same rhyme is repeated, and the sting is not in the epigrammatic style; I mean, not easy and familiar. In a satire it might do very well. Mr. Churchill is dead indeed,[1] drowned in a butt of claret, which was tapped on the meeting of the Friends at Boulogne. He made an excellent end, as his executor Humphrey Cotes[2] testifies. I did not write any of the elegies, being busy in writing the *Temple of Tragedy.* Send for it forthwith, for you are highly interested in it. If I had not owned the thing, perhaps you might have gone and taken it for the Reverend Mr. Langhorne's. It is divine. I have not read the *Philosophic Dictionary.* I can stay with great patience for anything that comes from Voltaire. They tell me it is frippery, and blasphemy, and wit. I could have forgiven myself if I had not read Rousseau's *Letters.* Always excepting the *Contract Social,* it is the dullest performance he ever published. It is a weak attempt to separate the miracles from the morality of the Gospel. The latter he would have you think he believes was sent from God, and the former he very

grams, which Walpole used to insert for him in the *Evening Post,* but do not recognise the one here alluded to. Those against the king are written in the bitterest feeling of personal animosity.—[*Mit.*]

[1] The poet Charles Churchill died at Boulogne, November 4, 1764.—[*Ed.*]

[2] A friend of Churchill (brother of Admiral Cotes), and a wine merchant and political character. He was with Churchill when he died, on a visit to Wilkes at Boulogne.—[*Mit.*]

explicitly takes for an imposture. This is in order to prove the cruelty and injustice of the State of Geneva in burning his *Emile*. The latter part of his book is to shew the abuses that have crept into the constitution of his country, which point (if you are concerned about it) he makes out very well, and his intention in this is plainly to raise a tumult in the city, and to be revenged on the *Petit Conseil*, who condemned his writings to the flames.

Cambridge itself is fruitful enough of events to furnish out many paragraphs in my Gazette. The most important is, that Frog Walker[1] is dead; his last words were (as the nurses sat by him and said, "Ah! poor gentleman, he is going!"); "Going, going! where am I going? I'm sure I know no more than the man in the moon." Doctor Ridlington[2] has been given over with a dropsy these ten weeks. He refused all tapping and scarifying, but obeyed other directions, till, finding all was over, he prescribed to himself a boiled chicken entire, and five quarts of small beer. After this he brought up great quantities of blood, the swelling and suffocation, and all signs of water disappeared, his spirits returned, and, except

[1] This is Doctor Richard Walker, Fellow and Vice-Master of Trinity College, and Professor of Moral Theology from 1744 to 1764; founder of the Botanic Gardens at Cambridge. He is also the person quoted by Pope in the *Dunciad* (Book iv. 273) as the obsequious attendant on Bentley, "Walker, my hat!" He was called *Frog Walker* from his having served a curacy in the *fen*-country at Upwell.—[*Mit.*]

[2] Professor of Civil Law.

extreme weakness, he is recovered. Everybody has ceased to enquire after him, and, as he would not die when he should, they are resolved to proceed as if he were dead and buried. Dr. Newcome[1] is dead. For six weeks or more before his death he was distracted, not childish, but really raving. For the last three weeks he took no nourishment but by force. Miss Kirke and the younger Beadon[2] are executors and residuary legatees. I believe, he left about £10,000, but there are many legacies. Had I a pen of adamant, I could not describe the business, the agitation, the tempest, the University is in about the Margaret Professorship.[3] Only D.D.'s and B.D.'s have votes, so that there are acts upon acts. The bell is eternally tolling, as in time of pestilence, and nobody knows whose turn it may be next. The candidates are Dr. Law and Z. Brooke and my Lord Sandwich. The day is Saturday next. But alas! what is this to the warm region of Saint John's? It is like Lisbon on the day of the earthquake; it is like

[1] Dean of Rochester, elected Margaret Professor of Divinity in 1727, Master of St. John's in 1735, and was succeeded by Zachary Brooke as Margaret Professor, and as Master of St. John's by Dr. Powell. He died 10th January 1765, æt. 82.—[*Mit.*]

[2] Richard Beadon, Fellow of St. John's, afterwards Public Orator, Master of Jesus, and Bishop of Gloucester and Bath.—[*Mit.*]

[3] In 1765 Zachary Brooke, of St. John's, was elected Margaret Professor, vacated by Dr. John Newcome's death. He was also Dean of Rochester, and was succeeded in 1788 by J. Mainwaring, D.D.—[*Mit.*]

the fire of London. I can hear and smell it hither. Here too appears the furious Zachary; but his forces are but three or four men. Here towers Doctor Rutherforth,[1] himself an host, and he has about three champions. There Skinner,[2] with his powerful oratory, and the decent Mr. Alvis,[3] with their several invisible squadrons: Ogden and Gunning[4] each fighting for himself, and disdaining the assistance of others. But see, where Frampton,[5] with his 17 votes, and on his buckler glitters the formidable name of Sandwich, at which fiends tremble. Last of all comes, with his mines and countermines, and old Newcastle at his back, the irresistible force of Powell.[6] 23 are a majority, and he has already 22½. If it lapses to the Seniors he has it; if it lapses to the Visitor he has it. In short, as we all believe, he has

[1] *Dr. Rutherford*, Fellow of St. John's and Regius Professor of Divinity.—[*Mit.*]

[2] John Skynner, Fellow of St. John's, Sub-Dean of York, and Public Orator from 1752 to 1762. He died May 25, 1805, aged 81.—[*Mit.*]

[3] Andrew Alvis, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, M.A. 1738. Rector of Great Snoring, Norfolk, 1763 or 1764. Died May 25, 1775.—[*Mit.*]

[4] Probably Stuart Gunning, Fellow of St. John's College in 1745, whose successor, Thomas Doyly, was elected in March 1766.—[*Mit.*]

[5] Thomas Frampton, Fellow of St. John's College, A.M. 1751, B.D. 1759.—[*Mit.*]

[6] William Samuel Powell, elected Master of St. John's College in 1764, which he held till 1775. His sermons received the highest praise from the highest authorities. He died January 19, 1775, aged 58.—[*Mit.*]

it every way. I know you are overjoyed, especially for that he has the Newcastle interest. I have had a very civil visit of two hours from Archimage, busy as he is; for you know I inherit all your old acquaintance, as I do all Delaval's old distempers. I visited Dr. Balguy the other day at Winchester, and he me at Southampton. We are as great as two peas. The day of election at Saint John's is Friday se'nnight.

Mr. Brown is well, and has forgot you. Mr. Nicholls is profuse of his thanks to me for your civilities to him at York, of which, God knows, I knew no more than the man in the moon. Adieu.

LXXIII.—TO HORACE WALPOLE.

Sunday, December 30, 1764.

I HAVE received the *Castle of Otranto*, and return you my thanks for it. It engages our attention here,[1] makes some of us cry a little, and all in general afraid to go to bed o' nights. We take it for a translation, and should believe it to be a true story, if it were not for St. Nicholas.

When your pen was in your hand you might have been a little more communicative, for though disposed enough to believe the opposition rather consumptive, I am entirely ignorant of all the symptoms. Your canonical book I have been reading with great satisfaction. He speaketh as one having authority. If Englishmen have any feeling left, methinks they must

[1] At Cambridge.

feel now; and if the Ministry have any feeling (whom nobody will suspect of insensibility) they must cut off the author's ears, for it is in all the forms a most wicked libel. Is the old man and the lawyer put on, or is it real? or has some real lawyer furnished a good part of the materials, and another person employed them? This I guess; for there is an uncouthness of diction in the beginning which is not supported throughout, though it now and then occurs again, as if the writer[1] was weary of supporting the character he had assumed, when the subject had warmed him, beyond dissimulation.

Rousseau's *Letters*[2] I am reading heavily, heavily! He justifies himself, till he convinces me that he deserved to be burnt, at least that his book did. I am not got through him, and you never will. Voltaire I detest, and have not seen his book: I shall in good time. You surprise me, when you talk of going in February.[3] Pray, does all the minority go too? I hope you have a reason. *Desperare de republica* is a deadly sin in politics.

Adieu! I will not take my leave of you; for

[1] Mr. Gray may probably allude to a Pamphlet called "A Letter concerning Libels, Warrants, Seizure of Papers, and Security for the Peace or Behaviour, with a View to some late Proceedings, and the Defence of them by the Majority:"—supposed to have been written by William Greaves, Esq., a Master in Chancery, under the inspection of the late Lord Camden.—[*Ed. of Walpole's Works.*]

[2] The *Lettres de la Montagne.*

[3] To Paris.

(you perceive) this letter means to beg another, when you can spare a little.

LXXIV.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM PALGRAVE.[1]

March 1765.

My instructions, of which you are so desirous, are twofold: the first part relates to what is past, and that will be rather diffuse: the second, to what is to come; and that we shall treat more succinctly, and with all due brevity.

First, when you come to Paris you will not fail to visit the cloister of the Chartreuse, where Le Sueur (in the history of St. Bruno) has almost equalled Raphael. Then your Gothic inclinations will naturally lead you to the Sainte Chapelle built by St. Louis: in the treasury is preserved one of the noblest gems of the Augustan age. When you take a trip into the country, there is a fine old chapel at Vincennes with admirable painted windows; and at Fontainbleau, the remains of Francis the First's magnificence might give you some pleasure. In your way to Lyons you will take notice of the view over the Saone, from about Tournus and Macon. Fail not to walk a few miles along the banks of the Rhone, down the river. I would certainly make a little journey to the Grande Chartreuse, up the mountains: at your return out of Italy this will have little

[1] Mr. Gray's correspondent was now making the tour of France and Italy.—[*Mason.*]

effect. At Turin you will visit the Capuchins' convent just without the city, and the Superga at no great distance, for the sake of the views. At Genoa observe the Terreno of the Palace Brignoli, as a model of an apartment elegantly disposed in a hot climate. At Parma you will adore the great Madonna and St. Jerom, once at St. Antonio Abbate, but now (I am told) in the Ducal Palace. In the Madonna della Steccata observe the Moses breaking the tables, a chiaroscuro figure of the Parmeggiano at too great a height, and ill-lighted, but immense. At the Capuchins, the great Pietá of Annib. Carracci; in the Villa Ducale, the room painted by Carlo Cignani; and the last works of Agostino Caracci at Modena.[1] I know

[1] *When our Author was himself in Italy, he studied with much attention the different manners of the old masters. I find a paper written at the time in which he has set down several subjects proper for painting, which he had never seen executed, and has affixed the names of different masters to each piece, to shew which of their pencils he thought would have been most proper to treat it. As I doubt not that this paper will be an acceptable present to the Reynoldses and Wests of the age, I shall here insert it.*—[*Mason.*]

An Altar Piece.—Guido.

The top, a Heaven; in the middle, at a distance, the Padre-Eterno indistinctly seen, and lost, as it were, in glory. On either hand, Angels of all degrees in attitudes of adoration and wonder. A little lower, and next the eye, supported on the wings of Seraphs, Christ (the principal figure) with an air of calm and serene majesty, his hand extended, as commanding the elements to their several places: near him an Angel of superior rank bearing the golden compasses (that Milton describes); beneath the Chaos, like a dark and turbu-

not what remains now, the flower of the collection is gone to Dresden. Bologna is too vast a subject for me to treat: the palaces and churches are open; you have nothing to do but to see them all. In coming down the Appennine you will see (if the sun shines)

lent ocean, only illumined by the Spirit, who is brooding over it.

A small Picture.—Correggio.

Eve newly created, admiring her own shadow in the lake.

The famous Venus of this master, now in the possession of Sir William Hamilton, proves how judiciously Mr. Gray fixed upon his pencil for the execution of this charming subject.—[*Mason.*]

Another.—Domenichino.

Medea in a pensive posture, with revenge and maternal affection striving in her visage; her two children at play, sporting with one another before her. On one side a bust of Jason, to which they bear some resemblance.

A Statue.—Michael Angelo.

Agave in the moment she returns to her senses; the head of her Son, fallen on the ground from her hand.

A Picture.—Salvator Rosa.

Æneas and the Sybil sacrificing to Pluto by torch light in the wood, the assistants in a fright. The Day beginning to break, so as dimly to shew the mouth of the cavern.

Sigismonda with the heart of Guiscardo before her. I have seen a small print on this subject, where the expression is admirable, said to be graven from a picture of Correggio.

Afterwards, when he had seen the original in the possession of the late Sir Luke Schaub, he always expressed the highest admiration of it; though we see, by his here giving it to Salvator Rosa, he thought the subject too horrid to be treated by Correggio; and indeed I believe it is agreed that the capital picture in question is not of his hand.—[*Mason.*]

all Tuscany before you. And so I have brought you to Florence, where to be sure there is nothing worth seeing. Secondly,

1. Vide, quodcunque videndum est.
2. Quodcunque ego non vidi, id tu vide.

Another.—Albano, or the Parmeggiano.

Iphigenia asleep by the fountain side, her maids about her; Cymon gazing and laughing.

Another.—Domenichino, or the Carracci.

Electra with the urn, in which she imagined were her Brother's ashes, lamenting over them; Orestes smothering his concern.

Another.—Correggio.

Ithuriel and Zephon entering the bower of Adam and Eve; they sleeping. The light to proceed from the Angels.

Another.—Nicholas Poussin.

Alcestis dying; her children weeping, and hanging upon her robe; the youngest of them, a little boy, crying too, but appearing rather to do so, because the others are afflicted, than from any sense of the reason of their sorrow: her right arm should be round this, her left extended towards the rest, as recommending them to her Lord's care; he fainting, and supported by the attendants.

Salvator Rosa.

Hannibal passing the Alps; the mountaineers rolling down rocks upon his army; elephants tumbling down the precipices.

Another.—Domenichino.

Arria giving Claudius's order to Pætus, and stabbing herself at the same time.

N. Poussin, or Le Seur.

Virginius murdering his daughter; Appius at a distance, starting up from his tribunal; the people amazed, but few of them seeing the action itself.

[*Gray, as quoted by Mason.*]

3. Quodcunque videris, scribe & describe; memoria ne fide.

4. Scribendo nil admirare; & cum pictor non sis, verbis omnia depinge.

5. Tritam viatorum compitam calca, & cum poteris, desere.

6. Eme, quodcunque emendum est; I do not mean pictures, medals, gems, drawings, etc., only; but clothes, stockings, shoes, handkerchiefs, little moveables; everything you may want all your life long: but have a care of the custom house.

Pray, present my most respectful compliments to Mr. Weddell.[1] I conclude when the winter is over, and you have seen Rome and Naples, you will strike out of the beaten path of English travellers, and see a little of the country, throw yourselves into the bosom of the Appennine, survey the horrid lake of Amsanctus (look in Cluver's Italy), catch the breezes on the coast of Taranto and Salerno, expatiate to the very toe of the continent, perhaps strike over the Faro of Messina, and having measured the gigantic columns of Girgenti, and the tremendous caverns of Syracusa, refresh yourselves amidst the fragrant vale of Enna. Oh! che bel riposo! Addio.

[1] William Weddell, Esq., of Newby, in Yorkshire.—[*Mason.*]

LXXV.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Pembroke Hall, Saturday, 1765.

DEAR MASON—I rejoice; but has she common sense?[1] Is she a gentlewoman? Has she money? Has she a nose? I know she sings a little, and twiddles on the harpsichord, hammers at sentiment, and puts herself in an attitude, admires a cast in the eye, and can say *Elfrida* by heart. But these are only the virtues of a maid. Do let her have some wifelike qualities, and a double portion of prudence, as she will have not only herself to govern, but you also, and that with an absolute sway. Your friends, I doubt not, will suffer for it. However, we are very happy, and have no other wish than to see you settled in the world. We beg you would not stand fiddling about it, but be married forthwith, and then take chaise, and come . . . all the way to Cambridge to be touched by Mr. Brown, and so to London, where, to be sure, she must pass the first winter. If good reasons (and not your own nor her coquetry) forbid this, yet come hither yourself, for our copuses and Welsh rabbits are impatient for you.

I sent your letter to Algarotti directly. My Coserella came a long while ago from Mr. Holles, I

[1] Mason married on the 25th of September 1765 the daughter of William Sherman, Esq., of Hull, who died at Bristol, March 27, 1767. "Ah! amantissima, optima, fœmina vale!" was a note written by Mason, which I found among his manuscripts.—[*Mit.*]

suppose, who sent me, without a name, a set of his engravings, when I was last in town; which, I reckon, is what you mean by your fine presents. The *Congresso di Citera* was not one of the books. That was my mistake. I like his treatises very well.

I hope in God the dedicatorial sonnet has not staid for me. I object nothing to the second line, but like it the better for Milton, and with him too I would read *in penult.* (give me a shilling) "his ghastly smile,"[1] etc. But if you won't put it in, then read "wonted smile," and a little before "secure from envy." I see nothing to alter. What I said was the best line is the best line still. Do come hither, and I will read and criticise "your amorous ditties all a winter's day." Adieu, I am truly yours. I hope her hair is not red though. I have been abroad, or I had wrote sooner.

LXXVI.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

Cambridge, April 29, 1765.

DEAR DOCTOR—I have lately heard, that you have been very ill, and that in the midst of your illness your poor sister Ettrick was obliged to fly from her persecutor, and put herself under your protection. Pray inform me, as soon as you can, of the state of your health in the first place; and next, how you have been able to secure a poor frighted woman

[1] A jocose allusion to what Gray, in another place, calls Lord Holdernesse's *ugly face.*—[*Mit.*]

from the brutality of such a husband, which under our excellent constitution (I take it) is rather a more difficult thing, than it would be in Turkey.

For me, I passed the latter part of the last Autumn at Southampton all alone (for I went to no rooms, nor saw any company, as they call it) in a most beautiful country, and very gentle climate. The air and the walks agreed with me wonderfully. The sea-water I scarce tried (as the winter approached) enough to say, whether it would suit me, or not. Sometime after I returned hither, came the gout in both feet successively, very gentle as to pain, but it left a weakness and sense of lassitude behind it, that even yet is not wholly dissipated. I have a great propensity to Hartlepool this summer, it is in your neighbourhood, and that is to make up for climate and for trees. The sea, the turf, and the rocks, I remember, have merit enough of their own. Mr. Brown is so invincibly attach'd to his duties of treasurer and tutor, and I know not what, that I give up all hopes of bringing him with me; nor do I (till I have been at London) speak determinately as to myself: perhaps I may find good reasons (against my inclination) to change my mind.

Your mother, the University, has succeeded in her great cause against the Secretary of State. L^d^. Hardwicke is declared duly elected by a majority of one voice. All the Judges of the King's Bench took occasion to declare their opinion in set speeches on the question; I suppose, in order to gain a little

popularity, for whatever seems against Lord S[andwich], must be popular. L$^{d.}$ Mansfield was express on two points, that the Universities were not subject to any Royal Visitations, but might always apply to and receive redress from his Majesty's Courts of Justice; and that they were bound by no statutes, but such as they themselves had thought fit to receive. These things are doubtless of far more consequence to them than the cause in question, for which I am the less concerned, because I do believe the two Pretenders had (privately) agreed the matter before-hand, for the House of Yorke have undoubtedly been long making up to the Court. I should tell you, that Dr. Long's affidavit was only begun to be read, and laid aside as of no consequence. I suppose you know by this time, that our friend the Bishop of Chester[1] was the private Ambassador of L$^{d.}$ Sandwich to this place, and made proposals in his name. He also was present on the side of that worthy nobleman at the remarkable interview with Mr. Charles Yorke. It is certain he refused the Archbishoprick of Armagh; but why, I cannot yet learn: some say, because they intended to quarter so many pensions upon it: others, because they would keep to themselves the disposal of all the preferments. But neither of these seem to be sufficient reasons. It is sure, he wrote circular letters to his friends to acquaint them of this refusal, and that he was snubbed for doing so. Whereas B$^{p.}$ Newton, to whom it was first offered, made a great secret of it, as

[1] Dr. Edmund Keene.

a good courtier should do. Now I am talking of Bishops, I must tell you, that not long ago B^p^. Warburton in a sermon at Court asserted, that all preferments were bestowed on the most illiterate and worthless objects, and in speaking turned himself about and stared directly at the B^p^. of London, he added, that if any one arose distinguished for merit and learning, there was a combination of dunces to keep him down. I need not tell you, that he expected the Bishoprick of London himself, when Terrick got it. So ends my ecclesiastical history.

Our friend, the Precentor,[1] who has so long been in a *mariturient* way, is not yet married, and I doubt, it is all gone off. I dare not ask about it, but if I go northward, shall take him in my way, and see, whether he will tell me. Present my best compliments to Mrs. Wharton, and Miss. I have no idea of the family at present, and expect to see a multitude of little new faces, that know not Joseph.—Adieu! dear Sir, I am ever most sincerely yours, T. G.

I hear, you are well again: but pray tell me, how well.

LXXVII.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

London, Tuesday night [April or May], 1765.

DEAR SIR—I hope to be with you by Thursday or Friday se'nnight. You will hardly go before that time out of college; but if you do, the writings will

[1] Mason.

be as safe in your drawers as in mine. You have heard so much news from the party that were going to Scotland, that it would be a vain thing for me to talk about it. I can only add, that you will shortly hear, I think, of a great change of affairs, which, whenever I come to town, always follows. To-day I met with a report that Mr. Pitt lies dangerously ill; but I hope, and rather believe, it is not true. When he is gone all is gone, and England will be old England again, such as, before his administration, it always was ever since we were born.

I went to-day to Becket's to look at the last volume of SEBA.[1] It comes unbound to four guineas and a half, and contains all the insects of that collection (which are exceedingly numerous), and some plates of fossils. The graving, as usual, very unequal, and the descriptions as poor as ever. As you have the rest, I conclude you must have this, which completes the work, and contains the index.

Are you not glad of the Carlisle[2] history? Walking yesterday in the Windsor Park, I met the brother of the disgraced party, and walked two hours with him. I had a vast inclination to wish him joy, but did not dare. Adieu.—I am ever yours,

T. G.

[1] *Locupletissimi Rerum Naturalium Thesauri accurata Descriptio, etc., digessit, descripsit, depingendarum curavit Albertus Seba.* 4 vols. fol., Amst., 1734-1765.

[2] This is an allusion to the well-known duel between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, in which the latter was killed.—[*Mit.*]

LXXVIII.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Jermyn Street, May 23 [1765]?

DEAR MASON—In my way into the remote parts of the north, I mean to make you a visit at York; probably you will see me there on Wednesday next in the evening. It is your business to consider whether you have a house and a tea for me, for I shall stay there a week perhaps, if you continue agreeable so long. I have been in town this month, every day teeming with prodigies. I suppose you receive expresses every three hours, and therefore I pass over the Regency Bill, the weavers' petition, the siege of Bedford House, the riot on Ludgate Hill, the royal embassy to Hayes, the *carte blanche* refused with disdain, the subversion of the ministry, which fights to the last gasp, and afterwards like the man *che combattea e era morto*, and yet stands upon its legs and spits in its master's face to this day because nobody will deign to take its place; the House of Commons standing at gaze with its hands before it; the House of Lords bullying the justices of peace, and fining the printers; the King ——, etc. etc. The rest is left to oral tradition. Adieu!

LXXIX.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

York, Thursday, June 6, 1765.

DEAR DOCTOR—Here am I (thanks to Mr. Precentor's[1] hospitality), laid up with the gout: yet as to-day I begin to walk again about the house on two legs, I flatter myself, I shall be able to see you next week at Old Park. As to mine host of the Minster his eyes are very bad (in imitation of Horace) and he is besides tied down here to residence: yet he talks, as if we might chance to see him in the bishoprick during the summer for a little while. His compliments join themselves to mine, and beg you would present them to Mrs. Wharton, and the numerous family. Adieu. No Mr. Brown! he is immersed too deep in Quintilian and Livy.

LXXX.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

July 16, 1765.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE to MRS. ANNE, Regular Servant to the Rev. Mr. PRECENTOR, of York.

A moment's patience, gentle Mistris Anne
(But stint your clack for sweet St. Charitie):
'Tis Willey begs, once a right proper man,
Though now a book, and interleav'd you see.
Much have I borne from canker'd critic's spite,
From fumbling baronets, and poets small,

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[1] Mason.

Pert barristers, and parsons nothing bright:
But what awaits me now is worst of all.
'Tis true, our master's temper natural
Was fashion'd fair in meek and dove-like guise;
But may not honey's self be turn'd to gall
By residence, by marriage, and sore eyes?
If then he wreak on me his wicked will,
Steal to his closet at the hour of prayer;
And (when thou hear'st the organ piping shrill)
Grease his best pen, and all he scribbles, tear.
Better to bottom tarts and cheesecakes nice,
Better the roast meat from the fire to save,
Better be twisted into caps for spice,
Than thus be patch'd and cobbled in one's grave.
So York shall taste what Clouet never knew,
So from our works sublimer fumes shall rise;
While Nancy earns the praise to Shakespeare due,
For glorious puddings and immortal pies.

Tell me if you do not like this, and I will send you a worse. I rejoice to hear your eyes are better, as much as if they were my own; but the cure will never be lasting without a little sea. I have been for two days at Hartlepool to taste the waters, and do assure you nothing can be salter, and bitterer, and nastier, and better for you. They have a most antiscorbutic flavour I am delighted with the place. There are the finest walks, and rocks, and caverns, and dried fishes, and all manner of small inconveniences a man can wish. I am going again this week, so wait your commands.

Dr. Wharton would be quite happy to see you at Old Park. If you should have kindness and resignation enough to come, you must get to Darlington, then turn off the great road to Merrington, then

enquire the way to Spennymoor House, where they will direct you hither. Adieu, I am ever yours,

T. G.

LXXXI.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

Old Park, Thursday, August 1765.

DEAR SIR—It is true I have been lately a very indifferent correspondent, but poverty knows no law, and must be my excuse. Since the fortnight I passed with Mason at York (who was then very bad with that troublesome defluxion in his eyes, and is since cured, and now stands on the brink of marriage), I have been always resident at Old Park, excursions excepted of a day or two at a time, and one lately of three weeks to Hartlepool. The rocks, the sea, and the weather there more than made up to me the want of bread and the want of water, two capital defects, but of which I learned from the inhabitants not to be sensible. They live on the refuse of their own fish-market, with a few potatoes, and a reasonable quantity of geneva, six days in the week, and I have nowhere seen a taller, more robust, or healthy race; every house full of ruddy broad-faced children; nobody dies but of drowning or old age; nobody poor but from drunkenness or mere laziness. I had long wished for a storm, and was treated before I came away with such a one as July could produce; but the waves did not rise above twelve feet high, and there was no hurt done. On Monday (I believe)

I go to Scotland with my lord,[1] and Tom and the Major. No ladies are of the party, they remain at Hetton;[2] yet I do not expect to see anything, for we go post till I come to Glamis.

I hear of Palgrave's safe arrival in England. Pray congratulate him from me, and beg he would not give away all his pictures and gems till I come. I hope to see him in October. Is it true that young Tyrrell does not go into orders? Dr. Hallifax (who was here with Dr. Lowth) tells me, that Ridlington[3] is on his way to Nice. The last letter you sent me was from Mr. Ramsey, a tenant of mine in Cornhill, who wants to see me anent particular business. As I know not what it is I go with a little uneasiness on my mind farther north. But what can one do? I have told him my situation.

The Doctor and Mrs. Wharton wish for you often, though in vain; such is your perverseness. Adieu; I will write again from Scotland more at large.—I am, ever sincerely yours, T. G.

Are you not glad for Stonhewer? I have heard twice from him, but it is *sub sigillo.*

[1] Lord Strathmore and Thomas Lyon.

[2] A seat of Lord Strathmore's in Durham, near Rainton.—[*Mit.*]

[3] Dr. William Ridlington of Trinity Hall, Professor of Civil Law, 1757; tutor of the College in 1766; died in 1770; succeeded in his Professorship by Dr. Hallifax.—[*Mit.*]

LXXXII.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR—I deferred writing to you, till I had seen a little more of this country, than you yourself had seen, and now being just returned from an excursion, which I and the Major have been making, into the Highlands, I sit down to tell you all about it: but first I must return to my journey hither, on which I shall be very short, partly because you know the way as far as Edinburgh, and partly, that there was not a great deal worth remarking. The first night we passed at Tweedmouth (77 miles), the next at Edinburgh (53 miles), where Lord Strathmore left the Major and me, to go to Lenox-love[1] (L^d^. Blantyre's) where his aunt lives. So that afternoon and all next day I had leisure to visit the castle, Holy-Rood-House, Heriot's Hospital, Arthur's Seat, etc., and am not sorry to have seen that most picturesque (at a distance) and nastiest (when near) of all capital cities. I supped with Dr. Robertson[2] and other literati,

[1] This is the ancient house of Lithinton, ennobled by its former possessors, the Maitlands. It was sold by Richard Maitland, Earl of Lauderdale, to Sir Thomas Livingston, afterwards Viscount Tiviot, and by him to Alexander Lord Blantyre, who changed the name to Lenox Love, in memory of Frances Duchess of Richmond and Lenox, who left him a legacy of 20,000, which enabled him to make the purchase. Lithinton, or Lenox Love, is near Haddington.—[*Whitaker.*]

[2] William Robertson the historian (1721-1793), author of the *Life of Charles V.*—[*Ed.*]

and the next morning Lord S. came for us. We crossed at the Queen's Ferry in a four-oared yawl, without a sail, and were tossed about rather more than I should wish to hazard again. Lay at Perth, a large *Scotch* Town with much wood about it on the banks of the Tay, a very noble river. Next morning ferried over it, and came by dinner time to Glamis, being (from Edinburgh) 67 miles, which makes in all from Hetton, 197 miles. The castle stands in Strathmore (*i.e.* the great valley), which winds about from Stonehaven on the east coast of Kincairdinshire obliquely as far as Stirling near 100 miles in length, and from 7 to 10 miles in breadth, cultivated everywhere to the foot of the hills on either hand with oats or bere-barley, except where the soil is mere peat earth (black as a coal) or barren sand covered only with broom and heath, or a short grass fit for sheep. Here and there appear just above ground the huts of the inhabitants, which they call towns, built of and covered with turf, and among them at great distances the gentlemen's houses with enclosures and a few trees round them. Amidst these our castle distinguishes itself, the middle part of it rising proudly out of what seems a great and thick wood of tall trees with a cluster of hanging towers on the top. You descend to it gradually from the south through a double and triple avenue of Scotch firs, 60 or 70 feet high under three gateways. This approach is a full mile long, and when you have passed the second gate, the firs change to limes, and another oblique avenue goes off

on either hand toward the offices. These as well as all the enclosures, that surround the house, are bordered with three or four ranks of sycamores, ashes, and white poplars of the noblest height, and from 70 to 100 years old. Other alleys there are that go off at right angles with the long one, small groves and walled gardens of Earl Patrick's planting, full of broad leaved elms, oaks, birch, black cherry trees, laburnums, etc., all of great stature and size, which have not till this week begun to shew the least sense of morning frosts. The third gate delivers you into a court with a broad pavement, and grass plats adorned with statues of the four Stuart kings,[1] bordered with old silver firs and yew trees alternately, and opening with an iron palisade on either side to two square old fashioned parterres surrounded by stone fruit walls. The house from the height of it, the greatness of its mass, the many towers a-top, and the spread of its wings, has really a very singular and striking appearance, like nothing I ever saw. You will comprehend something of its shape from the plan of the second floor, which I enclose. The wings are about fifty feet high, the body (which is the old castle with walls ten feet thick) is near 100 from the leads. I see to the South of me (just at the end of the avenue), the little town of Glames, the houses built of stone and slated, with a neat kirk and small square tower (a rarity in this region) just beyond it rises a beautiful round hill, and another ridge of a longer form adjacent to

[1] Which four?—[*Whitaker, MS. note.*]

it, both covered with woods of tall fir: beyond them peep over the black hills of *Sid-law*, over which winds the road to Dundee. To the North within about seven miles of me begin to rise the Grampians, hill above hill, on whose tops three weeks ago I could plainly see some traces of the snow, that fell in May last. To the East winds away the *Strath*, such as I have before described it, among the hills, which sink lower and lower, as they approach the sea. To the West the same valley (not plain, but broken unequal ground), runs on for above twenty miles in view: there I see the crags above Dunkeld, there *Beni-gloe* and *Beni-more* rise above the clouds, and there is that *She-Khallian*, that spires into a cone above them all, and lies at least 45 miles (in a direct line) from this place. L^d. S. who is the greatest farmer in this neighbourhood, is from break of day to dark night among his husbandmen and labourers; he has near 2000 acres of land in his own hands, and is at present employed in building a low wall of four miles long; and in widening the bed of the little river *Deane*, which runs to S. and S.E. of the house, from about twenty to fifty feet wide, both to prevent inundations, and to drain the lake of Forfar. This work will be two years more in completing; and must be three miles in length. All the Highlanders, that can be got, are employed in it; many of them know no English, and I hear them singing Erse songs all day long. The price of labour is eightpence a day; but to such, as will join together and engage to perform a certain

portion in a limited time, two shillings. I must say, that all our labours seem to prosper, and my L$^{d.}$ has casually found in digging such quantities of shell-marle, as not only to fertilize his own grounds, but are disposed of at a good price to all his neighbours. In his nurseries are thousands of oaks, beech, larches, horse-chesnuts, spruce-fir, etc., thick as they can stand, and whose only fault is, that they are grown tall and vigorous, before he has determined, where to plant them out. The most advantageous spot we have for beauty lies West of the house, where (when the stone walls of the meadows are taken away) the grounds (naturally unequal) will have a very park-like appearance. They are already full of trees, which need only thinning here and there to break the regularity of their lines, and through them winds the *Burn of Glames*, a clear and rapid trout-stream, which joins the R. Deane hard by. Pursuing the course of this brook upwards, you come to a narrow sequestered valley, sheltered from all winds, through which it runs murmuring among great stones; on one hand the ground gently rises into a hill, on the other are the rocky banks of the rivulet almost perpendicular, yet covered with sycamore, ash, and fir, that (though it seems to have no place or soil to grow in) yet has risen to a good height, and forms a thick shade. You may continue along this gill, and passing by one end of the village and its church for half-a-mile, it leads to an opening between the two hills covered with fir-woods, that I mentioned above, through which the

stream makes its way, and forms a cascade of ten or twelve feet over broken rocks. A very little art is necessary to make all this a beautiful scene. The weather till the last week has been in general very fine and warm: we have had no fires till now, and often have sat with the windows open an hour after sunset. Now and then a shower has come, and sometimes sudden gusts of wind descend from the mountains that finish as suddenly as they arose: but to-day it blows a hurricane. Upon the whole I have been exceedingly lucky in my weather, and particularly in my highland expedition of five days.

We set out then the 11th of September: and continuing along the Strath to the West passed through *Megill*, where is the tomb of *Queen Wanders, that was riven to dethe by staned-horses for nae gude, that she did.* So the women there told me, I am sure. Through Cowper of Angus; over the river Ila, then over a wide and dismal heath fit for an assembly of witches, till we came to a string of four small lakes in a valley, whose deep blue waters, and green margin, with a gentleman's house or two seated on them in little groves, contrasted with the black desert in which they were inchased. The ground now grew unequal, the hills more rocky seemed to close in upon us, till the road came to the brow of a steep descent, and (the sun then setting) between two woods of oak we saw far below us the river Tay come sweeping along at the bottom of a precipice at least 150 feet deep, clear as glass, full to the brim, and very rapid

in its course. It seemed to issue out of woods thick and tall, that rose on either hand, and were overhung by broken rocky crags of vast height; above them to the West the tops of higher mountains appeared, on which the evening clouds reposed. Down by the side of the river under the thickest shades is seated the town of Dunkeld: in the midst of it stands a ruined cathedral, the towers and shell of the building still entire. A little beyond it a large house of the Duke of Athol, with its offices and gardens extends a mile beyond the town, and as his grounds were interrupted by the streets and roads he has flung arches of communication across them, that add to the scenery of the place, which of itself is built of good white stone, and handsomely slated, so that no one would take it for a Scotch town till they come into it. Here we passed the night: if I told you how, you would bless yourself. Next day we set forward to Taymouth twenty-seven miles farther West, the road winding through beautiful woods with the Tay almost always in full view to the right, being here from three to four hundred feet over. The Strath-Tay from a mile to three miles or more wide, covered with corn and spotted with groups of people then in the midst of their harvest. On either hand a vast chain of rocky mountains, that changed their face and opened something new every hundred yards, as the way turned, or the clouds passed: in short altogether it was one of the most pleasing days I have passed these many years, and at every step I wished for

you. At the close of day, we came to *Balloch*, so the place was called; but now for decency *Taymouth;* improperly enough, for here it is that the river issues out of Loch Tay (a glorious lake fifteen miles long, and one and a half broad), surrounded with prodigious mountains. There on its North Eastern brink impending over it is the vast hill of Lawers: to the East is that monstrous creature of God, *Shekhallian* (*i.e.* the Maiden's Pap), spiring above the clouds. Directly West (beyond the end of the lake), *Beni-more* (the great mountain) rises to a most awful height, and looks down on the tomb of Fingal. Lord Braidalbane's *policy* (so they call here all such ground as is laid out for pleasure) takes in about 2000 acres, of which his house, offices, and a deer park about three miles round occupy the plain or bottom, which is little above a mile in breadth. Through it winds the Tay, which by means of a bridge I found here to be 156 feet over. His plantations and woods rise with the ground on either side the vale, to the very summit of the enormous crags, that overhang it. Along them on the mountain's side runs a terrass one mile and a half long, that overlooks the course of the river. From several seats and temples perched on particular rocky eminences you command the lake for many miles in length, which turns like some huge river, and loses itself among the mountains, that surround it. At its Eastern extremity, where the river issues out of it, on a Peninsula my Lord has built a neat little town and church with a high square tower,

and just before it lies a small round island in the lake covered with trees, amongst which are the ruins of some little religious house. Trees (by the way) grow here to great size and beauty. I saw four old chesnuts in the road, as you enter the park, of vast bulk and height. One beech tree I measured, that was sixteen feet, seven inches in the girth, and (I guess) near eighty feet in height. The gardener presented us with peaches, nectarines, and plums from the stone walls of the kitchen garden (for there are no brick nor hot walls); the peaches were good, the rest well tasted, but scarce ripe. We had also golden-pippins from an espalier (not ripe) and a melon very well flavoured and fit to cut. Of the house I have little to say; it is a very good nobleman's house handsomely furnished and well kept, very comfortable to inhabit, but not worth going far to see. Of the Earl's taste I have not much more to say, it is one of those noble situations, that man cannot spoil: it is however certain, that he has built an inn and a town just where his principal walks should have been, and in the most wonderful spot of ground, that perhaps belongs to him. In this inn however we lay, and next day returning down the river four miles we passed it over a fine bridge, built at the expence of the government, and continued our way to Logie-Rait, just below which in a most charming scene the *Tummell*, which is here the larger river of the two, falls into the Tay. We ferried over the Tummell in order to get into Marshal Wade's road (which leads from

Dunkeld to Inverness), and continued our way along it toward the North. The road is excellent, but dangerous enough in conscience, the river often running directly under us at the bottom of a precipice 200 feet deep, sometimes masqued indeed by wood, that finds means to grow where I could not stand: but very often quite naked and without any defence. In such places we walked for miles together partly for fear, and partly to admire the beauty of the country, which the beauty of the weather set off to the greatest advantage. As evening came on, we approached the Pass of Gillikrankie, where in the year 1745,[1] the Hessians with their Prince at their head stopped short, and refused to march a foot farther.

"Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisq in faucibus Orci,"

stands the solitary mansion of Mr. Robinson of Faseley. Close by it rises a hill covered with oak, with grotesque masses of rock staring from among their trunks, like the sullen countenances of Fingal and all his family frowning on the little mortals of modern days. From between this hill and the adjacent mountains pent in a narrow channel, comes roaring out the river Tummell, and falls headlong down involved in white foam, which rises into a mist all round it. —But my paper is deficient, and I must say nothing of the Pass itself, the black river Garry, the Blair

[1] 1746.—[*Whitaker, MS. note.*]

of Athol, Mount Beni-gloe, my return (by another road) to Dunkeld, the Hermitage, the *Stra-Brann*, and the rumbling Brigg. In short since I saw the Alps, I have seen nothing sublime till now. In about a week I shall set forward by the Stirling road on my return all alone. Pray for me, till I see you, for I dread Edinburgh and the itch; and expect to find very little in my way worth the perils I am to endure. My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton and the young ladies (including herself) and to Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan, if they are with you. Adieu.—I am ever yours, T. G.

[Endorsed Glames, September 1765.]

LXXXIII.—TO JAMES BEATTIE.[1]

Glames Castle, September 8, 1765.

A LITTLE journey I have been making to Arbroath has been the cause that I did not answer your very obliging letter so soon as I ought to have done. A man of merit, that honours me with his esteem, and has the frankness to tell me so, doubtless can need no excuse: his apology is made, and we are already acquainted, however distant from each other.

I fear I cannot (as I would wish) do myself the pleasure of waiting on you at Aberdeen, being under

1 Dr James Beattie (1735-1803), Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic in the Marischal College, Aberdeen, and author of *The Minstrel*.—[*Ed.*]

an engagement to go to-morrow to Taymouth, and, if the weather will allow it, to the Blair of Athol: this will take up four or five days, and at my return the approach of winter will scarce permit me to think of any farther expeditions northwards. My stay here will, however, be a fortnight or three weeks longer; and if in that time any business or invitation should call you this way, Lord Strathmore gives me commission to say, he shall be extremely glad to see you at Glames; and doubt not it will be a particular satisfaction to me to receive and thank you in person for the favourable sentiments you have entertained of me, and the civilities with which you have honoured me.

LXXXIV.—TO JAMES BEATTIE.

Glames Castle, October 2, 1765.

I MUST beg you would present my most grateful acknowledgments to your society for the public mark of their esteem, which you say they are disposed to confer on me.[1] I embrace, with so deep and just a sense of their goodness, the substance of that honour they do me, that I hope it may plead my pardon with them if I do not accept the form. I have been, Sir, for several years a member of the

[1] The Marischal College of Aberdeen had desired to know whether it would be agreeable to Mr. Gray to receive from them the degree of Doctor of Laws. Mr. Beattie wrote to him on the subject, and this is the answer.—[*Mason.*]

University of Cambridge, and formerly (when I had some thoughts of the profession) took a Bachelor of Laws' degree there; since that time, though long qualified by my standing, I have always neglected to finish my course, and claim my doctor's degree: judge, therefore, whether it will not look like a slight, and some sort of contempt, if I receive the same degree from a Sister University. I certainly would avoid giving any offence to a set of men, among whom I have passed so many easy, and I may say, happy hours of my life; yet shall ever retain in my memory the obligations you have laid me under, and be proud of my connection with the University of Aberdeen.

It is a pleasure to me to find that you are not offended with the liberties I took when you were at Glames; you took me too literally, if you thought I meant in the least to discourage you in your pursuit of poetry: all I intended to say was, that if either vanity (that is, a general and undistinguishing desire of applause), or interest, or ambition has any place in the breast of a poet, he stands a great chance in these our days of being severely disappointed; and yet, after all these passions are suppressed, there may remain in the mind of one, "ingenti perculsus amore" (and such I take you to be), incitements of a better sort, strong enough to make him write verse all his life, both for his own pleasure and that of all posterity.

I am sorry for the trouble you have had to gratify

my curiosity and love of superstition;[1] yet I heartily thank you. On Monday, Sir, I set forward on my way to England; where if I can be of any little use to you, or should ever have the good fortune to see you, it will be a particular satisfaction to me. Lord Strathmore and the family here desire me to make their compliments to you.

P.S.—Remember Dryden, and be blind to all his faults.[2]

LXXXV.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

1765.

DEAR MASON—*Res est sacra miser* (says the poet), but I say it is the happy man that is the sacred thing, and therefore let the profane keep their distance. He is one of Lucretius' gods, supremely blessed in the contemplation of his own felicity, and what has he to do with worshippers? This, mind, is the first reason why

[1] Mr. Gray, when in Scotland, had been very inquisitive after the popular superstitions of the country. His correspondent sent him two books on this subject, foolish ones indeed, as might be expected, but the best that could be had: a *History of Second Sight* and a *History of Witches*.—[*Mason.*]

[2] Mr. Beattie, it seems, in their late interview had expressed himself with less admiration of Dryden than Mr. Gray thought his due. He told him in reply, "that if there was any excellence in his own numbers he had learned it wholly from that great poet. And pressed him with great earnestness to study him, as his choice of words and versification were singularly happy and harmonious."—[*Mason.*]

I did not come to York: the second is, that I do not love confinement, and probably by next summer may be permitted to touch whom, and where, and with what I think fit, without giving you any offence: the third and last, and not the least perhaps, is, that the finances were at so low an ebb that I could not exactly do what I wished, but was obliged to come the shortest road to town and recruit them. I do not justly know what your taste in reasons may be, since you altered your condition, but there is the ingenious, the petulant, and the dull; for you any one would have done, for in my conscience I do not believe you care a halfpenny for reasons at present; so God bless ye both, and give ye all ye wish, when ye are restored to the use of your wishes.

I am returned from Scotland charmed with my expedition; it is of the Highlands I speak; the Lowlands are worth seeing once, but the mountains are ecstatic, and ought to be visited in pilgrimage once a year. None but those monstrous creatures of God know how to join so much beauty with so much horror. A fig for your poets, painters, gardeners, and clergymen, that have not been among them; their imagination can be made up of nothing but bowling-greens, flowering shrubs, horse-ponds, Fleet ditches, shell grottoes, and Chinese rails. Then I had so beautiful an autumn, Italy could hardly produce a nobler scene, and this so sweetly contrasted with that perfection of nastiness, and total want of accommodation, that Scotland only can supply. Oh, you would

have blessed yourself. I shall certainly go again; what a pity it is I cannot draw, nor describe, nor ride on horseback.

Stonhewer is the busiest creature upon earth except Mr. Fraser; they stand pretty tight, for all his Royal Highness.[1] Have you read (oh no, I had forgot) Dr. Lowth's pamphlet against your uncle the Bishop? Oh, how he works him. I hear he will soon be on the same bench. To-day Mr. Hurd came to see me, but we had not a word of that matter; he is grown pure and plump, just of the proper breadth for a celebrated town-preacher. There was Dr. Balguy too; he says Mrs. Mason is very handsome, so you are his friend for ever. Lord Newnham, I hear, has ill health of late; it is a nervous case, so have a care. How do your eyes do?

Adieu: my respects to the bride. I would kiss her, but you stand by and pretend it is not the fashion, though I know they do so at Hull.—I am ever yours, T. G.

[1] This probably relates to the death of the Duke of Cumberland, who was understood to have formed the present administration, and to constitute great part of its strength.—[*Mason.*]

LXXXVI.—TO HORACE WALPOLE.

Cambridge, December 13, 1765.

I AM very much obliged to you for the detail you enter into on the subject of your own health, in this you cannot be too circumstantial for me, who had received no account of you, but at second hand: such as, that you were dangerously ill, and therefore went to France; that you meant to try a better climate, and therefore staid at Paris; that you had relapsed, and were confined to your bed, and extremely in vogue, and supped in the best company, and were at all public diversions. I rejoiced to find (improbable as it seemed) that all the wonderful part of this is strictly true, and that the serious part has been a little exaggerated. This latter I conclude, not so much from your own account of yourself, as from the spirits in which I see you write: and long may they continue to support you! I mean in a reasonable degree of elevation; but if (take notice) they are so volatile, so flippant, as to suggest any of those doctrines of health, which you preach with all the zeal of a French atheist; at least, if they really do influence your practice; I utterly renounce them and all their works. They are *evil spirits*, and will lead you to destruction.—You have long built your hopes on temperance, you say, and hardiness. On the first point we are agreed. The second has totally disappointed you, and *therefore* you will persist in it, by all means. But then be sure to persist too in being

young, in stopping the course of time, and making the shadow return back upon your sun dial. If you find this not so easy, acquiesce with a good grace in my anilities, put on your under stockings of yarn, or woollen, even in the night time. Don't provoke me! or I shall order you two night caps (which by the way would do your eyes good), and put a little of any French liqueur into your water, they are nothing but brandy and sugar, and among their various flavours, some of them may surely be palatable enough. The pain in your feet I *can bear;* but I shudder at the sickness in your stomach, and the weakness that still continues. I conjure you, as you love yourself; I conjure you by Strawberry, not to trifle with these edge-tools. There is no cure for the gout, when in the stomach, but to throw it into the limbs. There is no relief for the gout in the limbs, but in gentle warmth and gradual perspiration.

I was much entertained with your account of our neighbours. As an Englishman and an Antigallican, I rejoice at their dulness and their nastiness, though I fear we shall come to imitate them in both. Their atheism is a little too much, too shocking to rejoice at. I have been long sick at it in their authors, and hated them for it; but I pity their poor innocent people of fashion. They were bad enough when they believed everything!

I have searched where you directed me, which I could not do sooner, as I was at London when I received your letter, and could not easily find her

Grace's[1] works. Here they abound in every library. The print you ask after is the frontispiece to *Nature's Pictures drawn by Fancy's pencil.* But lest there should be any mistake, I must tell you the family are not at dinner, but sitting round a rousing fire and telling stories. The room is just such a one as we lived in at Rheims: I mean as to the glazing and ceiling. The chimney is supported by cariatides: over the mantle-piece the arms of the family. The duke and duchess are crowned with laurel. A servant stands behind him, holding a hat and feather. Another is shutting a window. Diepenbecke delin. and (I think) S. Clouwe sculps. It is a very pretty and curious print, and I thank you for the sight of it. If it ever was a picture, what a picture to have! I must tell you, that upon cleaning an old picture here at St. John's Lodge, which I always took for a Holbein, on a ring which the figure wears, they have found H. H. It has been always called B. V. Fisher; but is plainly a layman, and probably Sir Anthony Denny, who was a benefactor to the college.

What is come of your Sevigné curiosity? I should be glad of a line now and then, when you have leisure. I wish you well, and am ever yours, T. GRAY.

[1] Duchess of Newcastle.

LXXXVII.—TO JAMES BENTHAM.

About the year 1765.

To the Rev. Mr. Bentham[1]—Mr. Gray returns the papers and prints to Mr. Bentham, with many thanks for the sight of them.

Concludes he has laid aside his intention of publishing the first four sections of his Introduction, that contain the settlement and progress of Christianity among the Saxons; as (however curious and instructive of themselves) they certainly have too slight a connection with the subject in hand to make a part of the present work.

Has received much entertainment and information from his remarks on the state of Architecture among the Saxons, and thinks he has proved his point against the authority of Stow and Somner. The words of Eddius, Richard of Hexham, etc., must be everywhere cited in the original tongue, as the most accurate translation is in these cases not to be trusted; this Mr. B. has indeed commonly done in the MSS., but not everywhere.

P. 31. He says, the instances Sir C. Wren brings, were, *some of them at least*, undoubtedly erected after the Conquest. Sure they were all so without exception.

There is much probability in what he asserts with

[1] Bentham's "Essay on Gothic Architecture" had been falsely attributed to Gray. James Bentham, Prebendary of Ely (1708-1794), author of *The History of Ely*.—[*Ed.*]

respect to the *New Norman Mode* of building; though this is not, nor perhaps can be, made out with so much precision as the former point.

P. 35. Here, where the Author is giving a compendious view of the peculiarities that distinguish the Saxon style, it might be mentioned, that they had no tabernacles (or niches and canopies), nor any statues to adorn their buildings on the outside, which are the principal grace of what is called the Gothic; the only exception that I can recollect, is a little figure of Bishop Herebert Losing over the north transept door at Norwich, which appears to be of that time: but this is rather a mezzo-relievo than a statue, and it is well known that they used reliefs sometimes with profusion, as in the Saxon gateway of the Abbey at Bury, the gate of the Temple Church at London, and the two gates at Ely, etc.

The want of pinnacles and of tracery in the vaults, are afterwards mentioned, but may as well be placed here too (in short) among the other characteristics.

Escutcheons of arms are hardly (if ever) seen in these fabrics, which are the most frequent of all decorations in after-times.

P. 34. Besides the chevron-work (or zig-zag moulding), so common, which is here mentioned, there is also,

The *Billeted-moulding*, as if a cylinder should be cut into small pieces of equal length, and these stuck on alternately round the face of the arches, as in the choir at Peterborough, and at St. Cross, etc.

The *Nail-head*, resembling the heads of great nails driven in at regular distances, as in the nave of old St. Paul's, and the great tower of Hereford, etc.

The *Nebule*, a projection terminated by an undulating line as under the upper range of windows, on the outside of Peterborough.

Then to adorn their vast massive columns there was the *spiral-grove* winding round the shafts, and the *net*, or *lozenge-work*, overspreading them, both of which appear at Durham, and the first in the undercroft at Canterbury.

These few things are mentioned only, because Mr. Bentham's work is so nearly complete in this part, that one would wish it were quite so. His own observation may doubtless suggest to him many more peculiarities, which, however minute in appearance, are not contemptible, because they directly belong to his subject, and contribute to ascertain the age of an edifice at first sight. The great deficiency is from Henry VIth's time to the Reformation, when the art was indeed at its height.

P. 36. At York, under the choir, remains much of the old work, built by Archbishop Roger, of Bishop's-bridge, in Henry IId's reign; the arches are but just pointed, and rise on short round pillars, whose capitals are adorned with animals and foliage.

P. 37. Possibly the pointed arch might take its rise from those arcades we see in the early Norman (or Saxon) buildings on walls, where the wide semi-circular arches cross and intersect each other, and form

thereby at their intersection exactly a narrow and sharp-pointed arch. In the wall south of the choir at St. Cross, is a facing of such wide, round, interlaced arches by way of ornament to a flat vacant space; only so much of it as lies between the legs of the two neighbouring arches, where they cross each other, is pierced through the fabric, and forms a little range of long pointed windows. It is of King Stephen's time.

P. 43. As Mr. B. has thought it proper to make a compliment to the *present set of governors* in their respective churches, it were to be wished he would insert a little reflection on the rage of repairing, beautifying, whitewashing, painting, and gilding, and above all, the mixture of Greek (or Roman) ornaments in Gothic edifices. This well-meant fury has been, and will be little less fatal to our ancient magnificent edifices, than the Reformation and the civil wars.

Mr. G. would wish to be told (at Mr. Bentham's leisure) whether over the great pointed arches, on which the western tower at Ely rises, anything like a semicircular curve appears in the stone work? and whether the screen (or rood-loft) with some part of the south-cross, may not possibly be a part of the more ancient church built by Abbot Simeon and Fitz-Gilbert.

LXXXVIII.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

Pembroke College, March 5, 1766.

DEAR DOCTOR—I am amazed at myself, when I think I have never wrote to you: to be sure it is the sin of witchcraft or something worse. Something indeed might be said for it, had I been married like Mason, who (for the first time since that great event) has just thought fit to tell me, that he never passed so happy a winter as the last, and this in spite of his anxieties, which perhaps (he says) might even make a part of his happiness: for his wife is by no means in health, she has a constant cough, yet he is assured her lungs are not affected, and that it is nothing of the consumptive kind. What say you to this case? May I flatter him, that breeding will be a cure for this disorder? If so, I hear she is in a fair way to be well. As to me I have been neither happy nor miserable: but in a gentle stupefaction of mind, and very tolerable health of body hitherto. If they last, I shall not much complain. The accounts one has lately had from all parts make me suppose you buried under the snow, like the old Queen of Denmark. As soon as you are dug out, I should rejoice to hear your voice from the battlements of Old Park. The greatest cold we have felt here was January 2, Thermom. (in the garden) at four in the afternoon standing at 30½ Deg. and the next day fell a little snow, which did not lie: it was the first we had had during the winter. Again, February 5, toward night, Therm. was down at 30 Deg.

with a clear sky; the Snowdrops then beginning to blow in the garden. Next day was a little snow, but on the 11th and 12th fell a deep snow (the weather not very cold) which however was melted on the 15th, and made a flood in the river. Next day the Thrush was singing, and the Rooks building. At and about London instead of snow they had heavy rains. On the 19th the red Hepatica blew, and next day the Primrose. The Crocus is now in full bloom. So ends my chronicle.

My Oracle[1] of State (who now and then utters a little, as far as he may with discretion) is a very slave and pack horse, that never breathes any air better than that of London, except like an apprentice, on Sundays with his Master and Co.: however he is in health, and a very good boy. It is strange, the turn that things have taken. That the late Ministry should negociate a reconciliation with Lord Bute, and that Lord Temple should join them; that they should after making their (bad) apologies be received with a gracious kind of contempt, and told that his Lordship could enter into no political connections with them: that on the first division on the American business that happened in the House of Lords they should however all join to carry a point against the Ministry by a majority indeed of four only, but the Duke of York present and making one: that when the Ministers expostulated in a proper place, they should be seriously assured the King would support

[1] I believe Gray alludes to Richard Stonehewer.—[*Mit.*]

them. That on a division on an insignificant point to try their strength in the House of Commons they should again lose it by 12 majority: that they should persist nevertheless: that Mr. Pitt should appear *tanquam e Machinâ*, speak for three hours and a half, and assert the rights of the Colonies in their greatest latitude: that the Minister should profess himself ready to act with and even serve under him: that he should receive such a compliment with coldness, and a sort of derision: that Norton should move to send him to the Tower: that when the great questions came on, the Ministry should always carry their point at one, two, three in the morning by majorities of 110 and 170 (Mr. Pitt entirely concurring with them, and the Tories, people of the Court, and many Placemen, even Lord G. Sackville, constantly voting against them) all these events are unaccountable on any principles of common sense. I attribute much of the singular part to the interposition of *women* as rash as they are foolish. On Monday (I do not doubt, though as yet I do not certainly know it) the Bill to repeal the Stamp Act went through that House, and to-day it is before the Lords, who surely will not venture to throw it out. Oh, that they would!—but after this important business is well over, there must be an eclaircissement: some amends must be made, and some gracious condescensions insisted on, or else who would go on, that really means to serve his country! The D. of Bedford and Lord Temple were gone down to their villas, and I believe are not likely to come

back. Lord Chesterfield, who had not been for many years at the House, came the other day to qualify himself in order to leave a Proxy, that should vote with the Ministry. Somebody (I thought) made no bad application of those lines in *Virgil*, Lib. 6, v. 489.[1]

"At Danaûm proceres, Agamemnoniæq. Phalanges," etc.,

to Mr. Pitt's first appearance (for no one expected him) in the House. Turn to the place.

Everything is politics. There are no literary productions worth your notice, at least of our country. The French have finished their great *Encyclopædia* in 17 volumes: but there are many flimsy articles very hastily treated, and great incorrectness of the press. There are now 13 volumes of Buffon's *Natural History*, and he is not come to the Monkeys yet, who are a very numerous people. The *Life of Petrarch*[2]

[1] At Danaûm proceres, Agamemnoniæq. phalanges,
Ut vidêre virum, fulgentiaque arma per umbras,
Ingenti trepidare metu; pars vertere terga,
Ceu quondam petiere ratis: pars tollere vocem,
Exiguam: inceptus clamor frustratur hiantis.

[2] *Mémoires pour la Vie de François Pétrarque, tirés de ses Œuvres, & des Auteurs Contemporains, par L'Abbé de Sade.* 3 Tom. 4to, 1764. The "Essay on the Life and Character of Petrarch," by F. Tytler, Lord Woodhouslee, is directed against the Hypothesis of the Abbé de Sade, that the Laura of Petrarch was *Laura de Noves*, who married *Hugh de Sade.* In a Note to the 6th Volume of his *Roman History* (p. 567) Gibbon sketches the character of this Work—"The *Mémoires sur la Vie de Pétrarque* (he says) form a copious, original, and entertaining Work, a labour of love, composed from the accurate study of Petrarch and his contemporaries. But the Hero is too often lost in the general history of the age, and the Author too often languishes in the affectation of politeness and gallantry."—*Mit.*

has entertained me: it is not well written, but very curious and laid together from his own letters and the original writings of the 14th century. So that it takes in much of the history of those obscure times, and the characters of many remarkable persons. There are 2 vols. 4to, and another (unpublished yet) that will complete it.

Mr. W[alpole] writes me now and then a long and lively letter from Paris, to which place he went the last Summer with the gout upon him sometimes in his limbs, often in his stomach and head. He has got somehow well (not by means of the climate, one would think) goes to all public places, sees all the best company and is very much in fashion. He says, he sunk like Queen Eleanor at Charing Cross, and has risen again at Paris. He returns again in April: but his health is certainly in a deplorable state. Mad. de la Perriere[1] is come over from the Hague to be Ministress at London. Her father-in-law Viry is now first Minister at Turin. I sat a morning with her before I left London. She is a prodigious fine lady, and a Catholick (though she did not expressly own it to me) not fatter than she was: she had a cage of foreign birds and a piping bullfinch at her elbow, two little dogs on a cushion in her lap, a cockatoo on her shoulder, and a strong suspicion of rouge on her cheeks. They were all exceeding glad to see me, and I them.

Pray tell me the history of your Winter, and present my respects to Mrs. Wharton. I hope Miss

[1] Miss Speed, of the *Long Story*.—[*Ed.*]

Wharton and Miss Peggy with the assistance of sister Betty make a great progress in Natural History: recommend me to all their good graces, and believe me ever truly yours.

If you chance to see or send to Mr. and Mrs. Leighton, I will trouble you to make my compliments: I have never received the box of shells, though possibly it may wait for me at Mr. Jonathan's in town, where I shall be in April. Mr. Brown is well, and desires to be remembered to you and Mrs. Wharton. I have just heard, there are like to be warm debates in the House of Lords, but that the Ministry will undoubtedly carry it in spite of them all. They say Lord Camden will soon be chancellor.

LXXXIX.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

Jermyn Street, May 15, 1766.

DEAR SIR—To-morrow morning I set out for Canterbury. If any letter comes, I believe it will be better to direct to me as usual at Mr. Roberts's here, and he will take care to send it. I know not how long my stay in Kent may be: it depends on the agreeability of Mr. Robinson and his wife.

You expect to hear who is Secretary of State. I cannot tell.[1] It is sure this morning it was not determined; perhaps Lord Egmont; perhaps Lord

[1] May 23, 1766, Charles Duke of Richmond was appointed Secretary of State, *vice* the Duke of Grafton. Succeeded August 2, by the Earl of Shelburne.

Hardwicke (for I do not believe he has refused, as is said); perhaps you may hear of three instead of two. Charles Townshend affirms he has rejected both that office and a peerage; doubtless from his firm adherence to Mr. Pitt—a name which the court, I mean Lord Tt., Lord Nd., and even Lord B.[1] himself, at present affect to celebrate, with what design you are to judge. You have doubtless heard of the honour done to your friend Mrs. Macaulay. Mr. Pitt has made a panegyric of her *History* in the house. It is very true Wilkes has arrived. The tumults in Spain spread wider and wider, while at Naples they are publicly thanking God for their cessation; perhaps you may hear. All is not well in Ireland. It is very late at night. Adieu. Pa. went home to-day, and Mr. Weddell with him. J. Wheeler has returned from Lisbon. The great match will not be till after Christmas. Tom[2] is gone to Scotland. It is sure the lady did refuse both Lord Mountstuart and the Duke of Beaufort. Good-night.

I came away in debt to you for two post-chaises. Pray set it down.

XC.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

Pembroke Hall, August 26, 1766.

DEAR SIR—It is long since that I heard you were gone in hast into Yorkshire on account of your mother's illness; and the same letter informed me

[1] Lord Talbot, Lord Northumberland, Lord Bute.

[2] This is Lyon.—[*Mit.*]

that she was recovered; otherwise I had then wrote to you, only to beg you would take care of her, and to inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one never can have any more than a single mother. You may think this is obvious, and (what you call) a trite observation. You are a green gosling! I was at the same age (very near) as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction, I mean) till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and seems but yesterday; and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart. Many a corollary could I draw from this axiom for your use (not for my own) but I will leave you the merit of doing it yourself. Pray tell me how your own health is. I conclude it perfect, as I hear you offered yourself for a guide to Mr. Palgrave, into the Sierra-Morena of Yorkshire. For me, I passed the end of May and all June in Kent not disagreeably; the country is all a garden, gay, rich, and fruitful, and (from the rainy season) had preserved, till I left it, all that emerald verdure, which commonly one only sees for the first fortnight of the spring. In the west part of it from every eminence the eye catches some long winding reach of the Thames or Medway, with all their navigation; in the east, the sea breaks in upon you, and mixes its white transient sails and glittering blue expanse with the deeper and brighter greens of the woods and corn. This last sentence is so fine, I am quite ashamed; but, no matter! you must translate

it into prose. Palgrave, if he heard it, would cover his face with his pudding sleeve. I went to Margate for a day; one would think it was Bartholomew fair that had *flown* down from Smithfield to Kent in the London machine, like my Lady Stuffdamask (to be sure you have read the *New Bath Guide*,[1] the most fashionable of books): so then I did *not* go to Kingsgate, because it belonged to my Lord Holland; but to Ramsgate I did, and so to Sandwich, and Deal, and Dover, and Folkestone, and Hythe, all along the coast, very delightful. I do not tell you of the great and small beasts, and creeping things innumerable that I met with, because you do not suspect that this world is inhabited by anything but men and women and clergy, and such two-legged cattle. Now I am here again very disconsolate and all alone, even Mr. Brown is gone; and the cares of this world are coming thick upon me; I do not mean children. You, I hope, are better off, riding and walking in the woods of Studley with Mr. Aislaby, singing duets with my cousin Fanny, improving with Mr. Weddell, conversing with Mr. Harry Duncomb. I must not wish for you here; besides, I am going to town at Michaelmas, by no means for amusement. Do you remember how we are to go into Wales next year? well!—Adieu, I am sincerely yours, T. G.

[1] The *New Bath Guide*, which had just appeared, was a very bright satire in rattling rhyme on the foibles of Bath society. The author, Christopher Anstey (1724-1805), had been at Cambridge, and was favourably known to Gray.—[*Ed.*]

P.S.—Pray how does poor Temple find himself in his new situation? Is Lord Lisburne as good as his letters were? What is come of the father and brother? Have you seen Mason?

XCI.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR—Whatever my pen may do, I am sure my thoughts expatiate nowhere oftener or with more pleasure, than to Old Park. I hope you have made my peace with Miss Deborah. It is certain, whether her name were in my letter or not, she was as present to my memory, as the rest of the little family, and I desire you would present her with two kisses in my name, and one a piece to all the others; for I shall take the liberty to kiss them all (great and small) as you are to be my proxy.

In spite of the rain, which I think continued with very short intervals till the beginning of this month, and quite effaced the summer from the year, I made a shift to pass May and June not disagreeably in Kent. I was surprised at the beauty of the road to Canterbury, which (I know not why) had not struck me in the same manner before. The whole country is a rich and well cultivated garden, orchards, cherry grounds, hop gardens, intermixed with corn and frequent villages, gentle risings covered with wood, and everywhere the Thames and Medway breaking in upon the landscape with all their navigation. It was indeed owing to the bad weather, that the whole

scene was dressed in that tender emerald-green, which one usually sees only for a fortnight in the opening of spring, and this continued till I left the country. My residence was eight miles east of Canterbury in a little quiet valley on the skirts of Barham-Down.[1] In these parts the whole soil is chalk, and whenever it holds up, in half an hour it is dry enough to walk out. I took the opportunity of three or four days fine weather to go into the Isle of Thanet, saw Margate (which is Bartholomew Fair by the sea side), Ramsgate, and other places there, and so came by Sandwich, Deal, Dover, Folkestone, and Hythe, back again. The coast is not like Hartlepool: there are no rocks, but only chalky cliffs of no great height, till you come to Dover. There indeed they are noble and picturesque, and the opposite coasts of France begin to bound your view, which was left before to range unlimited by anything but the horizon: yet it is by no means a *shipless* sea, but everywhere peopled with white sails and vessels of all sizes in motion; and take notice (except in the Isle, which is all corn fields, and has very little enclosure) there are in all places hedgerows and tall trees even within a few yards of the beach, particularly Hythe stands on an eminence covered with wood. I shall confess we had fires of a night (aye, and a day too) several times even in June: but don't go and take advantage of this, for

[1] At Denton, where his friend the Rev. William Robinson, brother to Matthew Robinson, Esq., late Member for Canterbury, then resided.—[*Mason.*]

it was the most untoward year that ever I remember.

Your friend Rousseau (I doubt) grows tired of Mr. Davenport and Derbyshire. He has picked a quarrel with David Hume, and writes him letters of fourteen pages folio upbraiding him with all his *noirceurs*. Take one only as a specimen, he says, that at Calais they chanced to sleep in the same room together, and that he overheard David talking in his sleep, and saying, "*Ah! je le tiens, ce Jean Jacques là.*" In short (I fear) for want of persecution and admiration (for these are his real complaints) he will go back to the Continent.

What shall I say to you about the ministry? I am as angry as a common council man of London about my Lord Chatham: but a little more patient, and will hold my tongue till the end of the year. In the meantime I do mutter in secret and to you, that to quit the House of Commons, his natural strength; to sap his own popularity and grandeur (which no one but himself could have done) by assuming a foolish title; and to hope that he could win by it and attach to him a court, that hate him, and will dismiss him, at soon as ever they dare, was the weakest thing, that ever was done by so great a man. Had it not been for this, I should have rejoiced at the breach between him and Lord Temple, and at the union between him and the Duke of Grafton and Mr. Conway· but patience! we shall see! Stonehewer perhaps is in the country (for he hoped for a month's

leave of absence) and if you see him, you will learn more than I can tell you.

Mason is at Aston.[1] He is no longer so anxious about his wife's health, as he was, though I find she still has a cough, and moreover I find she is not with child: but he made such a bragging, how could one choose but believe him.

When I was in town, I marked in my pocket-book the utmost limits and divisions of the two columns in your thermometer, and asked Mr. Ayscough the instrument maker on Ludgate Hill, what scales they were. He immediately assured me, that one was Fahrenheit's, and shewed me one exactly so divided. The other he took for Reaumur's, but, as he said there were different scales of his contrivance, he could not exactly tell, which of them it was. Your brother told me, you wanted to know, who wrote Duke Wharton's life in the *Biographia:* I think, it is chiefly borrowed from a silly book enough called *Memoirs of that Duke*, but who put it together there, no one can inform me. The only person certainly known to write

[1] Mason called on me the other day, he is grown extremely fat, and his wife extremely lean, indeed in the last stage of a consumption. I inquired of her health, he said she was something better, and that I suppose encouraged him to come out, but Dr. Balguy tells me that Heberden says she is irretrievably gone, and has touched upon it to him, and ought to do it to her. When the terms of such a sentence may impede the Doctor's endeavour to save, the pronouncing it, would be very indiscreet, but in a consumption confirmed, it is a work of charity, as the patient is always deluded with hopes to the very last breath.—[*Warburton.*]

in that vile collection (I mean these latter volumes) is Dr. Nicholls, who was expelled here for stealing books.

Have you read the *New Bath Guide?* it is the only thing in fashion, and is a new and original kind of humour. *Miss Prue's Conversion* I doubt you will paste down, as Sir W. St. Quintyn did, before he carried it to his daughter. Yet I remember you all read *Crazy Tales*[1] without pasting. Buffon's first collection of monkeys are come out (it makes the fourteenth volume) something, but not much to my edification: for he is pretty well acquainted with their persons, but not with their manners.

I shall be glad to hear, how far Mrs. Ettrick has succeeded, and when you see an end to her troubles. My best respects to Mrs. Wharton, and compliments to all your family: I will not name them, lest I should afront anybody. Adieu, dear Sir, I am most sincerely yours, T. G.

August 26, 1766, Pembroke College.

Mr. Brown is gone to see his brother near Margate. When is L^d. Str[athmore] to be married? If Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan are with you, I desire my compliments.

[1] *Crazy Tales* was a volume of very indelicate and foolish verses by Sterne's friend, John Hall Stevenson.—[*Ed.*]

XCII.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

August 1766.

Dear Mason—I rejoice to find you are both in health, and that one or other of you at least can have your teeming time: you are wise as a serpent, but the devil of a dove, in timing both your satire and your compliments. When a man[1] stands on the very verge of dissolution, with all his unblushing honours thick upon him; when the gout has nipped him in the bud and blasted all his hopes at least for one winter, then come you buzzing about his nose, and strike your sting deep into the reddest, angriest part of his toe, which will surely mortify. When another has been weak enough in the plenitude of power to disarm himself of his popularity, and to conciliate a court that naturally hates him, submits to be decked in their trappings and fondle their lap-dogs, then come you to lull him with your gentlest hum, recalling his good deeds, and hoping what I (with all my old partialities) scarce should dare to hope, if I had but any one else to put my trust in. Let you alone, where spite and interest are in view: ay, ay, Mrs. M. (I see) will be a bishopess.

Well, I transcribed your wickedness in a print hand, and sent it by last Sunday's post to Dr. Gisborne, with your orders about it, for I had heard

[1] Lord Chatham; a few months seemed to restore him to all his popularity, as was evinced by the King's visit to the City.—[*Mason.*]

St[onehewer] say that he hoped for a month's respite to go into the North, and did not know but he might be gone. G. was to send me word he had received it, but has not yet done so, and (Lord bless me) who knows but he may be gone into Derbyshire, and the Ode gone after him; if so, mind I am innocent, and meant for the best. I liked it vastly, and thought it very well turned and easy, especially the diabolical part of it. I fear it will not keep, and would have wished the public might have eat it fresh; but, if any untoward accident should delay it, it will be still better than most things that appear at their table.

I shall finish where you begun, with my apology. You say you have neglected me, and (to make it relish the better) with many others: for my part I have not neglected you, but I have always considered the happy, that is, new-married people, as too sacred or too profane a thing to be approached by me; when the year is over, I have no longer any respect or aversion for them.

Adieu: I am in no spirits, and perplexed besides with many little cares, but always sincerely yours,

T. G.

P.S.—My best respects to Madam in her grogram gown. I have long since heard that you were out of pain with regard to her health. Mr. Brown is gone to see his brother near Margate.

XCIII.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

Pembroke College, September 2, 1766.

My dear Sir—I was absent in Suffolk, and did not receive your melancholy letter till my return hither yesterday: so you must not attribute this delay to me, but to accident. To sympathize with you in such a loss[1] is an easy task for me, but to comfort you not so easy. Can I wish to see you unaffected with the sad scene now before your eyes, or with the loss of a person, that through a great part of your life has proved himself so kind a friend to you? He who best knows our nature (for he made us what we are) by such afflictions recalls us from our wandering thoughts and idle merriment, from the insolence of youth and prosperity, to serious reflection, to our duty and to himself: nor need we hasten to get rid of these impressions. Time (by appointment of the same power) will cure the smart, and in some hearts soon blot out all the traces of sorrow; but such as preserve them longest (for it is left partly in our own power), do perhaps best acquiesce in the will of the Chastiser.

For the consequences of this sudden loss I see them well, and (I think) in a like situation could fortify my mind so as to support them with cheerfulness and good hopes, though not naturally inclined to see things in their best aspect. Your cousins seem naturally kind and well disposed worthy young people:

[1] The death of his uncle, Governor Floyer.

your mother and they will assist one another; you too (when you have time to turn you round) must think seriously of your profession: you know I would have wished to see you wear the livery of it long ago; but I will not dwell on this subject at present. To be obliged to those we love and esteem is a pleasure, but to serve and to oblige them is a still greater, and this with independence (no vulgar blessings) are what a profession at your age may reasonably promise, without it they are hardly attainable. Remember, I speak from experience!

Poor Mr. Walpole is struck with a paralytic disorder.[1] I know it only from the papers, but think it very likely; he may live in this state, incapable of assisting himself, in the hands of servants or relations that only gape after his spoils, perhaps for years to come. Think how many things may befall a man far worse than death! Adieu, I sincerely wish your happiness, and am faithfully yours, T. G.

P.S.—I must go soon to London, but if you direct to me here, I shall have your letters. Let me know soon how you go on.

[1] This report turned out to be unfounded. Without fresh quarrel Gray and Walpole had by this time drifted far apart from one another.—[*Ed.*]

XCIV.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Pembroke Hall, October 5, 1766.

DEAR MASON—I was going to write to you when I received your letter, and on the same subject. The first news I had was from Stonhewer on the 23d September, in these words: "This morning Dr. Brown dispatched himself. He had been for several days past very low-spirited, and within the last two or three talked of the necessity of dying, in such a manner as to alarm the people about him. They removed, as they thought, everything that might serve his purpose; but he had contrived to get at a razor unknown to them, and took the advantage of a minute's absence of his servants to make use of it." I wrote to him again (I suspect he knows our secret, though not from me) to make farther enquiries, and he says, 27th September, "I have tried to find out whether there was any appearance or cause of discontent in Brown, but can hear of none. A bodily complaint of the gouty kind, that fell upon the nerves and affected his spirits in a very great degree, is all that I can get any information of; and I am told besides, that he was some years ago in the same dejected way, and under the care of proper attendants." Mr. W[alpole] too, in answer to a letter I had written to enquire after his health, after giving an account of himself while under the care of Pringle, adds, "He (Pringle) had another patient at the same time, who has ended very unhappily—that poor Dr.

Brown. The unfortunate man apprehended himself going mad, and two nights after cut his throat in bed." This is all I know at present of the matter. I have told it you literally, and I conceal nothing. As I go to town to-morrow, if I learn anything more you shall soon hear from me; in the meantime, I think we may fairly conclude that, if he had had any other cause added to his constitutional infirmity, it would have been uppermost in his mind. He would have talked or raved about it, and the first thing we should have heard of would have been this, which, I do assure you, I have never heard from anybody. There is in this neighbourhood a Mr. Wall, who once was in the Russian trade, and married a woman of that country. He always maintained that Dr. Brown would never go thither, whatever he might pretend, and that, though fond of the glory of being invited thither, he would certainly find or make a pretence for staying at home; very possibly, therefore, he might have engaged himself so far that he knew not how to draw back with honour, or might have received rough words from the Russian minister, offended with his prevarication. This supposition is at least as likely as yours, added to what I have said before; much more so, if it be necessary to suppose any other cause than the lunatic disposition of the man; and yet I will not disguise to you that I felt as you do on the first news of this sad accident, and had the same uneasy ideas about it.

I am sorry the cause you mention should be the

occasion of your coming to London, though, perhaps, change of air may do more than medicine. In this length of time I should think you must be fully apprised whether her looks, or strength, or embonpoint have suffered by this cough; if not, surely there is no real danger; yet I do not wonder she should wish to get rid of so troublesome a companion.

When I can meet with the book I will transcribe what you mention from Mallet. I shall write again soon. Do you know of any great, or at least rich, family that want a young man worth his weight in gold, to take care of their eldest hope. If you do, remember I have such a one, or shall have (I fear) shortly to sell; but they must not stand haggling about him; and besides, they must be very good sort of people too, or they shall not have him. Adieu. My respects to Mrs. Mason.—I am ever sincerely yours, T. G.

Mr. Brown desires his best compliments to you both.

XCV.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Jermyn Street, at Mr. Roberts's,
October 9, 1766.

DEAR MASON—I am desired to tell you, that if you still continue to be tired of residence, or are in any way moderately ambitious or covetous, there never was a better opportunity. The Duke of Grafton is

extremely well inclined, and you know who is at hand to give his assistance; but the apparent channel should be your friend, Lord Holdernesse, who is upon good terms. This was said to me in so friendly a way, that I could not but acquaint you of it immediately.

I have made enquiry, since I came hither, on a subject that seemed much to take up your thoughts, and, I do assure you, find not the least grounds to give you uneasiness. It was mere distemper, and nothing more. Adieu.—I am sincerely yours,

T. G.

My respects to Mrs. Mason.

XCVI.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

October 14, 1766.

My dear Sir—I have received a second instance of your kindness and confidence in me; and surely you hazard nothing in trusting me with the whole of your situation; it appears not to me so new as it does to you. You well know the tenour of my conversation (urged perhaps at times a little farther than you liked) has been intended to prepare you for this event, to familiarize your mind with this spectre that you call by its worst name; but remember that *Honesta res est læta paupertas.* I see it with respect, and so will every one whose poverty is not seated in their mind; there is but one real evil in it (take my word, who know it well), and that is, that you have

less the power of assisting others who have not the same resources to support them. It is this consideration that makes me remind you that Ansel[1] is lately dead, a lay-fellow of your college; that if Dr. Marriott (whose follies let us pardon, because he has some feeling, and means us well) be of little use, and if Dr. Hallifax (another simple friend of ours, perhaps with less sensibility) cannot serve us in this, yet Dr. Ridlington[2] is not immortal; you have always said to succeed him was not impracticable: I know it would be creditable, I know it would be profitable, I know it would, in lieu of a little drudgery, bring you freedom, that drudgery would with a little use grow easy. In the meantime, if any better prospect present itself, there you are ready to take advantage of the opportunity; in short, this was always my favourite project, and now more than ever, for reasons that will occur to yourself,—in waiting for the accomplishment of it you will take orders; and if your uncles are slow in their motions, you will accept a curacy (for a title will

[1] Ansel was a Fellow of Trinity Hall, twenty-two years senior in standing to Mr. Nicholls. Dr. Samuel Hallifax was originally of Jesus College, went to Trinity Hall somewhere between 1757 and 1764, and in the latter year was created LL.D., elected Professor of Arabic in 1768, and relinquishing that Professorship in 1770, was elected Professor of the Civil Law. In 1781 he became Bishop of Gloucester, and in 1789 he was translated to St. Asaph.—[*Mit.*]

[2] Dr. William Ridlington, of Trinity Hall, Professor of Civil Law from 1757 to his death in 1770. Gray probably alludes to Nicholls succeeding Ridlington as Tutor of the College. Nicholls took his degree of B.C.L. in 1766.—[*Mit.*]

be requisite), not under everybody that offers, but under some gentlemanlike friendly man, and in a Christian country. A profession you must have; why not then accommodate yourself cheerfully to its beginnings? you have youth, you have many kind well-intentioned people belonging to you, many acquaintance of your own, or families that will wish to serve you; consider how many have had the same or greater cause for dejection, with none of these resources before their eyes.

I am in town for a month or more, and wish to hear from you soon. Mr. Walpole has indeed been dangerously ill with the gout in his stomach, but nothing paralytic, as was said; he is much recovered, and gone to Bath. Adieu, dear sir, I am faithfully yours, T. G.

I will write again soon.

XCVII.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

Jermyn Street, October 23, 1766.

DEAR SIR—I observed that Ansel was dead, and made the same reflection about it that you did. I also wrote to remind N[icholls] of it, but have heard nothing since. We have great scarcity of news here. Everything is in Lord Ch.'s breast. If what lies hid there be no better than what comes to light, I would not give sixpence to know it. Spain was certainly offered to Lord Weymouth, and in the second place, some say to Sandwich; at last, perhaps, Sir James

Gray may go. But who goes Secretary do you think? I leave Mr. T. and you ten guesses a-piece, and yet they will be all wrong. Mr. Prowse has refused the Post Office. I do not believe in any more dukes, unless, perhaps, my Lord Marquis of Rockingham should like it. The Prince of Wales has been ill of what they call a fever. They say he is better, but Sir J. Pringle continues to lie every night at Kew. My Lady —— has discarded Thynne and taken to Sir T. Delaval, they say. The clothes are actually making, but possibly she may jilt them both. The clerk who was displaced in the Post Office lost £1700 a-year. Would you think there could be such under-offices there? Have you read Mr. Grenville's Considerations[1] on the merits of his own administration? It is all figures; so, I suppose, it must be true. Have you read Mr. Sharp the surgeon's *Travels into Italy?* I recommend these two authors to you instead of Livy and Quintilian.

Palgrave, I suppose, you have by this time seen and sifted; if not, I must tell you, his letter was dated from Glamis,[2] 30th September, Tuesday night. He was that day returned from my tour in the Highlands, delighted with their beauties, though he saw the Alps last year. The Friday following he was to

[1] George Grenville's *Candid Refutation of the Charges brought against the present Ministers, in a late pamphlet, entitled, The Principles of the late Charges impartially considered, in a Letter to the supposed Author.* 8vo, 1765.—[*Mit.*]

[2] Glamis, in Forfarshire, a seat of Lord Strathmore's.—[*Mit.*]

set out for Hetton,[1] where his stay would not be long; then pass four days at Newby,[2] and as much at York, and so to Cambridge, where, ten to one, he has not yet arrived. Tom outstripped Lord Panmure at the county court at Forfar all to nothing. Dr. Richmond[3] is body chaplain to the Duke of Athol, lives at Dunkeld, and eats muir-fowls' livers every day. If you know this already, who can help it?

Pray tell me, how do you do; and let me know the sum total of my bill. Adieu.—I am ever yours,

T. G.

Commend me to Mr. Talbot and Dr. Gisborne. Delaval is coming to you. Is Mr. Mapletoft there? If not, he will lie in my rooms.

XCVIII.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

Jermyn Street, November 18, 1766.

DEAR SIR—I paid the sum above-mentioned this morning at Gillam's office in Bishopsgate Street. The remittance you will please to pay out of it. I have not time to add all the bad news of the times,

[1] Hetton, in Durham, was the seat of the Hon. Thomas Lyon, brother of Lord Strathmore.—[*Mit.*]

[2] Newby was Mr. Weddell's seat in Yorkshire.—[*Mit.*]

[3] Probably Richard Richmond, who became Bishop of Sodor and Man 1773, and died in 1780, son of a Sylvester Richmond, rector of Walton, in Lancashire. He was of the family that produced many clergymen of that name in the last century, all descended from a Sylvester Richmond, a physician in Liverpool towards the close of the 17th century.—[*Mit.*]

but in a few days you shall have some of it; though the worst of all is just what I cannot write. I am perfectly out of humour, and so will you be.

Mason is here, and has brought his wife, a pretty, modest, innocent, interesting figure, looking like 18, though she is near 28. She does not speak, only whispers, and her cough as troublesome as ever; yet I have great hopes there is nothing consumptive. She is strong and in good spirits. We were all at the opera together on Saturday last. They desire their loves to you. I have seen Mr. Talbot and Delaval lately. Adieu.—I am ever yours, T. G.

I cannot find Mons. de la Chalotais[1] in any of the shops. Lord Strathmore, I am told, is to be married here. I know nothing of Pa. but that he was still at Mr. Weddell's a fortnight since. Be so good to tell me you have received this, if you can, by the return of the post.

XCIX.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

Pembroke College, January 19, 1767.

DEAR SIR—Do not think I forget you all this time; nothing less! I have daily thought on you, though to little purpose; perhaps the sense of my own inutility has been the reason of my silence; it is certain I have been well enough, and enough alone for the seven

[1] Probably the *Mémoires* of Louis René de Chalotais (1701-1785), the enemy of the Jesuits.—[*Ed.*]

or eight weeks that I have passed here; the last three of them indeed (during this dreadful weather) I have been nursing Mr. Brown, who has been under the surgeon's hands, and now just begins to go across the room. The moral of this is, that when you break your skin, you should not put the black sticking-plaster to it, which has been the cause of our sufferings; and thus at other people's expense we become wise, and thank heaven that it is not at our own.

I have often wished to talk to Dr. Hallifax about you, but have been restrained by the fear that my interposition, like your friend Dr. Marriott's, might do more hurt than good. In the meantime, I do suspect a little that our acquaintance at Nice is by no means so near his end as all good Christians might wish. My reasons are twofold. First, because I do not remember ever to have read in any newspaper that Lady Betty Beelzebub, or Master Moloch, or even old Sir Satan himself, or any of the good family were dead, therefore I may be allowed to doubt a little of their mortality. Secondly, is it not very possible that he may think his substitute here will not so readily go on without rising in his terms, nor do his drudgery so patiently unless he thought him likely soon to return? and as he has no such intention, what else can he do but make himself worse than he is, and order his nurse to write melancholy accounts of him to her friends here?

Had it not been for this ill-contrived notion of mine, I should have been glad to hear your uncles

were off their bargain.[1] It is sure that the situation you mention is reckoned as good as any part of the county. I, who lately was in the county, know that this is not saying a vast deal; but, however, now I wish it had succeeded. This at least we seem to learn from it, that they are in earnest, which is the great point; and I hope you have not been wanting in acknowledgments, nor shewed the least sulkiness at seeing the negotiation drop because the purchase was dear. I desire you would give yourself no airs!

The letter to your father was the very thing I meant to write to you about. If he is really dead, or dead to shame and humanity, it is no matter, a few words are lost; if he lives, who knows what may be the consequence? Why are you not in orders yet, pray? How have you passed this frightful piece of a winter? better, I daresay, and more comfortably than I. I have many *désagrémens* that surround me; they have not dignity enough to be called *misfortunes*, but they feel heavy on my mind. Adieu!—I wish you all happiness, and am sincerely yours, T. G.

[1] The Rev. Norton Nicholls (1741-1809) was presented by his uncles to the rectories of Sound and Bradwell in Suffolk in 1767. He rented a seat called Blundeston. He died November 22, 1809.—[*Ed.*]

C.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Pembroke Hall, January 27, 1767.

DEAR MASON—Dean Swift says, one never should write to one's friends but in high health and spirits. By the way it is the last thing people in those circumstances usually think of doing. But it is sure, if I were to wait for them, I never should write at all. At present, I have had for these six weeks a something growing in my throat, which nothing does any service to, and which will, I suppose, in due time stop up the passage. I go however about, and the pain is very little. You will say, perhaps, the malady is as little, and the stoppage is in the imagination; no matter for that. If it is not sufficient to prove want of health (for indeed this is all I ail), it is so much the stronger proof of the want of spirits. So, take it as you please, I carry my point, and shew you that it is very obliging in me to write at all. Indeed, perhaps on your account, I should not have done it, but, after three such weeks of Lapland weather, I cannot but enquire after Mrs. Mason's health. If she has withstood such a winter and her cough never the worse, she may defy the doctors and all their works. Pray, tell me how she is, for I interest myself for her, not merely on your account, but on her own. These last three mornings have been very vernal and mild. Has she tasted the air of the new year, at least in Hyde Park?

Mr. Brown will wait on her next week, and touch

her. He has been confined to lie on a couch, and under the surgeon's hands ever since the first of January with a broken shin, ill doctored. He has just now got abroad, and obliged to come to town about Monday, on particular business.

Stonhewer was so kind as to tell me the mystery now accomplished, before I received your letter. I rejoice in all his accessions. I wish you would persuade him to take unto him a wife, but do not let her be a fine lady. Adieu. Present my respects and good wishes to Argentile.[1]—I am truly yours,

T. G.

CI.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Sunday, February 15, 1767.

DEAR MASON—It grieves me to hear the bad account you give of our poor patient's health. I will not trouble you to enquire into the opinions of her physicians; as you are silent on that head, I doubt you are grown weary of the inutility of their applications. I, you will remember, am at a distance, and cannot judge, but by conjecture, of the progress her disorder seems to make, and particularly of that increasing weakness which seems, indeed, an alarming symptom. I am told that the sea-air is advised as likely to be beneficial, and that Lord Holdernesse offers you the use of Walmer Castle,[2] but that you wait till the

[1] Mrs. Mason.

[2] Lord Holdernesse had the Cinque Ports given to him on his retirement from office.—[*Mit.*]

spring is more advanced to put this in execution. I think I should by no means delay at all. The air of the coast is at all seasons warmer than that of the inland country. The weather is now mild and open, and (unless the rains increase) fit for travelling. Remember how well she bore the journey to London; and it is certain that sort of motion, in her case, instead of fatigue, often brings an accession of strength. I have lately seen that coast, and been in Deal Castle, which is very similar in situation to Walmer and many other little neighbouring forts; no doubt, you may be very well lodged and accommodated there. The scene is delightful in fine weather, but in a stormy day and high wind (and we are but just got so far in the year as the middle of February), exposed to all the rage of the sea and full force of the east wind; so that, to a person unused to the sea, it may be even dreadful. My idea, therefore, is that you might go at present to Ramsgate, which is sheltered from the north, and opening only to the south and south-east, with a very fine pier to walk on.[1] It is a neat town, seemingly, with very clean houses to lodge in, and one end of it only running down to the shore; it is at no season much pestered with company, and at present, I suppose, there is

[1] Sir Egerton Brydges told me that when Gray was staying in Kent with his friend the Rev. W. Robinson they went over to Ramsgate. The stone pier had just been built. Some one said, "For what did they make this pier?" Gray immediately said, "*For me to walk on,*" and proceeded, with long strides, to claim possession of it.—[*Mit.*]

nobody there. If you find Mrs. Mason the better for this air and situation (which God send), when May and fine settled weather come in, you will easily remove to Walmer, which at that season will be delightful to her. If—forgive me for supposing the worst, your letter leaves me too much reason to do so, though I hope it was only the effect of a melancholy imagination—if it should be necessary to meet the spring in a milder climate than ours is, you are very near Dover, and perhaps this expedient (if she grow very visibly worse) may be preferable to all others, and ought not to be deferred: it is usually too long delayed.

There are a few words in your letter that make me believe you wish I were in town. I know myself how little one like me is formed to support the spirits of another, or give him consolation; one that always sees things in their most gloomy aspect. However, be assured I should not have left London while you were in it, if I could well have afforded to stay there till the beginning of April, when I am usually there. This, however, shall be no hindrance, if you tell me it would signify anything to you that I should come sooner. Adieu: you (both of you) have my best and sincerest good wishes.—I am ever yours,

T. G.

P.S.—Remember, if you go into Kent, that W. Robinson lives at Denton (eight miles from Dover); perhaps he and his wife might be of some little use to

you. Him you know; and for her, she is a very good-humoured, cheerful woman, that (I dare swear) would give any kind of assistance in her power; remember, too, to take whatever medicines you use with you from London. A country apothecary's shop is a terrible thing.[1]

My respects to Dr. Gisborne, and love to Stonhewer. When you have leisure and inclination, I should be very glad to hear from you. Need I repeat my kindest good wishes to Mrs. Mason.

CII.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

March 28, 1767.

My Dear Mason—I break in upon you at a moment when we least of all are permitted to disturb our friends, only to say that you are daily and hourly present to my thoughts. If the worst be not yet passed, you will neglect and pardon me; but if the last struggle be over, if the poor object of your long anxieties be no longer sensible to your kindness, or to her own sufferings, allow me (at least in idea, for what could I do were I present more than this), to sit by you in silence, and pity from my heart, not her who is at rest, but you who lose her. May He who made us, the Master of our pleasures and of our pains, preserve and support you. Adieu!

[1] So it was in those days, for Adam Smith computes the value of all the drugs in the shop of a country apothecary at no more than £25!—[*Mit.*]

I have long understood how little you had to hope.[1]

CIII.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Jermyn Street, May 23, 1767.

DEAR MASON—All this time have I been waiting to say something to the purpose, and now am just as far off as at first. Stuart appointed Mr. Weddell an hour when I was to meet him; and (after staying an infinite while at his lodgings in expectation) he never came, indeed he was gone out of town. The drawing and your questions remain in Weddell's hands to be shewn to this rogue as soon as he can meet with him; but I firmly believe when he has got them he will do nothing, so you must tell me what I am to do with them. I have shown the Epitaph to no one but Hurd, who entirely approves it. He made no objection but to one line (and that was mine),[2] "Heav'n lifts," etc., so if you please to make another you may; for my part I rather like it still.

I begin to think of drawing northwards (if my wretched matters will let me), and am going to write to Mr. Brown about it. You are to consider whether you will be able or willing to receive us at Aston.

[1] As this little billet, which I received at the Hot Wells almost the precise moment when it would be most affecting, then breathed and still seems to breathe the voice of friendship in its tenderest and most pathetic note, I cannot refrain from publishing it in this place.—[*Mason.*]

[2] According to Nicholls, Gray wrote the last four lines of Mason's Epitaph on his wife.—[*Ed.*]

about a fortnight hence; or whether we are to find you at York, where I suppose you to be at present. This you will let me know soon; and if I am disappointed I will tell you in time. You will tell me what to do with your Zumpe,[1] which has amused me much here. If you would have it sent down, I had better commit it to its maker, who will tune it and pack it up. Dr. Long[2] has bought the fellow to it. The base is not quite of a piece with the treble, and the higher notes are somewhat dry and sticky. The rest discourses very eloquent music. Adieu, dear Sir, I am ever yours, T. G.

Gisborne, Fraser, and Stonhewer often enquire after you, with many more.

CIV.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

Jermyn Street, June 2, 1767.

DEAR SIR—Where are you? for I wrote to you last week to know how soon we should set out, and how we should go. Mason writes to-day, he will expect

[1] This I presume alludes to the musical instrument invented by Mason, mentioned in the Walpole and Mason correspondence as the Celestinette. Does Gray call it a *Zumpe* from the *Zampogna*, an *instrumento pastorale*, mentioned by Bonanni in his *Descrizione degli Instrumenti Armonici*, 1806, 4to, pp. 85, 86, figs. xxvii. xxviii.? but that was a wind instrument.—[*Mit.*] Was it not rather a noun derived from the sound of the verb *zombare*, to thump or bang, Mason's instrument being one, the keys of which had to be struck?—[*Ed.*]

[2] Dr. Long, the Master of Pembroke College, had a scientific knowledge of music and of musical instruments.—[*Mit.*]

us at Aston in Whitsun-week; and has ordered all his lilacs and roses to be in flower. What can you be doing? And so as I said, shall we go in the Newcastle post-coach or the York coach? Will you choose to come to town or be taken up on the way? Or will you go all the way to Bantry in a chaise with me and see sights? Answer me speedily. In return I will tell you, that you will soon hear great news; but whether good or bad is hard to say; therefore I shall prudently tell you nothing more. Adieu.—I am ever yours, T. G.

Old Pa. is still here, going to Ranelagh and the Opera. Lady Strathmore is with child, and not very well, as I hear.

CV.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

Jermyn Street, Saturday, June 6, 1767.

DEAR SIR—My intention is (*Deo volente*) to come to Cambridge on Friday or Saturday next; and shall expect to set out on Monday following. I shall write to Mason by to-night's post, who otherwise would expect us all Whitsun-week. Pray that the Trent may not intercept us at Newark, for we have had infinite rain here, and they say every brook sets up for a river.

I said nothing of Lady M. Lyon, because I thought you knew she had been long despaired of. The family I hear now do not go into Scotland till the races are over, nor perhaps then, as my lady will be advancing

in her pregnancy, and I should not suppose the Peats or the Firth very proper in her condition; but women are courageous creatures when they are set upon a thing.

Lord Bute is gone ill into the country with an ague in his eye and a bad stomach. Lord Holland is alive and well, and has written three poems; the only line[1] in which, that I have heard, is this:—

"White-liver'd Grenville and self-loving Gower."

Lord Chatham is ———, and the Rockinghams are like the brooks that I mentioned above. This is all the news that I know. Adieu.—I am ever yours,

T. G.

How do you do, good Mr. Brown? Do your inclinations begin to draw northward, as mine do, and may I take you a place soon? I wait but for an answer from Mason how to regulate our journey, which I should hope may take place in a little more than a week. I shall write a line again to settle the exact day, but you may now tell me whether you will come to town, or be taken up at Buckden, or thirdly, whether you will go in a chaise with me by short journeys, and see places in our way. I dined yesterday on Richmond Hill, after seeing Chiswick,

[1] The poem from which this line is taken, the editor of the *Selwyn Correspondence* tells us (vol. ii. p. 162), was printed on a handsome broad sheet, entitled, "Lord Holland's Return from Italy, 1767." In a letter on the 9th of the previous May, he alludes to his having made some poetry as he came over Mount Cenis.—[*Mit.*]

and Strawberry, and Sion; and be assured the face of the country looks an emerald, if you love jewels.

The Westminster Theatre is like to come to a sudden end. The manager will soon embark for Italy without Callista.[1] The reason is a speech, which his success in Lothario emboldened him to make the other day in a greater theatre. It was on the subject of America, and added so much strength to the opposition, that they came within six of the majority. He did not vote, however, though his two brothers did, and, like good boys, with the ministry. For this he has been rattled on both sides of his ears, and forbid to appear there any more. The Houses wait with impatience the conclusion of the East India business to rise. The E. of Chatham is mending slowly in his health, but sees nobody on business yet, nor has he since he came from Marlborough: yet he goes out daily for an airing.

I have seen his lordship of Cloyne[2] often. He is very jolly, and we devoured four raspberry-puffs together in Cranbourn-alley standing at a pastry-cook's shop in the street; but he is gone, and Heaven knows when we shall eat any more.

[1] "This is not the only walk of fame he (Duke of York) has lately chosen. He is acting plays with Lady Stanhope (wife of Sir Wm. Stanhope) and her family the Delavals. They have several times played the *Fair Penitent.* His Royal Highness is Lothario; the lady, I am told, an admirable Callista. They have a pretty little *theatre at Westminster;* but none of the Royal family have been audience."—[*Walpole.*]

[2] The Hon. Frederic William Hervey.

Rousseau you see is gone too. I read his letter to my Lord Chancellor from Spalding, and hear he has written another long one to Mr. Conway from Dover, begging he might no longer be detained here. He retains his pension. The whole seems madness increasing upon him. There is a most bitter satire on him and his Madlle. le Vasseur, written by Voltaire, and called *Guerre de Geneve.*[1] Adieu, and let me hear from you.—I am ever yours, T. G.

How do our Elmsted friends?[2] Are they married yet? Old Pa. is here, and talks of writing soon to you.

CVI.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Jermyn Street, June 6, 1767.

DEAR MASON—We are a-coming, but not so fast as you think for, because Mr. Brown cannot think of stirring till Whitsun week is over. The Monday following we propose to set out in our chaise. Do not think of sending Benjamin, I charge you. We shall find our way from Bantry very cleverly.

I shall bring with me a drawing which Stuart[3] has

[1] *La Guerre Civile de Genève, ou les Amours de Robert Covelle, poëme heroique, avec des notes instructives,* 1768.—[*Mit.*]

[2] This is one of the allusions which, from the length of time that has elapsed, it seems hopeless to explain. There are two parishes of that name, but no inquiries in them have thrown any light on the *Elmsted friends.*—[*Mit.*]

[3] This was probably the architect, "Athenian" Stuart, but what the drawing was is unknown.—[*Ed.*]

made. He approves your sketch highly, and therefore, I suppose, has altered it in every particular, not at all for the better in my mind. He says you should send him an account of the place and position, and a scale of the dimensions. This is what I modestly proposed before, but you give no ear to me. The relief in artificial stone, he thinks, would come to about eight guineas.

Poor Mr. Fitzherbert[1] had a second son, who was at Caen. He complained of a swelling, and some pain, in his knee, which rather increasing upon him, his father sent for him over. The surgeons agreed it was a white swelling, and he must lose his leg. He underwent the operation with great fortitude, but died the second day after it. Adieu.—I am ever yours, T. G.

I rejoice Mr. Wood[2] is well, and present my humble service to him.

CVII.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

Aston, Sunday, June 21, 1767.

DEAR DOCTOR—Here we are, Mr. Brown and I, in a wilderness of sweets, an elysium among the coal pits, a terrestrial heaven. Mind, it is not I, but Mason,

[1] Thomas Fitzherbert was in the navy, and on board of his vessel got a severe crush, and so injured the limb, as to render amputation necessary: he was uncle to the present baronet, Sir Henry Fitzherbert of Tissington.—[*Mit.*]

[2] Perhaps Robert Wood (1716-1771), who wrote the *Essay on Homer* and the *Ruins of Palmyra.*—[*Ed.*]

that says all this, and bids me tell it you. To-morrow we visit Dovedale and the wonders of the Peak, the Monday following we go to York to reside and two or three days after set out for Old Park, where I shall remain upon your hands; and Mr. Brown about the time of Durham races must go on to Gibside, and for aught I know to Glamis. Mason remains tied down to his Minster for half a year. He and Mr. Brown desire their best compliments to you and Mrs. Wharton. Adieu! I am ever yours, T. GRAY.

Mr. Brown owns the pleasantest day he ever past was yesterday at Roche Abbey. It is indeed divine.

CVIII.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Old Park, near Darlington, July 10, 1767.

DEAR MASON—We are all impatient to see you in proportion to our various interests and inclinations. Old Park thinks she must die a maid, if you do not come and lay her out. The river Atom weeps herself dry, and the Minikin cries aloud for a channel. When you can determine on your own motions, we pray you to give us immediate notice.[1] Soon as you arrive at Darlington you will go to the King's Head, where may be had two postillions, either of which know the

[1] Mason did not come; he replied that his old aunt had not left him so much money that he could "come and make ducks and drakes in the Minikin."—[*Ed.*]

road hither. It is about sixteen miles, and runs by Kirk Merrington and Spennymoor House;[1] a little rough, but not bad or dangerous in any part. Your aunt, I hope, is well again, and little Clough produces a plentiful crop: delay, therefore, no longer.

Mr. Brown is enchanted and beatified with the sight of Durham, whither he went yesterday. I performed your commission to Mrs. Wilkinson, who expressed herself, I thought, like a woman of a good heart, and wished much to see you. Adieu: we really long for you.

CIX.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Old Park, Sunday, July 19, 1767.

DEAR MASON—I come forthwith to the epitaph which you have had the charity to write at the Archbishop's request. It will certainly do (for it is both touching and new), but yet will require much finishing. I like not the first three lines: it is the party most nearly concerned, at least some one closely connected, and bearing a part of the loss, that is usually supposed to speak on these occasions, but these lines appear to be written by the chaplain, and have an air of flattery to his patron. All that is good in them is better expressed in the four last verses: "where the cold ashes," etc. These five verses are well, except

[1] Old Park, where Gray was staying, the residence of Dr. Wharton, is a little distant in a northern direction from Bishop's Auckland and Merrington.—[*Mit.*]

the word "benignant," and the thought (which is not clear to me, besides that it is somewhat *hardly* expressed) of "when beauty only blooms," etc. In gems that want colour and perfection, *a foil* is put under them to add to their lustre. In others, as in diamonds, the foil is black; and in this sense, when a pretty woman chooses to appear in public with a homely one, we say she uses her *as a foil.* This puzzles me, as you neither mean that beauty sets off virtue by its contrast and opposition to it, nor that her virtue was so imperfect as to stand in need of beauty to heighten its lustre. For the rest I read, "that sweetest harmony of soul," etc.; "such was the maid," etc. All this to the end I much approve, except "crowned with truth," and "lightens all their load." The first is not precise; in the latter you say too much. "Spreads his child," too, is not the word. When you have corrected all these faults it will be excellent.

I thank you for your comments on my inaccurate metaphor; in return, I will be sure to shew them to the parties who should have wrote them, and who doubtless, when they see them, will acknowledge them for their own. We are all much in want of you, and have already put off two journeys, because we thought you were to come on Mondays. Pray tell us your mind out of hand, lest we lose all our future Mondays. Mr. Brown has not above another week to stay with us (for Lord Strathmore comes on the 27th out of Scotland), and must go into the

third heaven to see nothing at all—all—all.[1] Adieu. —I am truly yours, T. G.

No news of Palgrave.

CX.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Old Park, July 26, 1767.

DEAR MASON—You are very perverse. I do desire you would not think of dropping the design you had of obliging the Archbishop. I submitted my criticisms to your own conscience, and I allowed the latter half to be excellent, two or three little words excepted. If this will not do, for the future I must say (whatever you send me) that the whole is the most perfect thing in nature, which is easy to do when one knows it will be acceptable. Seriously, I should be sorry if you did not correct these lines, and am interested enough for the party (only upon your narrative) to wish he were satisfied in it, for I am edified when I hear of so mundane a man, that yet he has a tear for pity.

By the way, I ventured to shew the other epitaph to Dr. Wharton, and sent him brim-full into the next room to cry. I believe he did not hear it quite through, nor has he ever asked to hear it again; and now will you not come and see him?

We are just come back from a little journey to

[1] John, ninth Earl of Strathmore, married 1767 the great Durham heiress, daughter of George Bowes, Esq., of Streatlam Castle. This earl died April 1776.—[*Mit.*]

Barnard Castle, Rokeby, and Richmond (Mr. Brown and all). Some thoughts we have of going for two or three days to Hartlepool; then we (Dr. W. and I), talk of seeing Westmoreland and Cumberland, and perhaps the west of Yorkshire; the mountains I mean, for we despise the plains. Then at our return I write to you, not to shew my talent at description, but to ask again whether you will come or no. Adieu.—I wish you health and peace of mind, and am ever yours, T. G.

Mr. Brown and the Dr. desire their compliments to Mr. Robinson.

CXI.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Old Park, Sunday, August 9, 1767.

DEAR MASON—I have been at Hartlepool like anything, and since that, visiting about (which is the sum of all my country expeditions), so that I was not able to write to you sooner. To-morrow I go vizzing to Gibside to see the new married countess,[1] whom (bless my eyes!) I have seen here already. There I drop our beatified friend, who goes into Scotland with them, and return hither all alone. Soon after I hope to go into Cumberland, etc., and when that is over shall let you know.

I exceedingly approve the epitaph in its present

[1] Lady Strathmore. Gibside is a seat of Lord Strathmore's in Durham, not far from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and near to Ravensworth Castle.—[*Mit.*]

shape. Even what I best liked before is altered for the better. The various readings I do not mind, only, perhaps, I should read the 2d line:

> "Grace that with tenderness and sense combined,
> To form," etc.

for I hate "sentiment" in verse. I will say nothing to "taste" and "truth," for perhaps the Archbishop may fancy they are fine things; but, to my palate, they are wormwood. All the rest is just as it should be, and what he ought to admire.

Billy Hervey[1] went directly to Durham, and called not here. He danced at the Assembly with a conquering mien, and all the misses swear he is the genteelest thing they ever set eyes on, and wants nothing but two feet more in height. The Doctor and Mr. Brown send their blessing; and I am ever yours, T. G.

CXII.—TO JAMES BEATTIE.

Old Park, near Darlington, Durham,
August 12, 1767.

I RECEIVED from Mr. Williamson, that very obliging mark you were pleased to give me of your remembrance. Had I not entertained some slight hopes of revisiting Scotland this summer, and consequently of seeing you at Aberdeen, I had sooner acknowledged, by letter, the favour you have done me. Those hopes are now at an end; but I do not therefore despair of

[1] Frederic William Hervey, Bishop of Cloyne.

seeing again a country that has given me so much pleasure; nor of telling you, in person, how much I esteem you and (as you choose to call them) your amusements: the specimen of them, which you were so good as to send me, I think excellent; the sentiments are such as a melancholy imagination naturally suggests in solitude and silence, and that (though light and business may suspend or banish them at times) return with but so much the greater force upon a feeling heart: the diction is elegant and unconstrained; not loaded with epithets and figures, nor flagging into prose; the versification is easy and harmonious. My only objection is . . .[1]

You see, Sir, I take the liberty you indulged me in when I first saw you; and therefore I make no excuses for it, but desire you would take your revenge on me in kind.

I have read over (but too hastily) Mr. Ferguson's book. There are uncommon strains of eloquence in it: and I was surprised to find not one single idiom of his country (I think) in the whole work. He has not the fault you mention.[2] His application to the

[1] The erasure here was made by Mason in compliment to Beattie.—[*Ed.*]

[2] To explain this I must take the liberty to transcribe a paragraph from Mr. Beattie's letter, dated March 30, to which the above is an answer: "A Professor at Edinburgh has published an 'Essay on the History of Civil Society,' but I have not seen it. It is a fault common to almost all our Scotch authors, that they are too metaphysical. I wish they would learn to speak more to the heart, and less to the understanding; but alas! this is a talent which heaven only can bestow: whereas

heart is frequent, and often successful. His love of Montesquieu and Tacitus has led him into a manner of writing too short-winded and sententious; which those great men, had they lived in better times and under a better government, would have avoided.

I know no pretence that I have to the honour Lord Gray is pleased to do me:[1] but if his Lordship chooses to own me, it certainly is not my business to deny it. I say not this merely on account of his quality, but because he is a very worthy and accomplished person. I am truly sorry for the great loss he has had since I left Scotland. If you should chance to see him, I will beg you to present my respectful humble service to his Lordship.

I gave Mr. Williamson all the information I was able in the short time he staid with me. He seemed to answer well the character you gave me of him: but what I chiefly envied in him, was his ability of walking all the way from Aberdeen to Cambridge, and back again; which if I possessed, you would soon see your obliged, etc.

the philosophic spirit (as we call it) is merely artificial and level to the capacity of every man, who has much patience, a little learning, and no taste." He has since dilated on this just sentiment in his admirable "Essay on the Immutability of Truth."—[*Mason.*]

[1] Lord Gray had said that our Author was related to his family.—[*Mason.*]

CXIII.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Old Park, September 11, 1767.

DEAR MASON—I admire you as the pink of perversity. How did I know about York races, and how could I be more explicit about our journey?[1] The truth is, I was only too explicit by half, for we did not set out in earnest till the 29th of August, being delayed, partly by the bad weather, and partly by your cousin, my Lord Perrot, and his assizes, whose train we were afraid to overtake, and still more afraid of being overtaken by it. At last then we went in the sun and dust broiling to Newcastle, and so by the military road to Hexham at night, where it began to rain, and continued like fury, with very short intervals, all the rest of our way. So we got to Carlisle, passed a day there in raining and seeing delights. Next day got to Penrith—more delights; the next dined and lay at Keswick; could not go a mile to see anything. Dr. Wharton taken ill in the night with an asthma. Went on, however, over stupendous hills to Cockermouth. Here the Doctor grew still worse in the night, so we came peppering and raining back through Keswick to Penrith. Next day lay at Brough, grew better, raining still, and so over Stonemoor home. September 5.—In a heavy thunder-shower. Now you will think from this detail, which is literally true, that we had better have staid at home. No such

[1] Gray passed all the latter part of this summer in the North of England, with his friends Mr. Brown and Dr. Wharton.

thing; I am charmed with my journey, and the Doctor dreams of nothing but Skiddaw, and both of us vow to go again the first opportunity. I carried Mr. Brown to Gibside the 11th of August, and took a receipt for him; they did not set out for Scotland till the 1st of September, and as yet I have not heard from him.

If you are not too much afflicted for the loss of Charles Townshend, now is your time to come and see us. In spite of your coquetry, we still wish of all things to see you, and (bating that vice, and a few more little faults) have a good opinion of you, only we are afraid you have a bad heart. I have known purse-proud people often complain of their poverty, which is meant as an insult upon the real poor. How dare you practise this upon me? Do not I know little Clough? Here is a fuss indeed about a poor three-score miles. Don't I go galloping five hundred, whenever I please? Have done with your tricks, and come to Old Park, for the peaches and grapes send forth a good smell, and the voice of the robin is heard in our land. My services to Mr. Alderson,[1] for he is a good creature. But I forget, you are at York again. Adieu! I am, ever yours,

T. G.

The Doctor presents his compliments to you with great cordiality, and desires your assistance. One of

[1] The Rev. Christopher Alderson, then curate to Mr. Mason, subsequently Rector of Aston and Eckington.—[*Mason.*]

his daughters has some turn for drawing, and he would wish her a little instructed in the practice. If you have any professor of the art at York, that would think it worth his while to pass about six weeks here, he would be glad to receive him. His conditions he would learn from you. If he have any merit in his art, doubtless so much the better. But above all he must be elderly, and if ugly and ill-made so much the more acceptable. The reasons we leave to your prudence.

CXIV.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

York, Saturday, October 31, 1767.

Dear Sir—I have received a letter from Howe; another from Mr. Beattie; and a third, which was a printed catalogue, from London. The parcel sent to Cambridge was a set of Algarotti's works for your library, which need not be impatient if it remain unopened till I come. The Doctor and I came hither on Saturday last. He returned on Wednesday, and I set out for London (pray for me), at ten o'clock tomorrow night. You will please to direct to me at Roberts's, as usual, and when it is convenient I shall be glad of my bill. I will trouble you also to give notice of my motions to Miss Antrobus as soon as you can.

Here has been Lord Holdernesse's ugly face since I was here, and here actually is Mr. Weddell, who enquires after you. Pa. is in London with his

brother,[1] who is desperate. If he dies, we shall not be a shilling the better, so we are really very sorrowful. Mason desires his love to you. Adieu, the Minster bell rings.—I am ever yours, T. G.

I rejoice greatly at N.'s good luck.

CXV.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

Jermyn Street, November 5, 1767.

DEAR SIR—I am come, and shall rejoice to congratulate you face to face on your good luck, which is wonderful in my eyes. I hope there are no rubs in the way to prevent my seeing you snug in the rectory, surrounded with fat pigs and stubble-geese, and Madam in her grogram gown doing the honours of Lovingland,[2] at the head of your table.

I have much to say, so much that I shall say no more; but come quickly, if the main chance will suffer you, or I will know the reason why. Adieu! —I am sincerely yours, T. G.

[1] Mr. Palgrave's elder brother here alluded to took the name of Sayer, and married Miss Tyrell of Gipping, afterwards Lady Mary Heselrigge. The Palgrave family, connected by marriage with the Burtons of Staffordshire (of which was the celebrated author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*), and afterwards of Leicestershire and Derbyshire, settled at Homersfield and Aldersea Park, and also with the Fountaynes of Narford, Norfolk, and with the Lawsons of Boroughbridge, Yorkshire.—[*Mit.*]

[2] This is Gray's little pun on the name of the district in Suffolk where Nicholls lived, Lothingland.—[*Ed.*]

CXVI.—TO JAMES BEATTIE.

Pembroke Hall, December 24, 1767.

SINCE I had the pleasure of receiving your last letter, which did not reach me till I had left the North, and was come to London, I have been confined to my room with a fit of the gout: now I am recovered and in quiet at Cambridge, I take up my pen to thank you for your very friendly offers, which have so much the air of frankness and real good meaning, that were my body as tractable and easy of conveyance as my mind, you would see me to-morrow in the chamber you have so hospitably laid out for me at Aberdeen. But, alas! I am a summer-bird, and can only sit drooping till the sun returns: even then too my wings may chance to be clipped, and little in plight for so distant an excursion.

The proposal you make me, about printing at Glasgow what little I have ever written, does me honour. I leave my reputation in that part of the kingdom to your care; and only desire you would not let your partiality to me and mine mislead you. If you persist in your design, Mr. Foulis certainly ought to be acquainted with what I am now going to tell you. When I was in London the last spring, Dodsley, the bookseller, asked my leave to reprint, in a smaller form, all I ever published; to which I consented: and added, that I would send him a few explanatory notes; and if he would omit entirely the *Long Story* (which was never meant for the public,

and only suffered to appear in that pompous edition because of Mr. Bentley's designs, which were not intelligible without it), I promised to send him something else to print instead of it, lest the bulk of so small a volume should be reduced to nothing at all. Now it is very certain that I had rather see them printed at Glasgow (especially as you will condescend to revise the press) than at London; but I know not how to retract my promise to Dodsley. By the way, you perhaps may imagine that I have some kind of interest in this publication; but the truth is, I have none whatever. The expense is his, and so is the profit, if there be any. I therefore told him the other day, in general terms, that I heard there would be an edition put out in Scotland by a friend of mine, whom I could not refuse; and that, if so, I would send thither a copy of the same notes and additions that I had promised to send to him. This did not seem at all to cool his courage; Mr. Foulis must therefore judge for himself, whether he thinks it worth while to print what is going to be printed also at London. If he does I will send him (in a packet to you) the same things I shall send to Dodsley. They are imitations of two pieces of old Norwegian poetry, in which there was a wild spirit that struck me; but for my paraphrases I cannot say much; you will judge. The rest are nothing but a few parallel passages, and small notes just to explain what people said at the time was wrapped in total darkness. You will please to tell me, as soon as you can con-

veniently, what Mr. Foulis says on this head; that (if he drops the design) I may save myself and you the trouble of this packet. I ask your pardon for talking so long about it; a little more and my letter would be as big as all my works.

I have read, with much pleasure, an Ode of yours (in which you have done me the honour to adopt a measure that I have used) on Lord Hay's birth-day. Though I do not love panegyric, I cannot but applaud this, for there is nothing mean in it. The diction is easy and noble, the texture of the thoughts lyric, and the versification harmonious. The few expressions I object to are . . .[1] These, indeed, are minutiæ; but they weigh for something, as half a grain makes a difference in the value of a diamond.

CXVII.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

December 31, 1767.

DEAR NICHOLLS—Write by all means forthwith to Lord Lisburne, give a little into his way of thinking, seem to fear you have gone a little too far in communicating so much of Temple's letter, which was not intended for his eye; but say you thought, you saw at bottom so much of respect and affection for him, that you had the less scruple to lay open the weaknesses and little suspicions of a friend, that (you know beyond a doubt) very gratefully and sin-

[1] Another paragraph of criticism is here omitted by Mason. —[*Ed.*]

cerely loves him; remind him *eloquently* (that is from your heart, and in such expressions as that will furnish) how many idle suspicions a sensible mind, naturally disposed to melancholy, and depressed by misfortune, is capable of entertaining, especially if it meets with but a shadow of neglect or contempt from the very (perhaps the only) person, in whose kindness it had taken refuge. Remind him of his former goodness frankly and generously shewn to Temple, and beg him not to destroy the natural effects of it by any appearance of pique or resentment, for that even the fancies and chimeras of a worthy heart deserve a little management and even respect. Assure him, as I believe you safely may, that a few kind words, the slightest testimony of his esteem will brush away all Temple's suspicions and gloomy thoughts, and that there will need after this no constraint on his own behaviour (no, not so much as to ring a bell), for when one is secure of people's intentions, all the rest passes for nothing.

To this purpose (but in my own way) would I write, and mighty respectfully withall. It will come well from you, and you can say without consequence what in Temple himself it would be mean to say. Lord Lisburne is rather more piqued than needs methinks; the truth is, the cause of this quarrel on paper do appear puerile, as to the matter; but the manner is all, and that we do not see. I rather stick by my Lord still, and am set against Madam

Minx, yet (as I told you before) the house lies hard at my stomach.

There are many letters and things that I never saw, as that strange one in Wales, and that to Lady Lisburne, now without these how can I judge? you have seen more of the matter, and perhaps may be right, but as yet I do not believe it. What can that *firm and spirited* letter be? I fear it will make matters worse; and yet it was sent away before he had seen Temple's letter to you, if he had, it would have made it worse still.

You ask, if you should copy Lord Lisburne's and send it to Temple, I think rather not: he has now had one from him himself: if you are obliged to do so, it should be only the sense of it, and that abated and mollified, especially, all that tastes of contempt.

Adieu! bless your stars, that you are snug in fat-goose living, without a Minx, and without a Lord. I am faithfully yours.

CXVIII.—TO JAMES BEATTIE.

Pembroke Hall, February 1, 1768.

I AM almost sorry to have raised any degree of impatience in you, because I can by no means satisfy it. The sole reason I have to publish these few additions now, is to make up (in both) for the omission of that *Long Story;* and as to the notes, I do it out of spite, because the public did not under-

stand the two Odes (which I have called Pindaric); though the first was not very dark, and the second alluded to a few common facts to be found in any sixpenny history of England, by way of question and answer, for the use of children. The parallel passages I insert out of justice to those writers from whom I happened to take the hint of any line, as far as I can recollect.

I rejoice to be in the hands of Mr. Foulis, who has the laudable ambition of surpassing his predecessors, the *Etiennes* and the *Elzevirs*, as well in literature, as in the proper art of his profession: he surprises me in mentioning a Lady, after whom I have been inquiring these fourteen years in vain. When the two Odes were first published, I sent them to her; but as I was forced to direct them very much at random, probably they never came to her hands. When the present edition comes out, I beg of Mr. Foulis to offer her a copy, in my name, with my respects and grateful remembrances; he will send another to you, Sir, and a third to Lord Gray, if he will do me the honour of accepting it. These are all the presents I pretend to make (for I would have it considered only as a new edition of an old book); after this if he pleases to send me one or two, I shall think myself obliged to him. I cannot advise him to print a great number; especially as Dodsley has it in his power to print as many as he pleases, though I desire him not to do so.

You are very good to me in taking this trouble

upon you: all I can say is, that I shall be happy to return it in kind, whenever you will give me the opportunity.

CXIX.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

Dear Doctor—Many and various maladies have I laboured under, since I left the North, but none of them (thanks to my summer expedition) *jusqu' à mourir*. The gout came regularly, while I was in town, first in one, then in the other foot, but so tame you might have stroked it. Since I got hither, *another* of my troublesome companions for life has confined me to my room, but abstinence has (I believe) got the better of that too, and to-morrow I go abroad again. I sent to your brother, before I left London, the *maps* you wanted, the *Decouvertes des Russes*, *Voyage de Gmelin en Siberie*, Mr. Clerke of Chichester on the *Saxon coins*, Lee's *Linnæan Dictionary*, Verrall's *Cookery*, and something else that I have forgot; as to Hudson's *Flora Anglica* it is not to be had, being out of print; a new and more correct edition is soon expected. Willoughby's book of *fishes* was never published in English, so would not answer your end. That of *birds* is indeed in English, but not to be had in the shops and sells at auctions from 30 to 40 shillings, so I did not buy it without farther orders. I hope this cargo is safe arrived; and another little one, that I sent to Miss Wharton and Miss Peggy, directed to the former, to be left at Mr. Tho. Wilkinson's, in

Durham: this went by the Newcastle waggon about 6th of December, and contained twelve flower roots, viz. 3 Soleil d'or Narcissus. 2 White Italian ditto. (*N.B.*—Of the double white and yellow Italian there are none to be had this year.) 2 Pileus Cardinalis, red. 1 Kroonvogel. 1 Degeraad, double white. 1 Bella Grisdelin. 1 Hermaphrodite. And 1 incomparable, double blue; Hyacinths. For these you must get glasses from Newcastle. In the same box was a pocket lens, which Miss Wharton (if she pleased) was to give to Aunt Middleton, who wanted such a thing.

I desire to know, what you thought of Mason's plans for your ground (which makes so pretty a figure on paper); and whether *Summers* came to Old Park to advise about planting. He is a very intelligent modest young man, and might be of great use there. Has Miss Wharton served her time yet as a bride maid? I hope it may prove a good omen to her! Does Miss Peggy rival Claude Lorraine yet, and when does she go to York? Do Debo and Betty tend their chrysalises, and their samplers? Is Kee's mouth as pretty as ever? Does Robin read like a doctor, dance like a fairy, and bow like a courtier? Does Dicky kick up his heels, and study geography? Please to answer me as to all these particulars. My thermometer presents her compliments to her country sister, and proposes now to open a correspondence with her. She lives against a pale in the garden with her back to the East at 9 o'clock in the morning precisely: at

any other hour she is not visible, unless upon some great occasion. I was in London from 3d November to 14th December, during which time the weather was commonly open, damp and mild, with the wind in the West, veering either to North or South. On the last mentioned day I found some Brambles and Fever-few yet flowering in the hedges, and in gardens the double Chrysanthemum, double Chamomile, Borage, Stocks, and single Wall-flowers. These were all cut off on the 24th by an East wind and hard frost, Thermometer at 31. Next day and to-day it was at 30. On the 26th a little snow fell, which still lies and freezes.

Our ministry has taken in some odd coadjutors not much to its credit or strength. It appeared from the first day that the Parliament met, that the opposition were all to pieces among themselves, and soon after the Duke of Bedford civilly declared to Mr. Grenville, that he had the highest opinion of his abilities, but as it was contrary to his principles to keep up a constant opposition to the King's measures, he must not wonder, if his friends should drop the plan they had for some time been pursuing. Accordingly he made his terms, four or five of them were directly to be provided for: the rest were to wait till there was room. Lord Shelburne (the Secretary), and Mr. Cook (Joint Paymaster) were to have gone out, but Lord Chatham insisted on their staying in (it is said) and prevailed; Mr. Conway retires, and is to have the army, when Lord Ligonier dies; this is voluntary, I

imagine. Lord Northington goes off with his pension. Lord Weymouth, and Earl Gower supply their places. Mr. Thynne is Master of the Household. Lord Sandwich, Joint Postmaster (Lord Hillsborough being created Secretary of State for America.) Rigby is the other, that must come in (to what place I know not) and conduct, I suppose, the House of Commons. How much better and nobler would it have been to have left all those beggars in the lurch! Indeed what could be said against it, as all that could oppose the ministry were already broke into three parts, and one of them had declared publicly against the other two? I conclude the Rockingham party will at last prevail, as they have some character and credit with the people still left.

Adieu! my dear Sir, you have had, I hope, no returns of your asthma, since you lay in your own bed. My best respects to Mrs. Wharton, and love to all the family. I am ever yours, T. G.

Pembroke College, December 28, 1767.

Shall I write out, and send you, what Leland says of your neighbourhood? It is nothing but short notes taken in his journey: but that journey was towards the end of Henry Eighth's reign just after the dissolution of monasteries, which makes it valuable.

SPECIMEN.

From St. Andre's Akeland to Raby Castle 5 miles, part by arable, but more by pastures, and moorisch

hilly ground, barren of wood. Raby is the largest castel of Logginges in al the north cuntery, and is of a strong building: but not set ether on hil, or very strong ground. As I entered by a causey into it there was a litle stagne on the right hand, and in the first area were but two towres, one at eche end, as entres, and no other builded. Yn the second area, as an entring, was a great gate of iren with a tour, and 2 or 3 mo on the right hand, then were al the chief toures of the third court, as in the hart of the castel. The haul, and al the houses of offices be large and stately; and in the haul I saw an incredible great beame of an hart. The great chaumber was exceeding large, but now it is false-rofid, and devided into 2 or 3 partes. I saw ther a little chaumber, wherein was in windows of colored glass al the petigre of ye Nevilles, etc.

CXX.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Pembroke College, January 8, 1768.

DEAR MASON—I did not write to you—that's to be sure; but then, consider, I had the gout great part of the time that I passed in town, and ever since I came hither I have been confined to my room; and besides, you know, you were at Aston, and did not much care. As to Monsieur de la Harpe,[1] he is not to be

[1] The well-known writer, Jean François de la Harpe, born 1739, died 1803. Up to the period of Gray's Letter, 1768, he had distinguished himself chiefly as a *dramatic writer*, the author

had at any of the shops, and, they say, never was in England. What I saw and liked of his must have been in some bibliothèque or journal that I had borrowed.

Here are, or have been, or will be, all your old and new friends in constant expectation of you at Cambridge; yet Christmas is past, and no Scroddles appears.

> Weddell attends your call, and Palgrave proud,
> ————, and Delaval the loud.
> For thee does Powell squeeze, and Marriot[1] sputter,
> And Glyn[2] cut phizzes, and Tom Neville stutter.
> Brown sees thee sitting on his nose's tip,
> The Widow feels thee in her aching hip,
> For thee fat Nanny sighs, and handy Nelly,
> And Balguy[3] with a bishop in his belly.

It is true of the two archdeacons. The latter is now here, but goes on Monday. The former comes to take his degree in February. The rector writes to ask whether you are come, that he may do the

of *Tragedie de Warwick*, *Timoleon*, *Pharamond*, *Gustavus Vasa*, etc., in 1776. His Literary Correspondence with the Emperor Paul was printed in 1801, in four volumes, and perhaps is the most *interesting* of his works at the present day. —[*Mit.*]

[1] Sir James Marriot, Knt., Master of Trinity Hall, 1764. He continued Master for nearly forty years, and was succeeded by Sir William Wynne, Knt.—[*Mit.*]

[2] Dr. Glynn was Gray's physician at Cambridge, and also a very intimate friend. He was "The lov'd Iapis on the banks of Cam."—[*Mit.*]

[3] It is well known that Dr. Balguy refused a *Bishoprick*. [*Mit.*]

same. As to Johnny, here he is, divided between the thoughts of . . . and marriage. Delaval only waits for a little entreaty. The master, the doctor, the poet, and the president, are very pressing and warm, but none so warm as the coffee-house and I. Come then away. This is no season for planting, and Lord Richard[1] will grow as well without your cultivation as with it; at least let us know what we are to hope for, and when, if it be only for the satisfaction of the methodist singing-man your landlord.

You will finish your *opus magnum* here so clever, and your series of historical tragedies, with your books (that nobody reads) all round you; and your critic at hand, who never cares a farthing, that I must say for him, whether you follow his opinions or not; and your hypercritics, that nobody, not even themselves, understands, though you think you do. I am sorry to tell you Saint John's Garden is quite at a stand; perhaps you in person may set it going. If not, here is Mr. Brown's little garden cries aloud to be laid out (it is in a wretched state, to be sure, and without any taste). You shall have unlimited authority over it, and I will take upon me the whole expense. Will you not come? I know you will. Adieu, I am ever yours, T. G.

[1] Lord Richard Cavendish (1751-1781).

CXXI.—TO WILLIAM TAYLOR HOWE.

Cambridge, Pembroke College,
January 12, 1768.

SIR—You perceive by Mr. Brown's letter, that I passed all the summer in the North of England, went from thence to London, and did not arrive here till the middle of December, where I found your parcel. Since that time I have been generally confined to my room, and besides I was willing to go through the eight volumes,[1] before I returned you an answer. This must be my excuse to you, for only doing now, what in mere civility I ought to have done long ago. First I must condole with you, that so neat an edition should swarm in almost every page with errors of the press, not only in notes and citations from Greek, French, and English authors, but in the Italian text itself, greatly to the disreputation of the Leghorn publishers. This is the only reason (I think), that could make an edition in England necessary. But I doubt you would not find the matter much mended here; our presses, as they improve in beauty, declining daily in accuracy; besides you would find the expense very considerable, and the sale in no proportion to it, as in reality, it is but few people in England, that read currently and with pleasure the Italian tongue; and the fine old editions of their capital writers are sold in London for a lower price, than they bear in Italy. An English translation I can by

[1] Of Count Algarotti's works.

no means advise. The justness of thought and good sense might remain; but the graces of elocution (which make a great part of Algarotti's merit) would be entirely lost, and that merely from the very different genius and complexion of the two languages.

I rather think these volumes should be handsomely bound, before they are put into the library: they bind very neatly here; and if you approve it, Mr. Brown will order it to be done. Doubtless there can be no impropriety in making the same present to the University, nor need you at all to fear for the reputation of your friend: he has merit enough to recommend him in any country, a tincture of various sorts of knowledge; an acquaintance with all the beautiful arts; an easy command, a precision, warmth, and richness of expression, and a judgment, that is rarely mistaken, on any subject to which he applies it. Of the dialogues I have formerly told you my thoughts. The essays and letters (many of them entirely new to me) *on the arts*, are curious and entertaining; those on other subjects (even where the thoughts are not new to me, but borrowed from his various reading and conversation) often better put, and better expressed than in the originals. I rejoice, when I see Machiavel defended or illustrated, who to me appears one of the wisest men that any nation in any age has produced. Most of the other discourses military or political are well worth reading, though that on Kouli-Khan was a mere jeu-d'esprit, a sort of historical exercise. The letters from Russia I have read

before with pleasure, particularly the narrative of Munich's and Lascy's campaigns. The detached thoughts are often new and just; but there should have been a revisal of them, as they are often to be found in his letters repeated in the very same words. Some too of the familiar letters might have been spared. The *Congress of Cythera* I had seen, and liked before, the *Giudicio d'Amore* is an addition rather inferior to it. The verses are not equal to the prose, but they are above mediocrity.

I shall be glad to hear your health is improved, and that you have thoughts of favouring us with your company here. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, THOS. GRAY.

CXXII.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

Pembroke College, January 17, 1768.

DEAR SIR—I was much surprised to receive a letter superscribed in your hand from London, and am very sorry to see, what occasioned it. I fear the event the more, because in his best health Mr. Wharton had always some complaint in his breast, and now the distemper has fallen upon the weak part.

Whenever you are able to disengage yourself, Mr. Brown and I shall flatter ourselves with the hopes of seeing you at Cambridge for as long a time as you can afford to bestow on us. It is likely you may find Mason too with us, for he talks of setting out about

the 20th to come hither. I am ever very sincerely yours, T. G.

CXXIII.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

Pembroke College, January 28, 1768.

DEAR SIR—I and mine are safe and well, but the chambers opposite to me (Mr. Lyon's), which were getting ready for Mason, are destroyed. Mr. Brown was in more immediate danger than I, but he too is well, and has lost nothing. We owe it to Methodism, that any part (at least of that wing) was preserved; for two saints, who had been till very late at their nocturnal devotions, and were just in bed, gave the first alarm to the college and the town. We had very speedy and excellent assistance of engines and men, and are quit for the fright except the damage above-mentioned. I assure you it is not amusing to be waked between two and three in the morning, and to hear, "Don't be frighted, sir, but the college is all of a fire!"

I have not yet returned the letters you sent me by the fly, not thinking it necessary to do so immediately; but very soon you shall have them. Mason came two days after the fire, and will stay some time. Adieu!—I am sincerely yours, T. G.

I do not see what you can do, everything depends on their first meeting at Mamhead; and that is now over. I am afraid everything will go wrong, it is sure your last letter could do no hurt.

CXXIV.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

Pembroke College,
Wednesday, February 3, 1768.

DEAR SIR—I intend to return you the letters by to-morrow's fly, if nothing hinders. I am never the wiser, nor the more able to account for Temple's letter to Lady Lisburne (which gave occasion to all the rest), it still looks like the suggestion of his wife working upon his own natural irritability, and the sort of request made in it for the Berwick living (at so improper a time), is not any other way to be accounted for. The *sensible and manly* answer to it (I must own) I cannot easily digest, especially the end of it: it is plain, as he wrote on, he worked his temper into a ferment, till at last it absolutely turned sour. I cannot help his temper; but his heart may (for all that) be right. In the second letter, he is conscious he had gone too far in his expressions, and tries to give them a sense they will not bear; but I allow he is throughout too angry and too contemptuous. Your last letter to him (though I never saw it) I conclude has done no hurt, perhaps has softened him a little. Everything depends upon the manner of their meeting in Devonshire, which by this time you probably know. I do not yet see why all this passion, why all this trouble of justifying himself to a man, for whom he never had any kindness or regard, and who can be of little use to him in point of interest. Temple is too precipitate, too rough too in his expressions, too much

the aggressor, if he thinks Lord Lisburne really his friend; and, if he does not, how in the midst of his resentment can he bring himself to shew a desire of accepting farther favours from him? I yet have some little hope that all may come right again, at least right enough for our purpose; for I am more convinced of Temple's contempt and want of esteem for Lisburne, than I am of Lisburne's aversion, or neglect of Temple.

Mason is here with us, and will stay (I should hope) some time; he is even going to hire a small house opposite to Peter House, which he cannot inhabit till next winter. Mr. Hutton being dead, he has now a landed estate, the income of which in a few years will be considerable. Old Smith of Trinity is dead, and Dr. Hinchliffe will probably succeed him, though Dr. Ross and Brocket are also competitors for it. Are your India-paper, your Axminster carpets, your sofas and pechés-mortels in great forwardness? Have you read Mr. Anstey, and the *Historical Doubts?* Adieu!—I am sincerely yours, T. G.

CXXV.—TO HORACE WALPOLE.

Pembroke College, February 14, 1768.

I RECEIVED the book[1] you were so good to send me, and have read it again (indeed I could hardly be said to have read it before) with attention and with pleasure. Your second edition is so rapid in its progress, that it will now hardly answer any purpose to tell

[1] Walpole's *Historic Doubts.*

you either my own objections, or those of other people. Certain it is, that you are universally read here; but what *we* think is not so easy to come at. We stay as usual to see the success, to learn the judgment of the town, to be directed in our opinions by those of more competent judges. If they like you, we shall; if any one of name write against you, we give you up; for we are modest and diffident of ourselves, and not without reason. History in particular is not our *forte;* for (the truth is) we read only modern books and pamphlets of the day. I have heard it objected, that you raise doubts and difficulties, and do not satisfy them by telling us what is really the case. I have heard you charged with disrespect to the King of Prussia; and above all to King William, and the Revolution. These are seriously the most sensible things I have heard said, and all that I recollect. If you please to justify yourself, you may.

My own objections are little more essential: they relate chiefly to inaccuracies of style, which either debase the expression or obscure the meaning. I could point out several small particulars of this kind, and will do so, if you think it can serve any purpose after publication. When I hear you read, they often escape me, partly because I am attending to the subject, and partly because from habit I understand you where a stranger might often be at a loss.

As to your arguments, most of the principal parts are made out with a clearness and evidence that no one would expect, where materials are so scarce. Yet

I still suspect Richard of the murder of Henry VI. The chronicler of Croyland charges it full on him, though without a name or any mention of circumstances. The interests of Edward were the interests of Richard too, though the throne were not then in view; and that Henry still stood in their way, they might well imagine, because, though deposed and imprisoned once before, he had regained his liberty and his crown; and was still adored by the people. I should think, from the word *tyranni*, the passage was written after Richard had assumed the crown: but, if it was earlier, does not the bare imputation imply very early suspicions, at least of Richard's bloody nature, especially in the mouth of a person that was no enemy to the House of York, nor friend to that of Beaufort?

That the Duchess of Burgundy, to try the temper of the nation, should set up a false Pretender to the Throne (when she had the true Duke of York in her hands), and that the queen-mother (knowing her son was alive) should countenance that design, is a piece of policy utterly incomprehensible; being the most likely means to ruin their own scheme, and throw a just suspicion of fraud and falsehood on the cause of truth, which Henry could not fail to seize and turn to his advantage. Mr. Hume's first query, as far as relates to the queen-mother, will still have some weight. Is it probable she should give her eldest daughter to Henry, and invite him to claim the crown, unless she had been sure that her sons were then

dead? As to her seeming consent to the match between Elizabeth and Richard, she and her daughters were in his power, which appeared now well fixed; his enemies' designs within the kingdom being everywhere defeated, and Henry unable to raise any considerable force abroad. She was timorous and hopeless; or she might dissemble, in order to cover her secret dealings with Richmond: and if this were the case, she hazarded little, supposing Richard to dissemble too, and never to have thought seriously of marrying his niece.

Another unaccountable thing is, that Richard, a prince of the House of York, undoubtedly brave, clear-sighted, artful, attentive to business; of boundless generosity, as appears from his grants; just and merciful, as his laws and his pardons seem to testify; having subdued the Queen and her hated faction, and been called first to the protectorship and then to the crown by the nobility and by the parliament; with the common people to friend (as Carte often asserts), and having nothing against him but the illegitimate family of his brother Edward, and the attainted House of Clarence (both of them within his power);—that such a man should see within a few months Buckingham, his best friend, and almost all the southern and western counties in one day in arms against him; that having seen all these insurrections come to nothing, he should march with a gallant army against a handful of needy adventurers, led by a fugitive, who had not the shadow of a title, nor any virtues to

recommend him, nor any foreign strength to depend on; that he should be betrayed by almost all his troops, and fall a sacrifice;—all this is to me utterly improbable, and I do not ever expect to see it accounted for.

I take this opportunity to tell you, that Algarotti (as I see in the new edition of his works printed at Leghorn) being employed to buy pictures for the King of Poland, purchased among others the famous Holbein that was at Venice. It don't appear that he knew anything of your book: yet he calls it *the consul Meyer and his family*, as if it were then known to be so in that city. A young man here, who is a diligent reader of books, an antiquary, and a painter, informs me, that at the Red Lion Inn at Newmarket is a piece of tapestry containing the very design of your marriage of Henry the Sixth, only with several more figures in it, both men and women; that he would have bought it of the people, but they refused to part with it. Mr. Mason, who is here, desires to present his best respects to you. He says, that to efface from our annals the history of any tyrant, is to do an essential injury to mankind: but he forgives it, because you have shewn Henry the Seventh to be a greater devil than Richard.

Pray do not be out of humour. When you first commenced an author, you exposed yourself to pit, boxes, and gallery. Any coxcomb in the world may come in and hiss if he pleases; ay, and (what is almost as bad) clap too, and you cannot hinder him.

I saw a little squib fired at you in a newspaper by some of the *House of Yorke*, for speaking lightly of chancellors. Adieu! I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

CXXVI.—TO HORACE WALPOLE.

Pembroke College, February 25, 1768.

To your friendly accusation I am glad I can plead not guilty with a safe conscience. Dodsley told me in the Spring that the plates from Mr. Bentley's designs were worn out, and he wanted to have them copied and reduced to a smaller scale for a new edition. I dissuaded him from so silly an expense, and desired he would put in no ornaments at all. The *Long Story* was to be totally omitted, as its only use (that of explaining the prints) was gone: but to supply the place of it in bulk, lest *my works* should be mistaken for the works of a flea, or a pismire, I promised to send him an equal weight of poetry or prose: so, since my return hither, I put up about two ounces of stuff, viz. the "Fatal Sisters," the "Descent of Odin" (of both which you have copies), a bit of something from the Welch, and certain little Notes, partly from justice (to acknowledge the debt where I had borrowed anything) partly from ill temper, just to tell the gentle reader that Edward I. was not Oliver Cromwell, nor Queen Elizabeth the Witch of Endor. This is literally all; and with all this, I shall be but a shrimp of an author. I gave leave also to print the same thing at

Glasgow;[1] but I doubt my packet has miscarried, for I hear nothing of its arrival as yet. To what you say to me so civilly, that I ought to write more, I reply in your own words (like the Pamphleteer, who is going to confute you out of your own mouth) What has one to do when *turned of fifty*, but really to think of finishing? However, I will be candid (for you seem to be so with me), and avow to you, that till fourscore-and-ten, whenever the humour takes me, I will write, because I like it; and because I like myself better when I do so. If I do not write much, it is because I cannot. As you have not this last plea, I see no reason why you should not continue as long as it is agreeable to yourself, and to all such as have any curiosity or judgment in the subject you choose to treat. By the way let me tell you (while it is fresh) that Lord Sandwich, who was lately dining at Cambridge, speaking (as I am told) handsomely of your book, said, it was pity you did not know that his cousin Manchester had a genealogy of the Kings, which came down no lower than to Richard III., and at the end of it were two portraits of Richard and his Son, in which that King appeared to be a handsome man. I tell you it as I heard it; perhaps you may think it worth inquiring into.

I have looked into Speed and Leslie. It appears very odd that Speed in the speech he makes for P. Warbeck, addressed to James IV. of Scotland, should three times cite the *manuscript proclamation* of

[1] To Foulis, the Glasgow publisher.—[*Ed.*]

Perkin, then in the hands of Sir Robert Cotton; and yet when he gives us the proclamation afterwards (on occasion of the insurrection in Cornwall) he does not cite any such manuscript. In Casley's *Catalogue of the Cotton Library* you may see whether this manuscript proclamation still exists or not: if it does, it may be found at the Museum. Leslie will give you no satisfaction at all: though no subject of England, he could not write freely on this matter, as the title of Mary (his mistress) to the crown of England was derived from that of Henry VII. Accordingly he everywhere treats Perkin as an impostor; yet drops several little expressions inconsistent with that supposition. He has preserved no proclamation: he only puts a short speech into Perkin's mouth, the substance of which is taken by Speed, and translated in the end of his, which is a good deal longer: the whole matter is treated by Leslie very concisely and superficially. I can easily transcribe it, if you please; but I do not see that it could answer any purpose.

Mr. Boswell's book[1] I was going to recommend to you, when I received your letter: it has pleased and moved me strangely, all (I mean) that relates to Paoli. He is a man born two thousand years after his time! The pamphlet proves what I have always maintained, that any fool may write a most valuable book by chance, if he will only tell us what

[1] Evidently James Boswell's *An Account of Corsica, the Journal of a Tour to that Island, and a Memoir of P. Paoli*, published in 1768.—[*Ed.*]

he heard and saw with veracity. Of Mr. Boswell's truth I have not the least suspicion, because I am sure he could invent nothing of this kind. The true title of this part of his work is, a Dialogue between a Green-Goose and a Hero.

I had been told of a manuscript in Benet Library: the inscription of it is "Itinerarium Fratris Simeonis et Hugonis Illuminatoris, 1322." Would not one think this should promise something? They were two Franciscan friars that came from Ireland, and passed through Wales to London, to Canterbury, to Dover, and so to France in their way to Jerusalem. All that relates to our own country has been transcribed for me, and (sorry am I to say) signifies not a halfpenny: only this little bit might be inserted in your next edition of the *Painters:* Ad aliud caput civitatis (Londoniæ) est monasterium nigrorum monachorum nomine Westmonasterium, in quo constanter et communiter omnes reges Angliæ sepeliuntur—et eidem monasterio quasi immediatè conjungitur illud famosissimum palatium regis, in quo est illa vulgata camera, in cujus parietibus sunt omnes historiæ bellicæ totius Bibliæ ineffabiliter depictæ, atque in Gallico completissimè et perfectissimè conscriptæ, in non modicâ intuentium admiratione et maximâ regali magnificentiâ.

I have had certain observations on your *Royal and Noble Authors* given me to send you perhaps about three years ago: last week I found them in a drawer, and (my conscience being troubled) now enclose them to you. I have even forgot whose they are.

I have been also told of a passage in *Ph. de Comines*, which (if you know) ought not to have been passed over. The Book is not at hand at present, and I must conclude my letter. Adieu!—I am ever yours, T. GRAY.

CXXVII.—TO HORACE WALPOLE.

Pembroke Hall, March 6, 1768.

HERE is Sir William Cornwallis, entitled *Essayes of certaine Paradoxes.* 2d Edit. 1617. Lond.

King Richard III. The French Pockes. Nothing. Good to be in debt. Sadnesse. Julian the Apostate's virtues.	Praised.

The title-page will probably suffice you; but if you would know any more of him, he has read nothing but the common chronicles, and those without attention; for example, speaking of Anne the queen, he says, she was barren, of which Richard had often complained to Rotheram. He extenuates the murder of Henry VI. and his son: the first, he says, might be a malicious insinuation, for that many did suppose he died of mere melancholy and grief: the latter cannot be proved to be the action of Richard (though executed in his presence); and if it were, he did it out of love to his brother Edward. He justifies the

death of the Lords at Pomfret, from reasons of state, for his own preservation, the safety of the commonwealth, and the ancient nobility. The execution of Hastings he excuses from necessity, from the dishonesty and sensuality of the man: what was his crime with respect to Richard, he does not say. Dr. Shaw's Sermon was not by the King's command, but to be imputed to the preacher's own ambition: but if it was by order, *to charge his mother with adultery was a matter of no such great moment, since it is no wonder in that sex.* Of the murder in the Tower he doubts: but if it were by his order, the offence was to God, not to his people; and *how could he demonstrate his love more amply, than to venture his soul for their quiet?* Have you enough, pray? you see it is an idle declamation, the exercise of a school-boy that is to be bred a statesman.

I have looked in Stowe; to be sure there is no proclamation there. Mr. Hume, I suppose, means *Speed*, where it is given, how truly I know not; but that he had seen the original is sure, and seems to quote the very words of it in the beginning of that speech which Perkin makes to James IV. and also just afterwards, where he treats of the Cornish rebellion. Guthrie,[1] you see, has vented himself in the *Critical Review.* His *History* I never saw, nor is it here, nor do I know any one that ever saw it. He is a rascal, but rascals may chance to meet with

[1] This must be William Guthrie of Brechin (1708-1770), who had published *A General History of Scotland* in 1767.—[*Ed.*]

curious records; and that commission to Sir I. Tyrrell (if it be not a lie) is such; so is the order for Henry the Sixth's funeral. I would by no means take notice of him, write what he would. I am glad you have seen the Manchester Roll.

It is not I that talk of *Phil. de Comines.* It was mentioned to me as a thing that looked like a voluntary omission, but I see you have taken notice of it, in the note to p. 71, though rather too slightly. You have not observed that the same writer says, c. 55, *Richard tua de sa main ou fit tuer en sa presence, quelque lieu apart, ce bon homme le Roi Henry.* Another oversight I think there is at p. 43, where you speak of the *Roll of Parliament,* and the contract with Lady Eleanor Botelar, as things newly come to light. Whereas Speed has given at large the same Roll in his *History.* Adieu!—I am ever yours, T. GRAY.

CXXVIII.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

Pembroke College, March 15, 1768.

DEAR SIR—I am so totally uninformed, indeed so helpless, in matters of law, that there is no one perhaps in the kingdom you could apply to for advice with less effect than to me. This ought to be a sufficient warning to you not to pay more attention to me than I deserve. You may too take into the account my natural indolence and indisposition to act, and a want of alacrity in indulging any distant hopes, however flattering; as you have (I think) from

nature the contrary fault, a medium between us would be possibly the best rule of action.

One thing I am persuaded I see clearly, and would advise strongly: it is, that you should never think of separating your cause from that of your nephew. Your rights are exactly the same, you must share the profit and the loss. He is a minor, and under your care: to set up any distinct claim for the private advantage of yourself and family, would surely hurt you in the eye of the world. The slightest apprehension of any such thought will make a total breach between Mr. L. and you, whose advice and activity seem of such singular use in all your designs. This will force you to pass your whole time at London without other assistance, than what you must hire; and perhaps produce another lawsuit between you and your own nephew. But you speak irresolutely yourself on this head, and as you have had a little time to think, since you wrote your letter, I doubt not, you have already dropped any such idea. It remains then to communicate immediately to Mr. Ll. the opinions of De Grey, and to advise with him (without reserve) about this application to the Treasury.

Now I am going to talk of what I do not understand: but from what I have lately heard of the D. of Portland and Sir J. Lowther's case (which is in some respects similar), if you obtain this grant (for which you must pay too a certain rent to the Crown; and if any one outbids you, they will be preferred) your right to it is never the more established, pro-

vided anybody start up to contest it with you at law, for the courts are still open to redress any injury, that a person pleads he has received by such grant. In this, therefore, I should be guided by Mr. Ll. and Mr. Madocks. The application to the Treasury is easy, I believe; Stonehewer, or Mr. Walpole will probably acquaint you of the manner; but I could give you good reasons, why the former should not be asked to interpose personally in obtaining it, at least why it would be uneasy to him to do so.

There remains then the foundation of all this, the legal right, you and your nephew have to this extension of the tythes, about which your counsel themselves seem dubious enough; and you cannot expect me to be clearer than they, especially as there are two things not at all explained in your letter, viz.: What is that grant to Morrice and Cole, and when made? and who is Rector of the Church, or (if a vicar) who presents him, for it appears not to be you? All that you seem to me clearly entitled to, is a right of continuing the suit, which your Brother begun, which contest may beget others to infinity. Shall I tell (but without consequence) what I should wish? that you would sell these Tythes out of Hand, and with them all your expectations, and all your Law-suits. If these are worth anything, purchasers may be found sanguine enough to give such a price, as Mr. Jonathan did, and you will be no loser; if they are not, you may lose a little money, and in my opinion be a great gainer: for this inundation of

business, of eager hopes, and perhaps more reasonable fears, is the thing in the world the most contrary to your peace, and that of your family. But I determine nothing, we shall hear what the three referees say, and what Mr. Ll. determines upon it.

I have made haste to answer you, considering the difficulty of the case; you will therefore excuse me for my intention's sake. Mason is arrived in London, and lives for the present at Stonehewer's, in Queen Street. I rejoiced to hear, you got so well over that monster the Trent. Make my best compliments to Mrs. Wharton, and your family. I am sorry to hear Miss Wharton has been ill. Mr. Brown presents his respects to you, all down to Dicky. Adieu! I am ever yours, T. GRAY.

Our weather has been mild and fine enough of late. The next letter I will give an account of it. Wilkes (they say) will be chose for the city of London. T. Lyon has lost one of his causes in the House of Lords against Lord Panmure.

CXXIX.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

Southampton Row, Sunday, May 29 [1768].

ADDIO! You will have the satisfaction of going to Fischer's concert, and hearing Gugnani without me, on Thursday; I don't believe there will be anybody one knows there. My respects to Mrs. Nicholls, and my cousin, Miss Floyer, not forgetting the red nightingale. I am gone to-morrow.

Here are a pair of your stray shoes, dancing attendance, till you send for them.

CXXX.—TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.[1]

Cambridge, July 1768.

My Lord—Your Grace has dealt nobly with me; and the same delicacy of mind that induced you to confer this favour on me, unsolicited and unexpected, may perhaps make you averse to receive my sincerest thanks and grateful acknowledgements. Yet your Grace must excuse me, they will have their way: they are indeed but words; yet I know and feel they come from my heart, and therefore are not wholly unworthy of your Grace's acceptance. I even flatter myself (such is my pride) that you have some little satisfaction in your own work. If I did not deceive myself in this, it would complete the happiness of, my Lord, your Grace's most obliged and devoted servant.

CXXXI.—TO MARY ANTROBUS.

July 29, 1768.

Dear Mary—I thank you for all your intelligence (and the first news I had of poor Brocket's death was from you) and to reward you in part for it, I now shall tell you, that this day, hot as it is, I kissed the King's hand; that my warrant was signed by him last night; that on Wednesday I received a very honourable letter from the D. of Grafton, acquainting

[1] Augustus Henry, Duke of Grafton, died March 1, 1811, aged 75.

me that his majesty had ordered him to offer me this Professorship, and much more, which does me too much credit by half for me to mention it. The Duke adds, *that from private as well as public considerations, he takes the warmest part in approving this measure of the King's.* These are his own words. You see there are princes (or ministers) left in the world, that know how to do things handsomely; for I profess I never asked for it, nor have I seen his Grace before or after this event.

Dr. R. (not forgetting a certain lady of his) is so good to you, and to me, that you may (if you please) shew him my letter. He will not be critical as to the style, and I wish you would send it also to Mr. Brown, for I have not time to write to him by this day's post; they need not mention this circumstance to others, they may learn it as they can. Adieu!

I receive your letter of July 28 (while I am writing), consult your friends over the way, they are as good as I, and better. All I can say is, the Board have been so often used to the name of Antrobus lately,[1] that I fear they may take your petition not in good part. If you are sure of the kindness or interest of Mr. A. the opportunity should not be lost; but I always a little distrust new friends and new lawyers.

I have found a man, who has brought Mr. Eyres (I think) up to my price, in a hurry; however he defers his final answer till Wednesday next. He shall

[1] By Gray's exertions this Mary Antrobus, who was his cousin, had been appointed postmistress at Cambridge.—[*Ed.*]

not have it a shilling lower, I promise; and if he hesitates, I will rise upon him like a fury. Good-night.—I am ever yours.

How could you dream that St[onehewer], or Hinchl[iffe] would ask this for themselves? The only people that ask'd it were Lort, Marriott, Delaval, Jebb, and Peck—, at least I have heard of no more. Delaval always communicated his thoughts to me, knowing I would make no ill use of that knowledge. Lort is a worthy man, and I wish he could have it, or something as good: the rest are nothing.

CXXXII.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

Jermyn Street (at Mr. Roberts's),
August 1, 1768.

DEAR DOCTOR—I have been remiss in answering your last letter, which was sent me to Ramsgate, from Cambridge: for I have passed a good part of the summer in different parts of Kent much to my satisfaction. Could I have advised anything essential in poor Mrs. Ettrick's case, I had certainly replied immediately: but we seem of one mind in it. There was nothing left but to appeal to delegates (let the trouble and expense be what they will almost) and to punish, if it be practicable, that old villain, who upon the bench of justice dared to set at nought all common sense and all humanity.

I write to you now chiefly to tell you, and I think you will be pleased (nay I expect the whole family

will be pleased with it), that on Sunday se'nnight, Brocket died by a fall from his horse, being (as I hear) drunk, and some say, returning from Hinchinbroke. That on the Wednesday following, I received a letter from the D. of Grafton, saying, he had the king's commands to *offer* me the vacant Professorship, that, etc. (but I shall not write all he says) and he adds at the end, *that from private as well as public considerations, he must take the warmest part in approving so well judged a measure as he hopes I do not doubt of the real regard and esteem with which he has the honor to be*, etc., there's for you. So on Thursday the king signed the warrant, and next day at his levee I kissed his hand. He made me several gracious speeches, which I shall not report, because everybody, who goes to Court, does so. By the way I desire, you would say, that all the Cabinet Council in words of great favour approved the nomination of your humble servant, and this I am bid to say, and was told to leave my name at their several doors. I have told you the outside of the matter, and all the manner: for the inside you know enough easily to guess it, and you will guess right. As to his grace I have not seen him before or since.

I shall continue here perhaps a fortnight longer, perishing with heat; I have no Thermometer with me, but I feel it as I did at Naples. Next summer (if it be as much in my power, as it is in my wishes) I meet you at the foot of Skiddaw. My respects to Mrs. Wharton, and the young ladies great and small.

Love to Robin and Richard. Adieu!—I am truly yours.

At your instance I have kiss'd Mrs. Forster, and forgot old quarrels. I went to visit the Daughter, who has been brought to bed of a Boy, and there I met with the Mother.

CXXXIII.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

August 1 [1768].

DEAR MASON—Where you are, I know not, but before this can reach you I guess you will be in residence. It is only to tell you that I profess Modern History and languages in a little shop of mine at Cambridge, if you will recommend me any customers. On Sunday Brocket died of a fall from his horse, drunk, I believe, as some say, returning from Hinchinbroke.[1] On Wednesday the Duke of Grafton wrote me a very handsome letter to say that the King offered the vacant place to me, with many more speeches too honourable for me to transcribe. On Friday, at the levee, I kissed his Majesty's hand.[2] What he said I will not tell you, because everybody that has been at court tells what the King said to

[1] Hinchinbroke, the seat of Lord Sandwich, in Huntingdonshire.

[2] "I believe Mr. Stonhewer, the Duke of Grafton's secretary, and Mr. Gray's friend, was the first man in this affair."—[*Cole, MS. Note.*]

them.[1] It was very gracious, however. Remember you are to say that the Cabinet Council all approved of the nomination in a particular manner. It is hinted to me that I should say this publicly, and I have been at their several doors to thank them. Now I have told you all the exterior; the rest, the most essential, you can easily guess, and how it came about. Now are you glad or sorry, pray? Adieu.—Yours ever, T. G., P. M. H. and L.[2]

CXXXIV.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

Jermyn Street (Mr. Roberts),
August 3, 1768.

DEAR SIR—That Mr. Brockett has broke his neck, you will have seen in the newspapers, and also that I (your humble servant) have kissed the king's hand for his succession, they both are true, but the manner how you know not; only I can assure you that I had no hand at all in his fall, and *almost* as little in the second happy event. He died on the Sunday; on Wednesday following, his Grace of Grafton wrote me a very polite letter to say that his majesty commanded him to *offer* me the vacant professorship, not only as a reward of, etc., but as a credit to, etc., with much more too high for me to transcribe. *You are to say*

[1] Sir Egerton Brydges informed me, "That when Gray went to court to kiss the King's hand for his place, he felt a mixture of shyness and pride which he expressed to some of his intimate friends in terms of strong ill humour."—[*Mit.*]

[2] Thomas Gray, Professor of Modern History and Letters.

that I owe my nomination to the *whole cabinet council*, and my success to the king's *particular knowledge* of me; this last he told me himself, though the day was so hot and the ceremony so embarrassing to me, that I hardly know what he said.

I am commissioned to make you an offer which I have told him (not the king) you would not accept long ago. Mr. Barrett[1] (whom you know) offers to you a hundred pounds a year, with meat, drink, washing, chaise and lodging, if you will please to accompany him through France into Italy; he has taken such a fancy to you that I cannot but do what he desires me, being pleased with him for it. I know it will never do, though before you grew a rich fat rector I have often wished (ay, and fished too) for such an opportunity. No matter! I desire you to write your answer to him yourself as civil as you think fit, and then let me know the result, that is all. He lives at Lee, near Canterbury.

Adieu! I am to perish here with heat this fortnight yet, and then to Cambridge. Dr. Marriott (Mr. Vicecan) came post hither to ask this vacant office on Wednesday last, and went post to carry the news back on Saturday. The rest were Delaval, Lort, Peck, and Jebb.[2] As to Lort, he deserved it,

[1] Mr. Barret of Lee Priory, Canterbury.

[2] *Lort* was a scholar and antiquary, afterwards Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Rector of Fulham, and Prebendary of St. Paul's. He died from an overturn of his carriage. Boswell says, "Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit." *Peck* was an old fellow of Trinity College, who had the living

and Delaval is an honest gentleman; the rest do me no great honour, no more than my predecessor did; to be sure, my *dignity* is a little the worse for wear, but mended and washed it will do for me. I am very sincerely yours, T. G.

CXXXV.—TO JAMES BEATTIE.

Pembroke Hall, October 31, 1768.

It is some time since I received from Mr. Foulis two copies of my poems, one by the hands of Mr. T. Pitt, the other by Mr. Merrill, a bookseller of this town: it is indeed a most beautiful edition, and must certainly do credit both to him and to me: but I fear it will be of no other advantage to him, as Dodsley has contrived to glut the town already with two editions beforehand, one of 1500, and the other of 750, both indeed far inferior to that of Glasgow, but sold at half the price. I must repeat my thanks, Sir, for the trouble you have been pleased to give yourself on my account; and through you I must desire leave to convey my acknowledgments to Mr. Foulis,

of Trompington, and whom Mr. Professor Smythe informs me he just remembers when an undergraduate, as a *queer piece of antiquity*. *Jebb* was the great hero of dissent, the head of the latitudinarians of Cambridge, as they were called; a distinguished mathematician and author of great ability and integrity. He gave heretical lectures at his lodgings in the town, and afterwards left the University, and became a physician and politician in London. His *Works* were published by Dr. Disney in 1787.—[*Mit.*]

for the pains and expense he has been at in this publication.

We live at so great a distance, that, perhaps, you may not yet have learned, what, I flatter myself, you will not be displeased to hear: the middle of last summer his Majesty was pleased to appoint me Regius Professor of Modern History in this University; it is the best thing the Crown has to bestow (on a layman) here; the salary is £400 per ann. but what enhances the value of it to me is, that it was bestowed without being asked. The person, who held it before me, died on the Sunday; and on Wednesday following the Duke of Grafton wrote me a letter to say, that the King offered me this office, with many additional expressions of kindness on his Grace's part, to whom I am but little known, and whom I have not seen either before or since he did me this favour. Instances of a benefit so nobly conferred, I believe, are rare; and therefore I tell you of it as a thing that does honour, not only to me, but to the Minister.

As I lived here before from choice, I shall now continue to do so from obligation: if business or curiosity should call you southwards, you will find few friends that will see you with more cordial satisfaction, than, dear Sir, etc.

CXXXVI.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

Jermyn Street, Saturday, August 27, 1768.

DEAR SIR—I hope in God, before now, you have given Mr. Barrett his answer. I always supposed you would refuse, and told him so; yet, as he does not write to me, I much doubt whether you have acquainted him of it: why, did not I desire you to do so out of hand? and did not I make my civilities to Mrs. Nicholls? 'tis sure I intended both one and the other: but you never allow for business? why, I am selling an estate, and over head and ears in writings.

Next week I come to Cambridge. Pray let me find a letter from you there, telling me the way to Lovingland; for thither I come, as soon as I have been sworn in, and subscribed, and been at Church. Poor Mr. Spence was found drowned in his own garden at Byfield,[1] probably (being paralytic) he fell into the water, and had no one near to help him. So *History* has lost two of her chief supports almost at once; let us pray for their successors! His Danish Majesty has had a diarrhæa, so could not partake of Dr. Marriott's collation; if he goes thither at all, I would contrive not to be present at the time. Adieu! I am yours, T. G.

[1] On the 20th of August.—[*Ed.*]

CXXXVII.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Pembroke College, September 7, 1768.

DEAR MASON—What can I say more to you about Oddington?[1] You seem engaged to Mr. Wood, and in consequence of that to Mr. Meller. Mr. Brown is not here, and if he were I could by no means consult him about it. His view to the mastership will be affected by it just in the same manner as if he had accepted of Framlingham[2] and had it in possession, which I little doubt he would accept if it were vacant and undisputed. As to the dubious title, he told me of it himself, and I was surprised at it as a thing quite new to me. This is all I know; nor (if you were under no previous engagements) could I direct or determine your choice. It ought to be entirely your own; as to accept or refuse ought to be entirely his. The only reason I have suggested anything about it is, that (when we first talked on this subject) you asked me whether Mr. Brown would have it; and I replied, it would hardly be worth his while, as Framlingham was of greater value; in which, all things considered, I may be mistaken.

I give you joy of your vase; I cannot find P. et

[1] Rectory in Gloucestershire, a living in the gift of Mason, as the Precentor of York.—[*Mit.*]

[2] Framlingham, a market town in Suffolk. The rectory is in the gift of Pembroke College. Its castle is well known to antiquaries, and the monument of Lord Surrey, in the church, to poets.—[*Mit.*]

P. PA. in my *Sertorius Ursatus*, and consequently do not know their meaning. What shall I do? My learned brethren are dispersed over the face of the earth. I have lately dug up three small vases, in workmanship at least equal to yours; they were discovered at a place called Burslem in Staffordshire, and are very little impaired by time. On the larger one is this inscription very legibly, $\frac{s.}{9}$; and on the two smaller thus, $\frac{s.}{7}$. You will oblige me with an explanation, for *Ursatus* here too leaves us in the dark.

I fear the King of Denmark could not stay till your hair was dressed. He is a genteel lively figure, not made by nature for a fool; but surrounded by a pack of knaves, whose interest it is to make him one if they can. He has overset poor Dr. Marriot's head here, who raves of nothing else from morning till night.

Pray make my best compliments to your brother-residentiary Mr. Cowper, and thank him for his obliging letter of congratulation, which I did not at all expect. Present also my respects and acknowledgements to Miss Polly. Mr. Bedingfield I shall answer soon, both as to his civilities and his reproaches; the latter you might have prevented by telling him that I gave my works to nobody, as it was only a new edition. Adieu; write to me.—I am ever yours, T. G.

CXXXVIII.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

Pembroke College, November 8, 1768.

NOT a single word since we parted at Norwich, and for ought I know, you may be ignorant how I fell into the jaws of the King of Denmark at Newmarket, and might have staid there till this time, had I not met with Mr. Vice-chancellor and Mr. Orator, with their diplomas and speeches; who, on their return to Cambridge, sent me a chaise from thence, and delivered me out of that den of thieves. However, I passed a night there; and in the next room, divided from me by a thin partition, was a drunken parson and his party of pleasure, singing and swearing, and breaking all the ten commandments. All that I saw on my way else was the abbey church at Wyndham, to learned eyes a beautiful remnant of antiquity, part of it in the style of Henry the First, and part in that of Henry the Sixth; the wooden fretwork of the north isle you may copy, when you build the best room of your new Gothic parsonage, it will cost but a trifle.

So now I am going to town about my business, which (if I dispatch to my mind) will leave me at rest, and with a tolerably easy temper for one while. I return hither as soon as I can, and give you notice what a sweet humour I am in. Mrs. Nicholls and you take advantage of it, come and take possession of the lodge at Trinity Hall (by the way, I am com-

missioned to offer it to you by Dr. Marriott for that purpose, and you have nothing to do but to thank him for his civilities, and say at what time you intend to make use of them); and so we live in clover, and partake the benefits of a University education together, as of old. Palgrave is returned from Scotland, and will perhaps be here. Mason too, if he is not married (for such a report there is), may come, and Dr. Hallifax is always at your service. Lord Richard Cavendish[1] is come: he is a sensible boy, awkward and bashful beyond all imagination, and eats a buttock of beef at a meal. I have made him my visit, and we did tolerably well considering. Watson is his public tutor, and one Winstanley his private; do you know him?

Marriott has begun a subscription for a musical amphitheatre, has appropriated £500 (Mr. Titley's legacy to the University) to that purpose, and gives twenty guineas himself. He has drawn a design for the building, and has printed an argument about the poor's-rates, which he intended to have delivered from the bench, but one of the parties dropped the cause. He has spoke at the Quarter Sessions two hours together, and moved the towns-people to tears, and the University to laughter. At laying down his office too he spoke Latin, and said, *Invidiam, et opinionum de me commenta delebit dies.* He enlarged (which is never done) on the qualifications of Hinchliffe his successor, *qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes*—

[1] Second son of the fourth Duke of Devonshire (1751-1781).

qui cum Magnis vixit et placuit. Next day Hinchliffe made his speech, and said not one word (though it is usual) of his predecessor. I tell you Cambridge news for want of better. They say Rigby is to move for the expulsion of Wilkes from the house. My respects to mamma. I am yours, T. G.

Tell me about my uncle and aunt: direct to Roberts, Jermyn Street.

CXXXIX.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

December 18, 1768.

You have indeed brought yourself into a little scrape. I would, if it were my own case, say to Lord Lisburne (supposing you were pressed by him) that I had not received yet any letter from Temple; in the meantime I would write instantly to him in Devonshire, tell him my difficulty, and how I got into it, and desire his consent to shew Lord Lisburne so much of his letter as might be proper. I would then (supposing him not averse) have a cold, or the toothache, and be detained at Richmond, from whence I would (transcribing so much of this very letter as may be fit for his lordship to see) send it to him in town, as the substance of what I had *just then* received in answer to my own. He will have suspicions (you will say) from my not shewing him the original. No matter! you are nothing to Lord Lisburne, perhaps you had written to Temple about other affairs that you cannot shew him; he will not be so uncivil as to ask for it;

in short, let him suspect what he pleases, anything is better than to shew it him, and yet I would omit nothing in my copy but what relates to *Berwick* and to *the addition* that he should have made to the parsonage house. The kindness expressed for him toward the latter part of the letter will (if he cares for Temple) make up for all the rest.

By the way Temple does himself much credit with me by this letter, and I did not (begging his pardon) suspect him of writing so well; but yet I must stand up a little for Lord Lisburne—what occasion, pray, for so many cordial letters (which if he were good for nothing at bottom, must have cost him some pains of head), and for the bribe of a living, only to gain Temple's vote and interest, which as a relation and friend he would have had for nothing at all. Is not the date he sets to the beginning of Lord Lisburne's coldness to him carried a little too far back? did it not really begin a little later, when he had brought his wife to Mamhead and they did not much like her? These indeed are only conjectures, but they may be true. I have to be sure a little prejudice to Madam, but yet I must be candid enough to own that the parsonage-house sticks a little in my stomach.

My best remembrances to Temple, and tell him I wish he would not give too much way to his own sensibilities, and still less (in this case) to the sensibilities of other people. It is always time enough to quarrel with one's friends. Adieu! T. G.

It was Mr. Bentley indeed.

CXL.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

December 29, 1768.

Oh, wicked Scroddles! There have you gone and told my *arcanum arcanorum*[1] to that leaky mortal Palgrave, who never conceals anything he is trusted with; and there have I been forced to write to him, and (to bribe him to silence) have told him how much I confided in his taciturnity, and twenty lies beside, the guilt of which must fall on you at the last account. Seriously, you have done very wrong. Surely you do not remember the imprudence of Dr. G.,[2] who is well known to that rogue in Piccadilly, and who at any time may be denounced to the party concerned, which five shillings reward may certainly bring about. Hitherto luckily nobody has taken any notice of it, nor I hope ever will.

Dr. Balguy tells me you talk of Cambridge; come

[1] This *arcanum arcanorum* must, I think, be an allusion to the lines written by Gray, in 1766, on Lord Holland's seat at Kingsgate. Walpole says on these lines, "I am very sorry that he ever wrote them and ever gave a copy of them. You may be sure I did *not recommend their being printed in his works*, nor were they." The lines were written at Denton, in Kent, when on a visit to Rev. William Robinson, and found in a drawer of Gray's room after his departure.—[*Mit.*]

[2] Dr. Gisborne. Who the *rogue in Piccadilly* was, I do not know, for there was no *Court Guide* in those days. Lord Bath, who had lived there, was dead; but Lord March was then living in the street. The parish rate-books, which still exist, would be the only guide that I know in solving the mystery. —[*Mit.*]

away then forthwith, when your Christmas duties and mince-pies are over; for what can you do at Aston, making snow-balls all January. Here am I just returned from London. I have seen L[or]t whose looks are much mended, and he has leave to break up for a fortnight, and is gone to Bath. Poor Dr. Hurd has undergone a painful operation: they say it was not a fistula, but something very like it. He is now in a way to be well, and by this time goes abroad again. Delaval was confined two months with a like disorder. He suffered three times under the hands of Hawkins, and, though he has now got out, and walking the streets, does not think himself cured, and still complains of uneasy sensations. Nobody but I and Fraser, and Dr. Ross (who it is said is just made Dean of Ely), are quite well. Dr. Thomas,[1] of Christ's, is Bishop of Carlisle.[2] Do not you feel a spice of concupiscence? Adieu. I am ever yours,

T. G.

Mr. Brown's companion here is Lord Richard. What is come of Foljambe?[3] Service to my curate.

[1] Dr. Thomas was Master of Christ's College; was offered a bishoprick, and persuaded by Law, formerly of Christ's and Master of Peterhouse, to *decline it, that he himself might be nominated Bishop.* Such was always the representation of Mrs. Thomas.—[*MS. Note by Professor Smyth to Mitford.*]

[2] Edmund Law was made Bishop of Carlisle in 1768.

[3] This person was probably Francis Ferrand Home Foljambe, who represented the county of York, 1787; married as his second wife Arabella, daughter of Lord Scarborough, in 1792; died in 1814.—[*Mit.*]

CXLI.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

DEAR NICHOLLS—I wrote to you from London, lately, not knowing but you might care to go with me into Yorkshire to-morrow, but as I neither find you here, nor any letter from you, I conclude that is not to be. I would wish by all means to oblige and serve Temple in any way I am able, but it cannot be *in his way* at present. He and you seem to think, that I have nothing else to do but to transcribe a page from some common-place book on this head, if it were so, I should not hesitate a minute about it; but as I came from town only on Thursday last, have only two days to pass here, and must fetch all the materials from my own recollection, he must excuse me for the present. Let him begin with Lord Bacon's *Henry VII.* and Lord Herbert's *Henry VIII.*, and by that time I return from Aston (which will be in three weeks or less), perhaps I may be able to help him onwards a little. I keep the letter till we meet, lest it be lost. Adieu! T. G.

Direct, a Mons. Mons. de B. chez Messrs. Lullin, Freres Banquiers, rue Thevenot, Paris.

CXLII.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

Pembroke College, January 2, 1769.

DEAR SIR—Here am I once again, and have sold my estate, and got a thousand guineas, and four score

pounds a year for my old aunt, and a £20 prize in the lottery, and lord knows what arrears in the treasury, and am a rich fellow enough, go to, and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him; and in a few days I shall have curtains, are you avised of that; ay, and a mattrass to lie upon.

And there's Dr. Hallifax tells me, there are three or four fellow-commoners got into the lodge, but they will be out in a week's time, and all ready for Mrs. Nicholls's reception and yours, so do your pleasures, I invite nobody. And there's Dr. Thomas may be Bishop of Carlisle if he pleases, and (if not) Dr. Powell; and in the first case Dr. Ross will be Dean of Ely. And so I am yours, T. G.

CXLIII.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

Pembroke Hall, January 26, 1769.

Are you not well, or what has happened to you? It is better than three weeks since I wrote to you (by Norwich and Yarmouth) to say I was returned hither, and hoped to see you; that Trinity Hall Lodge would be vacant, as Hallifax told me, to receive Mrs. Nicholls and you, and we expected you with impatience. I have had a sore throat, and now am getting well of the gout. Mason will be here on Tuesday. Palgrave keeps Lent at home, and wants to be asked to break it. Dr. Law has bit at the bishoprick, and gives up near £800 a year to enjoy

it. Dr. Ross has his prebend of Durham. Adieu, I am yours, T. G.

Duty to Mamma.

CXLIV.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

[March 1769.]

DEAR SIR—I am sorry to think you are coming to town at a time when I am ready to leave it; but so it must be, for here is a son born unto us, and he must die a heathen without your assistance; Old Pa. is in waiting ready to receive you at your landing. Mason set out for Yorkshire this morning. Delaval is by no means well, and looks sadly, yet he goes about and talks as loud as ever; he fell upon me tooth and nail (but in a very friendly manner) only on the credit of the newspaper, for he knows nothing further; told me of the obloquy that waits for me; and said everything to deter me from doing a thing that is already done. Mason sat by and heard it all with a world of complacency.

You see the determination of a majority of fifty-four, only two members for counties among them. It is true that Luttrell was insulted, and even struck with a flambeau, at the door of the House of Commons on Friday night; but he made no disturbance, and got away. How he will appear in public I do not conceive. Great disturbances are expected, and I think with more reason than ever. Petitions to

Parliament, well-attended, will (I suppose) be the first step, and next, to the King to dissolve the present Parliament. I own I apprehend the event whether the mob or the army are to get the better.

You will wish to know what was the real state of things on the *hearse-day*:[1] the driver, I hear, was one Stevenson, a man who lets out carriages to Wilkes's party, and is worth money. Lord Talbot was not rolled in the dirt, nor struck, nor his staff broken, but made the people a speech, and said he would down on his knees to them if they would but disperse and be quiet. They asked him whether he would stand on his head for them, and begun to shoulder him, but he retired among the soldiers. Sir Ar. Gilmour received a blow, and seized the man who struck him, but the fellow fell down and was hustled away among the legs of the mob. At Bath House a page came in to his mistress, and said, he was afraid Lady Bath did not know what a disturbance there was below; she asked him if "the house was on fire?" he said "No; but the mob were forcing into the court:" she said "Is that all; well I will go and look at them:" and actually did so from some obscure window. When she was satisfied, she said, "When they are tired of bawling I suppose they will go home."

Mr. Ross, a merchant, was very near murdered,

[1] March 22, 1769; the *hearse*, with two white and two black horses, headed the cavalcade, and bore sensational representations—on one side, of the soldiers firing at young Allen—on the other, of the Brentford murder.—[*Ed.*]

as the advertisement sets forth, by a man with a hammer, who is not yet discovered, in spite of the £600 reward. I stay a week longer. Adieu: I am ever yours, T. G.

CXLV.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

London, April 20, 1769.

DEAR DOCTOR—You have reason to call me negligent, nor have I anything to allege in my own defence, but two successive fits of the gout, which though weakly and not severe, were at least dispiriting, and lasted a long time. I rejoiced to hear your alarms for Robin and Kitty ended so happily, and with them (I hope), are fled a great part of your future inquietudes on their account. In the summer I flatter myself we may all meet in health once more at Old Park, and a part of us perhaps at the foot of Skiddaw. I am to call Mason in my way, and bring him with me to visit his own works. Mr. Brown admitted your nephew according to your orders, and will provide him with a room against October.

I do not guess, what intelligence Stonehewer gave you about my employments: but the worst employment I have had has been to write something for musick against the Duke of Grafton comes to Cambridge. I must comfort myself with the intention: for I know it will bring abuse enough on me;[1] how-

[1] When the late Duke of Grafton was elected Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, it is known that Mr. Gray, from

ever it is done, and given to the Vice-chancellor, and there is an end. I am come to town for a fortnight, and find everything in extreme confusion, as you may guess from your newspapers: nothing but force threatened on both sides, and the law (as usual) watching the event and ready to side with the strongest. The only good thing I hear is, that France is on the brink of a general bankruptcy, and their fleet (the only thing they have laid out money on of late) in no condition of service.

The spring is come in all its beauty, and for two or three days I am going to meet it at Windsor. Adieu! and let us pray it may continue till July. Remember me to Mrs. Wharton, and all the family. —I am ever yours, T. G.

Mason has just left us and is gone to Aston.

an impulse of what he looked on as a species of duty, spontaneously offered to write the Ode for his Grace's installation. He considered it nevertheless as a sort of task, as a set composition; and a considerable time passed before he could prevail upon himself, or rather before he actually felt the power to begin it. But one morning after breakfast, Mr. Nicholls called on him, and knocking at his chamber door, Mr. Gray got up hastily, and threw it open himself, and running up to him, in a hurried voice and tone exclaimed, "Hence, avaunt! 'tis holy ground!" Mr. Nicholls was so astonished, that he thought his senses were deranged; but Mr. Gray in a moment after resumed his usual pleasant manner, and repeating several verses at the beginning of that inimitable composition, said, "Well, I have begun the Ode, and now I shall finish it."—[*Mathias.*]

CXLVI.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

Pembroke, Wednesday, June 7.

I HAVE just recollected that Mr. Boycot may possibly be able to give you some assistance.

P.S.—Well! why, you don't say anything to me. Here am I; and as soon as our ceremonies are over, look with your telescope at the top of Skiddaw, and you will see me.

CXLVII.—TO RICHARD STONEHEWER—FRAGMENT.

Cambridge, June 12.

. . . . . .

I DID not intend the Duke should have heard me till he could not help it. You are desired to make the best excuses you can to his Grace for the liberty I have taken of praising him to his face; but as somebody was necessarily to do this, I did not see why Gratitude should sit silent and leave it to Expectation to sing, who certainly would have sung, and that *à gorge deployee* upon such an occasion.

. . . . . .

CXLVIII.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

Pembroke College, June 24, 1769.

AND so you have a garden of your own, and you plant and transplant, and are dirty and amused; are not you ashamed of yourself? why, I have no such

thing, you monster; nor ever shall be either dirty or amused as long as I live! my gardens are in the window, like those of a lodger up three pair of stairs in Petticoat Lane or Camomile Street, and they go to bed regularly under the same roof that I do: dear, how charming it must be to walk out in one's own garden, and sit on a bench in the open air with a fountain, and a leaden statue, and a rolling stone, and an arbour! have a care of sore throats though, and the *agoe.*

Odicle[1] has been rehearsed again and again, and the boys have got scraps by heart; I expect to see it torn piece-meal in the *North Briton* before it is born; the music is as good as the words; the former might be taken for mine, and the latter for Dr. Randal's; if you will come, you shall see it, and sing in it with Mr. Norris, and Mr. Clarke, the clergyman, and Mr. Reinholt, and Miss Thomas, great names at Salisbury and Gloster music-meeting, and well versed in *Judas Maccabœus.* Dr. Marriott is to have Lord Sandwich and the Attorney-General at his lodge, not to mention foreign ministers, who are to lie with Dr. Hallifax, or in the stables. Lord North is at King's, Lord Weymouth at Mrs. Arbuthnot's, they talk of the D.

[1] The *Installation Ode.* It was put to music by Dr. John Randall (1715-1799), Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge since 1755, and it was performed on the 1st of July 1769. The principal executants were Charles Frederick Reinholt (1737-1815), the popular bass singer, and Thomas Norris (1745-1790), the soprano, who died in consequence of his efforts at the Birmingham Festival in 1790.—[*Ed.*]

of Bedford, who (I suppose), has a bed in King's Chapel. The Archbishop is to be at Christ's; Bps. of London at Clare Hall; of Lincoln, at Dr. Gordon's; of Chester, at Peter House; of Norwich, at Jesus; of St. David's, at Caius; of Bangor, at the Dog and Porridge-pot; Marq. of Granby, at Woodyer's. The Yorkes and Townshends will not come. Soulsby the tailor lets his room for eleven guineas the three days, Woodyer aforesaid, for fifteen. Brotherton asks twenty. I have a bed over the way offered me at three half-crowns a night, but it may be gone before you come. I believe all that are unlet will be cheap as the time approaches. I wish it were once over, and immediately I go for a few days to London, and so (with Mr. Brown) to Aston, though I fear it will rain the whole summer, and Skiddaw will be invisible and inaccessible to mortals. I forgot to tell you, that on the Monday (after his Grace has breakfasted on a divinity-act), twelve noblemen and fellow-commoners are to settle his stomach with verses made and repeated by themselves. Saturday next (you know) is the great day, and he goes away on Monday after this repast.

I have got De la Lande's *Voyage through Italy*, in eight volumes; he is a member of the Academy of Sciences, and pretty good to read. I have read an octavo volume of Shenstone's *Letters;* poor man! he was always wishing for money, for fame, and other distinctions; and his whole philosophy consisted in living against his will in retirement, and in a place

which his taste had adorned, but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to see and commend it. His correspondence is about nothing else but this place, and his own writings with two or three neighbouring clergymen, who wrote verses too.

I will send the Wilton-book directed to Payne for you, though I know it will be lost, and then you will say it was not worth above a shilling, which is a great comfort to me. I have just found the beginning of a letter which somebody has dropped: I should rather call it first thoughts for the beginning of a letter, for there are many scratches and corrections. As I cannot use it myself (having got a beginning already of my own), I send it for your use upon some great occasion.

Dear Sir—After so long silence the hopes of pardon and prospect of forgiveness might seem entirely extinct or at least very remote, was I not truly sensible of your goodness and candour, which is the only asylum that my negligence can fly to; since every apology would prove insufficient to counterbalance it, or alleviate my fault. How then shall my deficiency presume to make so bold an attempt, or be able to suffer the hardships of so rough a campaign, etc. And am, dear Sir, kindly yours, T. G.

P.S.—I do not publish at all, but Alma Mater prints five or six hundred for the company. I have nothing more to add about Southampton than what you have transcibed already in your map-book.

CXLIX.—TO JAMES BEATTIE.

Cambridge, July 16, 1769.

THE late ceremony of the Duke of Grafton's installation has hindered me from acknowledging sooner the satisfaction your friendly compliment gave me: I thought myself bound in gratitude to his Grace, unasked, to take upon me the task of writing those verses which are usually set to music on this occasion. I do not think them worth sending you, because they are by nature doomed to live but a single day; or, if their existence is prolonged beyond that date, it is only by means of newspaper parodies, and witless criticisms. This sort of abuse I had reason to expect, but did not think it worth while to avoid.

Mr. Foulis is magnificent in his gratitude:[1] I cannot figure to myself how it can be worth his while to offer me such a present. You can judge better of it than I; if he does not hurt himself by it, I would accept his Homer with many thanks. I have not got or even seen it.

I could wish to subscribe to his new edition of Milton, and desire to be set down for two copies of the large paper; but you must inform me where and when I may pay the money.

[1] When the Glasgow edition of Mr. Gray's Poems was sold off (which it was in a short time), Mr. Foulis finding himself a considerable gainer, mentioned to Mr. Beattie that he wished to make Mr. Gray a present either of his *Homer*, in 4 vols. folio, or the *Greek Historians*, printed likewise at his press, in 29 vols. duodecimo.—[*Mason.*]

You have taught me to long for a second letter, and particularly for what you say will make the contents of it. I have nothing to requite it with, but plain and friendly truth; and that you shall have joined to a zeal for your fame, and a pleasure in your success.

I am now setting forward on a journey towards the North of England: but it will not reach so far as I could wish. I must return hither before Michaelmas, and shall barely have time to visit a few places and a few friends.

CL.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

Pembroke College, July 17, 1769.

DEAR DOCTOR—Mason being in residence at York, I lay aside my first design of going obliquely to Aston, and thence to Keswick; and set out with Mr. Brown to-morrow the common northern road. We shall probably pass two or three days at York, and then come to Old Park. About the end of August we may cross the Appennine, and visit M. Skiddaw, when Mason may accompany or meet us on our way, and so you drop me there to find my way through the deserts of Lancashire in my return homewards.

I am so fat, that I have suffered more from heat this last fortnight, than ever I did in Italy. The thermometer usually at 75, and (in the sun) at 116. My respects to Mrs. Wharton and the family.—I am ever yours, T. G.

CLI.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Old Park, Saturday, August 26, 1769.

DEAR MASON—I received last night your letter, big with another a week older than itself. You might as well have wrote to me from the deserts of Arabia, and desired me to step over and drink a dish of tea with you. This morning I sent to Auckland for a chaise; the man's answer is that he had a chaise with four horses returned yesterday from Hartlepool, that the road was next to impassable, and so dangerous that he does not think of sending out any other that way, unless the season should change to a long drought. I would have gone by Durham, but am assured that road is rather worse. What can I do? You speak so jauntily, and enter so little into any detail of your own journey, that I conclude you came on horseback from Stockton (which road, however, is little better for carriages). If so, we hope you will ride over to Old Park with Mr. Alderson; there is room for you both, and hearty welcome. The doctor even talks of coming (for he can ride) to invite you on Monday. I wonder how you are accommodated where you are, and what you are doing with Gen. Carey. I would give my ears to get thither, but all depends on the sun. Adieu.

It is twenty miles to Old Park, and the way is by Hart, over Sheraton Moor, and through Trimdon. There is no village else that has a name. Pray write a line by the bearer. T. GRAY.

We have a confirmation of the above account of the state of the roads from other evidences; nevertheless, I shall certainly come on horseback on Monday to inquire after your proceedings and designs, and to prevail upon you and Mr. Alderson to return with me to Old Park. A rainy morning, perhaps, may stop us a few hours, but when it clears up I shall set forward. Adieu; accept all our compliments.—Yours ever, T. WHARTON.

CLII.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

Lancaster, October 10, 1769.

DEAR SIR—I set out on the 29th September, with poor Doctor Wharton, and lay at Brough, but he was seized with a fit of the asthma the same night, and obliged in the morning to return home. I went by Penrith to Keswick, and passed six days there lap'd in Elysium; then came slowly by Ambleside to Kendal, and this day arrived here. I now am projecting to strike across the hills into Yorkshire, by Settle, and so get to Mason's; then, after a few days, I shall move gently towards Cambridge. The weather has favoured all my motions just as I could wish.

I received your letter of 23d September; was glad you deviated a little from the common track, and rejoiced you got well and safe home.—I am, ever yours, T. G.

CLIII.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

Aston, October 18, 1769.

Dear Doctor—I hope you got safe and well home after that troublesome night:[1] I long to hear you say so. For me I have continued well, been so favoured by the weather, that my walks have never once been hindered till yesterday (that is during a fortnight and 3 or 4 days, and a journey of 300 miles, and more), and am now at Aston for two days. To-morrow I go towards Cambridge: Mason is not here, but Mr. Alderson receives me. My best respects to the family. Adieu!—I am ever yours.

Pray tell me about Stonehewer.

CLIV.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

Dear Doctor—Have you lost the former part of my journal? It was dated from *Aston*, 18th October. How does Stonehewer do? Will his father's condition allow him to return as yet? I beg my respects to all the family at Old Park, and am ever yours,

T. G.

Cambridge, 29th October 1769.

[1] Dr. Wharton, who had intended to accompany Mr. Gray to Keswick, was seized at Brough with a violent fit of his asthma, which obliged him to return home. This was the reason that Mr. Gray undertook to write the journal of his tour for his friend's amusement.—[*Mason.*]

CLV.—TO RICHARD STONEHEWER.

(By Caxton Bag.)

Cambridge, November 2, 1769.

My dear Sir—I am sincerely pleased with every mark of your kindness, and as such I look upon your last letter in particular.[1] I feel for the sorrow you have felt, and yet I cannot wish to lessen it; that would be to rob you of the best part of your nature, to efface from your mind the tender memory of a father's love, and deprive the dead of that just and grateful tribute which his goodness demanded from you.

I must, however, remind you how happy it was for him that you were with him to the last; that he was sensible, perhaps, of your care, when every other sense was vanishing. He might have lost you the last year,[2] might have seen you go before him, at a time when all the ills of helpless old age were coming upon him, and, though not destitute of the attention and tenderness of others, yet destitute of *your* attention and *your* tenderness. May God preserve you, my best friend, and, long after my eyes are closed, give you that last satisfaction in the gratitude and affection of a son, which you have given your father.

I am ever most truly and entirely yours,

T. G.

[1] Mr. Stonehewer's father, the Rev. Richard Stonehewer, D.D., Rector of Houghton-le-Spring, Durham, died 1769.

[2] I had been very ill at the time alluded to.—[*Stonehewer.*]

CLVI.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

I BEG your pardon, but I have no franks. The quill arrived very safe, and doubtless is a very snug and commodious method of travelling; for one of the rarities was alive and hearty, and was three times plunged in spirits, before I could get it to die. You are much improved in observation, for a common eye would certainly take it for a pismire. The place of its birth, form of the antenna, and abdomen, particularly the long *aculeus* under it, shew it to be a *Cynips* (look among the *Hymenoptera*) not yet complete, for the four wings do not yet appear, that I see. It is not a species described by Linnæus, though he mentions others, that breed on the leaves, footstalks, buds, flowers, and bark of the oak. Remember me to Mrs. Wharton and the family. My love to Stonehewer, if he has not left Durham. Adieu!

[November 1769.]

CLVII.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Pembroke College, December 2, 1769.

DEAR SIR—I am afraid something is the matter with you that I hear nothing from you since I passed two days with you in your absence. I am not in Ireland, as you perhaps might imagine by this natural sentence, but shall be as glad to hear from you as if I were.

A week ago I saw something in the newspaper

signed "An Enemy to Brick Walls in Improper Places." While I was studying how, for brevity's sake, to translate this into Greek, Mr. Brown did it in one word, Μασονιδης. I hope it is not that complaint, hard I must own to digest, that sticks in your stomach, and makes you thus silent.

I am sorry to tell you that I hear a very bad account of Dr. Hurd. He was taken very ill at Thurcaston, and obliged with difficulty to be carried in a chaise to Leicester. He remained there confined some time before he could be conveyed on to London. As they do not mention what his malady is, I am much afraid it is a return of the same disorder that he had last year in town. I am going thither for a few days myself, and shall soon be able to tell you more of him.

Wyatt[1] is returned hither very calm but melancholy, and looking dreadfully pale. He thinks of orders, I am told. Adieu.—I am ever yours,

T. G.

CLVIII.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Jermyn Street, December 14, 1769.

DEAR SIR—I have seen Dr. Hurd, and find the story I told you is not true, though (I thought) I had it on

[1] The Rev. William Wyatt, A.M., F.R.S., elected Fellow of Pembroke College in 1763, Rector of Framlingham-cum-Saxted in 1782, and in 1792 of Theberton in Suffolk; buried February 8, 1813, aged 71 years.—[*Mit.*]

very good authority. He was indeed ill at Thurcaston, but not so since, and walked an hour in Lincoln's Inn walks with me very hearty, though his complexion presages no good. St[onehewer] is come to town, and in good health. The weather and the times look very gloomy, and hang on my spirits, though I go to the Italian puppet show (the reigning diversion) to exhilarate them. I return to Cambridge on Tuesday next, where I desire you would send me a more exhilarating letter. Adieu.—I am ever yours,

T. G.

All your acquaintances here are well—Lord Newnham and Mr. Ramsden, and all.

CLIX.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

Pembroke College, January 3, 1770.

HAPPY new year and many to you all! Hepatica and mezereon now in flower! I saw Mrs. Jonathan, who is much fallen away, and was all in tears for the loss of her brother's child: she and Miss Wilson desired their compliments. Your nephew is here and very well; so is Mr. Brown, who presents his best wishes.[1]

[1] The rest of this letter is lost.—[*Ed.*]

CLX.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

Cambridge, January 6, 1770.

[HENCE, *vain deluding joys*, is our motto here, written on every feature, and hourly spoken by every solitary chapel bell; so that decently you can't expect no other but a very grave letter. I really beg your pardon to wrap up my thoughts in so smart a dress, as in a quarto sheet. I know they should appear in a folio leaf, but the ideas themselves shall look so solemn as to belie their dress. Though I wear not yet the black gown, and am only an inferior priest in the temple of meditation, yet my countenance is already consecrated. I never walk but with even steps and musing gait, and looks conversing with the skies; and unfold my wrinkles only when I see Mr. Gray, or think of you. Then, notwithstanding all your learnings and knowledge, I feel in such occasions that I have a heart, which you know is as some others, a quite profane thing to carry under a black gown.

I am in a hurry from morning till evening. At eight o'clock I am roused by a young square cap, with whom I follow Satan through chaos and night. He explained me in Greek and Latin, the *sweet reluctant amorous delays* of our grandmother Eve. We finish our travels in a copious breakfast of muffins and tea. Then appear Shakespeare and old Linneus struggling together as two ghosts would do for a

damned soul. Sometimes the one get the better, sometimes the other. Mr. Gray, whose acquaintance is my greatest debt to you, is so good as to shew me Macbeth, and all witches, beldams, ghosts and spirits, whose language I never could have understood without his interpretation. I am now endeavouring to dress all those people in a French dress, which is a very hard labour.

I am afraid to take a room, which Mr. Gray shall keep much better. So I stop my ever rambling pen. My respectful compliments to Mrs. Nicholls. Only remember that you have nowhere a better or more grateful friend than your

de Bonstetten.

I loos'd Mr. Wheeler letter and his direction.]

I never saw such a boy; our breed is not made on this model. He is busy from morning to night, has no other amusement than that of changing one study for another; likes nobody that he sees here, and yet wishes to stay longer, though he has passed a whole fortnight with us already. His letter has had no correction whatever, and is prettier by half than English.

Would not you hazard your journal: I want to see what you have done this summer, though it would be safer and better to bring it yourself, methinks!

Compliments respectueux à Mad. Nichole, et à notre aimable Cousine la *Sposa*. T. G.

CLXI.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

March 20, 1770.

DEAR SIR—I am sorry for your disappointment and my own. Do not believe that I am cold to Mr. Clarke's translation;[1] on the contrary, I long to see it, and wonder you should hesitate for want of franks (which here I have no means of getting), do I care about postage, do you think?

On Wednesday next, I go (for a few days) with Mons. de Bonstetten to London. His cursed Father will have him home in the autumn, and he must pass through France to improve his talents and morals. He goes for Dover on Friday. I have seen (I own) with pleasure the efforts you have made to recommend me to him, *sed non ego credulus illis*, nor I fear, he neither. He gives me too much pleasure, and at least *an equal share* of inquietude. You do not understand him so well as I do, but I leave my meaning imperfect, till we meet. I have never met with so extraordinary a person. God bless him! I am unable to talk to you about anything else I think.

I wondered you should think of Paris at the time of the Dauphin's marriage; it will be a frippery spectacle, and the expense of everything triple. As to Wales, doubtless I should wish it this summer, but I can answer for nothing, my own employment

[1] *Military Institutions of Vezetius*, in four books, translated from the Latin by John Clarke, 1767.

so sticks in my stomach, and troubles my conscience. When I return hither, I will write to you better and more fully. Adieu!—I am very sincerely yours,

T. G.

CLXII.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

Pembroke Hall, April 4, 1770.

At length, my dear sir, we have lost our poor de Bonstetten, I packed him up with my own hands in the Dover machine at four o'clock in the morning on Friday, 23d March; the next day at seven he sailed and reached Calais by noon, and Boulogne at night; the next night he reached Abbeville, where he had letters to Mad. Vanrobais, to whom belongs the famous manufacture of cloth there. From thence he wrote to me, and here am I again to pass my solitary evenings, which hung much lighter on my hands before I knew him. This is your fault! Pray let the next you send me be halt and blind, dull, unapprehensive, and wrong headed. For this (as Lady Constance says) *Was never such a gracious creature born!* and yet—but no matter! burn my letter that I wrote you, for I am very much out of humour with myself, and will not believe a word of it. You will think I have caught madness from him (for he is certainly mad) and perhaps you will be right. Oh! what things are fathers and mothers! I thought they were to be found only in England, but you see.

Where is Captain Clarke's translation? where is

your journal? do you still haggle for me to save sixpence, you niggard? why now I have been in town and brought no franks with me yet. The translation of Gruner cannot be had this month or six weeks, so I am destitute of all things. This place never appeared so horrible to me as it does now. Could not you come for a week or fortnight? it would be sunshine to me in a dark night? even Dr. Hallifax wishes you would come. At least write to me out of hand, for I am truly and faithfully yours,

T. G.

"Vous ne voyez plus que de la misère et de la gayete, les villages sont plus rares, plus petits: le silence dans ces deserts annonce par tout un maitre, il me sembloit, que je devois demander à ces hommes en guenilles, 'qui leur avoit pris leurs habits, leurs maisons? quelle peste avoit ravagé la nation?' Mais ils ont le bonheur de ne penser point, et de jouer jusqu'au moment qu'on les égorge.

"Mais gardons notre indignation pour çeux qui sont si stupides, qu'ils prennent de pareilles mœurs pour modèles."

CLXIII.—TO CHARLES VON BONSTETTEN.

Cambridge, April 12, 1770.

NEVER did I feel, my dear Bonstetten,[1] to what a tedious length the few short moments of our life may be extended by impatience and expectation, till you had left me; nor ever knew before with so strong a conviction how much this frail body sympathizes with the inquietude of the mind. I am grown old in the compass of less than three weeks, like the Sultan in the Turkish tales, that did but plunge his head into a vessel of water and take it out again, as the standers by affirmed, at the command of a Dervise, and found he had passed many years in captivity, and begot a large family of children. The strength and spirits that now enable me to write to you, are only owing

[1] Charles Von Bonstetten was Baillie of Nion, in the canton of Berne, author of letters on the *Pastoral Parts of Switzerland*, etc., and some other works. Mr. Mason (it appears) applied to him for leave to publish these letters, which he refused; afterwards permitting them to be printed by his friend Mathison, in the notes to some stanzas on the Leman Lake, in which Gray is introduced—

"Where Agathon, the Muses', Graces' pride,
The palace's delight, the peasant's stay;
E'en hence to distant Jura's shaggy side,
In warmest friendship clasped me as his Gray."

"Gray took lodgings for Bonstetten at Cambridge, near to his own rooms, and used to visit him in the evening, and read classical authors with him." These few words contained all about Gray, that Bonstetten told the Hon W. Ward (Lord Dudley) who communicated them to me.—[*Mit.*]

to your last letter a temporary gleam of sunshine. Heaven knows when it may shine again! I did not conceive till now, I own, what it was to lose you, nor felt the solitude and insipidity of my own condition before I possessed the happiness of your friendship. I must cite another Greek writer to you, because it is much to my purpose: he is describing the character of a genius truly inclined to philosophy. "It includes," he says, "qualifications rarely united in one single mind, quickness of apprehension and a retentive memory, vivacity and application, gentleness and magnanimity; to these he adds an invincible love of truth, and consequently of probity and justice. Such a soul," continues he, "will be little inclined to sensual pleasures, and consequently temperate; a stranger to illiberality and avarice; being accustomed to the most extensive views of things, and sublimest contemplations, it will contract an habitual greatness, will look down with a kind of disregard on human life and on death; consequently, will possess the truest fortitude. Such," says he, "is the mind born to govern the rest of mankind." But these very endowments, so necessary to a soul formed for philosophy, are often its ruin, especially when joined to the external advantages of wealth, nobility, strength, and beauty; that is, if it light on a bad soil, and want its proper nurture, which nothing but an excellent education can bestow. In this case he is depraved by the public example, the assemblies of the people, the courts of justice, the theatres, that inspire it with

false opinions, terrify it with false infamy, or elevate it with false applause; and remember, that extraordinary vices and extraordinary virtues are equally the produce of a vigorous mind: little souls are alike incapable of the one and the other.

If you have ever met with the portrait sketched out by Plato, you will know it again: for my part, to my sorrow I have had that happiness. I see the principal features, and I foresee the dangers with a trembling anxiety. But enough of this, I return to your letter. It proves at least, that in the midst of your new gaieties I still hold some place in your memory, and, what pleases me above all, it has an air of undissembled sincerity. Go on, my best and amiable friend, to shew me your heart simply and without the shadow of disguise, and leave me to weep over it, as I now do, no matter whether from joy or sorrow.

CLXIV.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

Cambridge, April 14, 1770.

I THOUGHT my mysteries were but too easy to explain, however you must have a little patience, for I can hazard only word of mouth. What you say of poor Bonstetten is so true, and (let me add) expresses so well my own feelings, that I shall transcribe your words and send them to him: were I in his place I should be grateful for them; by this time I should think you may have received a letter from him your-

self, for in that I received from Abbeville, 31st March, he spoke of his intention to write to you. I wrote to you myself as soon as I returned from London, the first (I think) of April.

I am coming to see you, my good friend, that is, on Monday se'nnight, I mean to call on Palgrave for a few days in my way to Blundeston. As to Wales you may do with me what you please, I care not. There is this inconvenience in our way, that I must call on Mason at Aston (and so may you too) for a little while, the last week in May: from thence we strike across to Chester and enter Wales. For the summer of next year (though I shall be dead first) I am your man, only I desire it may be a secret between ourselves till the time comes, as you love your life.

I rejoice to see you are so great a gardener and botanist: my instructions will be very poor: De Bonstetten, with five lessons from Miller (before he departed for Sumatra) and his own matchless industry, could have told you much more than I can. It would be strange if I should blame you for reading Isocrates: I did so myself twenty years ago, and in an edition at least as bad as yours. *The Panegyrick*, *The De Pace*, *Areopagitica*, and *Advice to Philip*, are by far the noblest remains we have of this writer, and equal to most things extant in the Greek tongue: but it depends on your judgment to distinguish between his real and occasional opinion of things, as he directly contradicts in one place what he has advanced in

another; for example, in the *Panathenaic* and the *De Pace*, etc., on the naval power of Athens: the latter of the two is undoubtedly his own undisguised sentiment.

Talk your fill to me and spare not. It would, perhaps, be more flattering if you lived in the midst of an agreeable society: but even as it is, I take it in good part, and heartily thank you, for you have given me a late instance of your partiality and kindness that I shall ever remember.

I received on the 10th of this month a long letter from Paris, lively and sensible as usual: but you will see it, and I shall hope for a sight of such as you have got by you. There are two different directions: A Monsieur Mr. B. à l'hotel de Luxembourg, rue des Petits Augustins, Fauxbourg St. Germain, Paris. The other to the same, chez Messrs. Lullin Freres, et Rittich, rue Thevenot, Paris. The latter seems the safer, but then I am uncertain whether I read it right. What shall I do? I have tried both ways, but do not know yet with what success. Adieu! dear sir, I am very faithfully yours,

T. G.

CLXV.—TO THOMAS WARTON.

Pembroke Hall, April 15, 1770.

Sir—Our friend, Dr. Hurd, having long ago desired me, in your name to communicate any fragments or sketches of a design, I once had, to give a History of

English Poetry,[1] you may well think me rude or negligent, when you see me hesitating for so many months, before I comply with your request, and yet, believe me, few of your friends have been better pleased than I, to find this subject (surely neither unentertaining nor unuseful) had fallen into hands so likely to do it justice. Few have felt a higher esteem for your talents, your taste, and industry. In truth, the only cause of my delay, has been a sort of diffidence, that would not let me send you anything, so short, so slight, and so imperfect as the few materials I had begun to collect, or the observations I had made on them. A sketch of the division or arrangement of the subject, however, I venture to transcribe; and would wish to know, whether it corresponds in any thing with your own plan, for I am told your first volume is in the press.

INTRODUCTION.

On the Poetry of the Gallic or Celtic nations, as far back as it can be traced. On that of the Goths, its introduction into these islands by the Saxons and Danes, and its duration. On the origin of rhyme among the Franks, the Saxons, and Provençaux. Some account of the Latin rhyming poetry, from its early origin, down to the fifteenth century.

[1] See a letter from Thos. Warton to Garrick, June 28, 1769, in which he says Gray had once an intention of this sort (of writing the History of English Poetry), but he dropt it, as may be seen by an Advt. to his *Norway Odes.*—[*Mit.*]

PART I.

On the School of Provence, which rose about the year 1100, and was soon followed by the French and Italians. Their heroic poetry, or romances in verse, allegories, fabliaux, syrvientes, comedies, farces, canzoni, sonnetts, ballades, madrigals, sestines, etc. Of their imitators, the French; and of the first Italian School, commonly called the Sicilian, about the year 1200, brought to perfection by Dante, Petrarch, Boccace, and others. State of poetry in England from the Conquest, 1066, or rather from Henry the Second's time, 1154, to the reign of Edward the Third, 1327.

PART II.

On Chaucer, who first introduced the manner of the Provençaux, improved by the Italians into our country. His character, and merits at large. The different kinds in which he excelled. Gower, Occleve, Lydgate, Hawes, Gawen Douglas, Lyndesay, Bellenden, Dunbar, etc.

PART III.

Second Italian School, of Ariosto, Tasso, etc., an improvement on the first, occasioned by the revival of letters, the end of the fifteenth century. The Lyric Poetry of this and the former age, introduced from Italy by Lord Surrey, Sir T. Wyat, Bryan Lord Vaulx, etc., in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

PART IV.

Spenser, his character. Subject of his poem, allegoric and romantic, of Provençal invention: but his manner of tracing it borrowed from the second Italian school.—Drayton, Fairfax, Phineas Fletcher, Golding, Phaer, etc. This school ends in Milton. A third Italian school, full of conceit, began in Queen Elizabeth's reign, continued under James, and Charles the First, by Donne, Crashaw, Cleveland; carried to its height by Cowley, and ending perhaps in Sprat.

PART V.

School of France, introduced after the Restoration. —Waller, Dryden, Addison, Prior, and Pope,—which has continued to our own times.

You will observe that my idea was in some measure taken from a scribbled paper of Pope, of which I believe you have a copy. You will also see, I had excluded Dramatic poetry entirely; which if you had taken in, it would at least double the bulk and labour of your book.—I am, sir, with great esteem, your most humble and obedient servant,

THOMAS GRAY.

Note.—There is a most objectionable Classification of the Poets in Dr. J. Warton's *Essay on Pope*, v. Ded. V. 1, p. 12.

CLXVI.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

April 18, 1770.

My dear Sir—I have been sincerely anxious for Miss Wharton, whose illness must have been indeed severe. If she is only now recovering, let us hope everything from the spring, which begins (though slowly) to give new life to all things, and pray give my best respects to her, and thanks for remembering me and my Dictionary at a time, when she well may be excused for thinking of nothing but herself.

I do think of seeing Wales this summer. Having never found my spirits lower than at present, and feeling that motion and change of the scene is absolutely necessary to me. I will make Aston in my way to Chester, and shall rejoice to meet you there, the *last week in May;* Mason writes me word, that he wishes it, and though his old house is down, and his new one not up, proposes to receive us like princes in grain. Adieu! my dear Sir, and believe me, most faithfully yours, T. G.

My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton and the family. Our weather till Christmas continued mild and open; 28th December some snow fell, but did not lie. The 4th of January was stormy and snowy, which was often repeated during that month. And yet the latter half of it was warm and gentle. 18th February was snow again, the rest of it mostly fine. Snow again

on 15th March; from 23d to 30th of March was cold and dry, wind East, or North East; on the 31st rain, from thence till within a week past, wind North West, or North East, with much hail and sleet; and on 4th April, a thunder-storm. It is now fine spring weather.

1 March.	First Violet appeared.	Frogs abroad.
4 ,,	Almond blowed; and Gooseberry spread its leaves.	
9 ,,	Apricot blowed.	
1 April.	Violets in full bloom, and double Daffodils.	
5 ,,	Wren singing. Double Jonquils.	

CLXVII.—TO CHARLES VON BONSTETTEN.

April 19, 1770.

Alas! how do I every moment feel the truth of what I have somewhere read, "Ce n'est pas le voir, que de s'en souvenir;" and yet that remembrance is the only satisfaction I have left. My life now is but a conversation with your shadow—the known sound of your voice still rings in my ears—there, on the corner of the fender, you are standing, or tinkling on the piano-forte, or stretched at length on the sofa. Do you reflect, my dearest friend, that it is a week or eight days before I can receive a letter from you, and as much more before you can have my answer; that all that time I am employed, with more than Herculean toil, in pushing the tedious hours along, and wishing to annihilate them; the more I strive, the heavier they move, and the longer they grow. I cannot bear this place, where I have spent many tedious years

within less than a month since you left me. I am going for a few days to see poor N[icholls], invited by a letter, wherein he mentions you in such terms as add to my regard for him, and express my own sentiments better than I can do myself. "I am concerned," says he, "that I cannot pass my life with him; I never met with any one who pleased and suited me so well: the miracle to me is, how he comes to be so little spoiled: and the miracle of miracles will be, if he continues so in the midst of every danger and seduction, and without any advantages but from his own excellent nature and understanding. I own I am very anxious for him on this account, and perhaps your inquietude may have proceeded from the same cause. I hope I am to hear when he has passed that cursed sea, or will he forget me thus *in insulam relegatum?* If he should it is out of my power to retaliate."

Surely you have written to him, my dear Bonstetten, or surely you will! he has moved me with these gentle and sensible expressions of his kindness for you: are you untouched by them?

You do me the credit, and false or true it goes to my heart, of ascribing to me your love for many virtues of the highest rank. Would to heaven it were so! but they are indeed the fruits of your own noble and generous understanding, which has hitherto struggled against the stream of custom, passion, and ill company, even when you were but a child; and will you now give way to that stream when your

strength is increased? Shall the jargon of French Sophists, the allurements of painted women *comme il faut*, or the vulgar caresses of prostitute beauty, the property of all who can afford to purchase it, induce you to give up a mind and body by nature distinguished from all others, to folly, idleness, disease, and vain remorse? Have a care, my ever amiable friend, of loving what you do not approve. Know me for your most faithful and most humble despote.

CLXVIII.—TO CHARLES VON BONSTETTEN.[1]

May 9, 1770.

I AM returned, my dear Bonstetten, from the little journey I made into Suffolk, without answering the end proposed. The thought that you might have been with me there, has embittered all my hours: your letter has made me happy, as happy as so gloomy, so solitary a being as I am, is capable of being made. I know, and have too often felt the disadvantages I lay myself under, how much I hurt the little interest I have in you, by this air of sadness so contrary to your nature and present enjoyments: but sure you will forgive, though you cannot sympathize with me. It is impossible with me to dissemble

[1] Bonstetten told me, that when he was walking one day with Gray in a crowded street of the city (about 1769), a large uncouth figure was polling before them, upon seeing which Gray exclaimed, with some bitterness, "Look, look, Bonstetten! the great bear! There goes *Ursa Major!*" This was Johnson: Gray could not abide him.—[*Sir Egerton Brydges.*]

with you; such as I am I expose my heart to your view, nor wish to conceal a single thought from your penetrating eyes. All that you say to me, especially on the subject of Switzerland, is infinitely acceptable. It feels too pleasing ever to be fulfilled, and as often as I read over your truly kind letter, written long since from London, I stop at these words: "La mort qui peut glacer nos bras avant qu'ils soient entrelacées."

CLXIX.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

Jermyn Street, May 22, 1770.

Dear Sir—When I returned to Cambridge I found a long letter from De Bonstetten expressing much kindness, but in a style *un peu trop alembique*, and yesterday I had another shorter, and making bad excuses for not writing oftener: he seems at present to give into all the French nonsense, and to be employed much like an English boy, broke loose from his governor. I want much to know whether he has wrote to you yet, if not, I am seriously angry, though to little purpose. A *Marquis de Villevielle*, who is here with the French Ambassador, has found me out, and seems a quiet good sort of young man. He knows and tries to speak English, and has *translated me* by way of exercise. That is our bond of union, but I have seen no specimen yet. He returns home soon with Mr. de Chatelet; but means to return and acquaint himself better with this country.

On Monday or Tuesday I mean to leave this place, and, after passing two or three days at Cambridge, proceed to Aston, where Mason expects me. Now if you like to accompany me, you will meet me at Cambridge, and we pursue our way together, trees blooming and nightingales singing all round us. Let me know your mind and direct to me at Cambridge.

I have not forgot your microscope, but my Mr. Ramsden (Mason's favourite) is such a liar and a fool, that ten to one it is not finished this month or two. My respects to Mrs. Nicholls! I hope the sermon is completed between you. Adieu! I am faithfully yours, T. G.

I have got Gruner's book.

CLXX.—TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

Jermyn Street, May 22, 1770.

Dear Sir—I have received two letters from you with one enclosed from Paris and one from Mason. I met poor Barber (?) two or three days after the fire with evident marks of terror in his countenance; he has moved his quarters (I am told) somewhere into Gray's-inn-lane, near the fields.

I do not apprehend anything more than usual from the City Remonstrance; and the party principally concerned, I hear, does not in the least regard it. The conversation you mention in the House of Lords is very true; it happened about a fortnight

since; and the Archbishop replied, it was not any concern of his, as he had received no complaint from the University on that head. It begins to be doubted whether Lord Anglesey[1] will carry his point, his witnesses being so very Irish in their understandings and consciences that they puzzle the cause they came to prove; but this cannot be cleared up till another session. Pa. and I have often visited, but never met. I saw my Lord and Tom[2] the other day at breakfast in good health; and Lady Maria did not beat me, but giggled a little. Monsieur de Villervielle has found me out, and seems a sensible, quiet young man. He returns soon to France with the ambassador, but means to revisit England and see it better. I dined at Hampton Court on Sunday all alone with St. who inquired after you; and the next day with the same, and a good deal of company in town. I have not seen him so well this long time. I am myself in-

[1] This alludes to the disputed Peerage. Arthur, on arriving at his majority, 1765, took his seat as Lord Valentia, after an investigation by the Lords of Ireland of nearly four years during his minority; his succession to the Irish estates being opposed by his kinsman, John Annesley, derived from the first Regent Valentia. When he petitioned for his writ of summons to the Parliament of Great Britain as Earl of Anglesey, the judgment was against him. A renewal of the claim again took place in Ireland, when they came to the same conclusion as before, and confirmed the claim. So his Lordship enjoyed his Irish honours; but the earldom in England was considered as extinct, and the title of the latter conferred on another family.—[*Mit.*]

[2] Lord Strathmore and Thomas Lyon, and Lady Maria Lyon his wife.

different; the head-ache returns now and then, and a little grumbling of the gout; but I mean to see you on Monday or Tuesday next. Adieu.—I am ever yours, T. G.

P.S.—Pray is Mrs. Olliffe come to Cambridge?

CLXXI.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

Pembroke College, June 24, 1770.

DEAR SIR—I am returned from Aston, and now wait your commands. My idea is, that we might meet on the first or second of July at Huntingdon, or at the "Wheat Sheaf," five miles further on the northern road (for I do not like to be here at the commencement), and thence find our way cross by Thrapston into Warwickshire, so through Worcestershire, Shropshire, and other of the midland counties, for about three weeks; but the particular route and objects we are to see I leave to be determined on joint consultation. The "Wheat Sheaf" I only mention as a very good inn (though a little out of our way), where I possibly may go, and wait a day or two for you. Send me word whether it suits you, and precisely tell me the day you can come. My compliments to Mrs. Nicholls. I am sincerely yours, T. G.

I wish you a good delivery.

CLXXII.—TO JAMES BEATTIE.

Pembroke Hall, July 2, 1770.

I REJOICE to hear that you are restored to a better state of health, to your books, and to your muse once again. That forced dissipation and exercise we are obliged to fly to as a remedy, when this frail machine goes wrong, is often almost as bad as the distemper we would cure; yet I too have been constrained of late to pursue a like regimen, on account of certain pains in the head (a sensation unknown to me before), and of great dejection of spirits. This, Sir, is the only excuse I have to make you for my long silence, and not (as perhaps you may have figured to yourself) any secret reluctance I had to tell you my mind concerning the specimen you so kindly sent me of your new Poem.[1] On the contrary, if I had seen anything of importance to disapprove, I should have hastened to inform you, and never doubted of being forgiven. The truth is, I greatly like all I have seen, and wish to see more. The design is simple, and pregnant with poetical ideas of various kinds, yet seems somehow imperfect at the end. Why may not young Edwin, when necessity has driven him to take up the harp, and assume the profession of a Minstrel, do some great and singular service to his

[1] This letter was written in answer to one that enclosed only a part of the first book of the *Minstrel* in manuscript, and I believe a sketch of Mr. Beattie's plan for the whole.—[*Mason.*]

country? (what service I must leave to your invention) such as no General, no Statesman, no Moralist could do without the aid of music, inspiration, and poetry. This will not appear an improbability in those early times, and in a character then held sacred, and respected by all nations. Besides, it will be a full answer to all the Hermit has said, when he dissuaded him from cultivating these pleasing arts; it will shew their use, and make the best panegyric of our favourite and celestial science. And lastly (what weighs most with me), it will throw more of action, pathos, and interest into your design, which already abounds in reflection and sentiment. As to description, I have always thought that it made the most graceful ornament of poetry, but never ought to make the subject. Your ideas are new, and borrowed from a mountainous country, the only one that can furnish truly picturesque scenery. Some trifles in the language or versification you will permit me to remark. . . .[1]

I will not enter at present into the merits of your *Essay on Truth*, because I have not yet given it all the attention it deserves, though I have read it through with pleasure; besides I am partial, for I have always thought David Hume a pernicious writer, and believe he has done as much mischief here as he has in his

[1] Here followed some verbal suggestions, the exact form of which has not been preserved, but the tenor of Gray's criticism, in detail, may be found in Forbes' *Life of Beattie*, vol. i. p. 197, and in the appendix to the same.—[*Ed.*]

own country. A turbid and shallow stream often appears to our apprehensions very deep. A professed sceptic can be guided by nothing but his present passions (if he has any) and interests; and to be masters of his philosophy we need not his books or advice, for every child is capable of the same thing, without any study at all. Is not that *naiveté* and good humour, which his admirers celebrate in him, owing to this, that he has continued all his days an infant, but one that has unhappily been taught to read and write? That childish nation, the French, have given him vogue and fashion, and we, as usual, have learned from them to admire him at second hand.[1]

[1] On a similar subject Mr. Gray expresses himself thus in a letter to Mr. Walpole, dated March 17, 1771: "He must have a very good stomach that can digest the *Crambe recocta* of Voltaire. Atheism is a vile dish, though all the cooks of France combine to make new sauces to it. As to the Soul, perhaps they may have none on the Continent; but I do think we have such things in England. Shakespeare, for example, I believe had several to his own share. As to the Jews (though they do not eat pork) I like them because they are better christians than Voltaire." This was written only three months before his death; and I insert it to shew how constant and uniform he was in his contempt of infidel writers.—[*Mason.*]

CLXXIII.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

My dear Doctor—It happened, that I was in London at the time, when Stonehewer received your letter relating to Mr. L.'s request; as my name was mentioned in it, I ought to make my excuses to you as well as he, which it is indeed easy to do, as I could by no means ask anything but through him, and (though this had been in my power) it would have been a very bad plea to say, "My L^d^ you have done me a very unexpected favour not long since; and therefore I must beg you to do another, at my desire, for a friend of mine." But the truth is, at this time our application could not have had any success, as our principal would certainly never apply to three different persons, with whom he has no connexion; nor care to be refused, or even obliged by them. The inside of things cannot be well explained by letters; but if you saw it, you would immediately see in its full light the impracticability of the thing.

I am lately returned from a six weeks ramble through Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, Herefordshire, and Shropshire, five of the most beautiful counties in the kingdom. The very light and principal feature in my journey was the river Wye, which I descended in a boat for near 40 miles, from Ross to Chepstow: its banks are a succession of nameless wonders! one out of many you may see

not ill described by Mr. Whateley, in his *Observations on Gardening*[1] under the name of the *New Weir;* he has also touched upon two others, *Tinterne Abbey*, and *Persfield* (Mr. Morris's), both of them famous scenes, and both on the Wye. Monmouth, a town I never heard mentioned, lies on the same river in a vale, that is the delight of my eyes, and the very seat of pleasure. The vale of Abergavenny, Ragland and Chepstow Castles, Ludlow, Malvern Hills, Hampton Court near Lemster, the Leasowes, Hagley, the three Cities and their Cathedrals,[2] and lastly Oxford (where I past two days in my return with great satisfaction), are the rest of my acquisitions, and no bad harvest to my thinking. I have a journal written by the companion[3] of my travels, that serves to recal and fix the fading images of these things.

[1] *Observations on Modern Gardening*, published by Thomas Whateley in 1770.—[*Ed.*]

[2] Hereford, Gloucester, Worcester?—[*Whitaker, MS. note.*]

[3] Mr. Norton Nicholls. "In the same year" (says Mr. Gilpin in his Preface to his *Observations on the River Wye*, p. iii.) "in which this little journey was made, Mr. Gray made it likewise; and hearing that I had put on paper a few remarks on the scenes, which he had so lately visited, he desired a sight of them. They were then only in a rude state; but the handsome things he said of them to a friend of his, who obligingly repeated them to me, gave them, I own, some little degree of credit in my own opinion; and made me somewhat less apprehensive in risking them before the public. If this work afforded any amusement to Mr. Gray, it was the amusement of a very late period of his life. He saw it in London, about the beginning of June, 1771; and he died, you know, at the end of the July following. Had he lived, it is possible he might

I desire to hear of your health, and that of your family. Are Miss Wh^n. and Miss Peggy quite recovered? My respects to Mrs. Wharton and them. I am ever yours, T. G.

Pembroke College, August 24, 1770.

CLXXIV.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Cambridge, August 1770.

DEAR MASON—I am very well at present, the usual effect of my summer expeditions, and much obliged to you, gentlemen, for your kind inquiry after me, I have seen Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, Herefordshire, Shropshire—five of the best counties this kingdom has to produce. The chief grace and ornament of my journey was the river Wye, which I descended in a boat from Ross to Chepstow (near forty miles), surrounded with ever-new delights; among which were the New Weir (see Whateley), Tintern Abbey, and Persfield. I say nothing of the Vale of Abergavenny, Ragland Castle, Ludlow, Malvern Hills, the Leasowes, and Hagley, etc., nor how I passed two days at Oxford very agreeably. The weather was very hot, and gener-

have been induced to have assisted me with a few of his own remarks on scenes which he had so accurately examined; the slightest touches of such a master would have had their effect. No man was a greater admirer of nature than Mr. Gray, nor admired it with better taste."—[*Mit.*]

ally serene. I envy not your Greffiers,[1] nor your Wensley-dale and Aisgarth Forces; but did you see Winander-mere and Grass-mere? Did you get to Keswick, and what do you think of the matter? I stayed a fortnight stewing in London, and now am in the midst of this dead quiet, with nobody but Mr. President near me, and he "is not dead, but sleepeth."

The politics of the place are that Bishop Warburton will chouse Bishop Keene out of Ely by the help of Lord Mansfield, who can be refused nothing at present. Every one is frightened except Tom Neville.

Palgrave, I suppose, is at Mr. Weddell's, and has told you the strange casualties of his household. Adieu.—I am ever yours, T. G.

The letter in question was duly received.

CLXXV.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

September 14, 1770.

Dear Sir—Venga, venga, V. S. si serva! I shall be proud to see you both. The lodgings over the way will be empty; but such a staircase! how will Mrs. Nicholls be able to crowd through it? with what grace, when she gets out of her chair, can she conduct her hoop petticoat through this auger-hole, and up

[1] His allusion to Greffiers or registrars must refer to some passage in a letter of Mason's which is wanting.—[*Mit.*]

the dark windings of the grand escalier that leads to her chamber? it is past my finding out. So I delay, till I hear from you again, before I engage them. I believe there may be a bed for you, but is there room for Mrs. Kipiffe, mamma's maid? I am sure I know not.

I was very ill when I received your letter, with a feverish disorder, but have cured it merely by dint of sage-tea, the beverage of life. It is a polydynamious plant, take my word; though your Linnæus would persuade us it is merely diandrious. I applaud your industry; it will do you a power of good one way or other, only do not mistake a Carabus for an Orchis, nor a Lepisma for an Adenanthera. Here is Mr. Foljambe, has got a flying hobgoblin from the East Indies, and a power of rarities, and then he has given me such a phalæna,[1] with looking glasses in its wings, and a queen of the white ants, whose belly alone is as big as many hundred of her subjects, I do not mean their bellies only, but their whole persons; and yet her head and her tetons and her legs are no bigger than other people's. Oh, she is a jewel of a pismire!

I hear the triumphs and see the illuminations of Alloa hither. But did Mrs. E. lie a night at Edinburgh in her way thither? Does she meet with no signs of mortality about her castle? Are her subjects all civet-cats and musk-deer?

[1] Mr. John Murray, in one of the MS. books by Gray with a sight of which he has obliged me, possesses a minute description of this "jewel of a pismire," which shews how acute and scientific were the poet's observations of natural history.—[*Ed.*]

My respects to your mother. Adieu! I have had an infinite letter from Bonstetten, he goes in October to Rocheguion on the Loire, with the Duchess d'Enville. The people in several provinces are starving to death on the highways. The King (in spite to his parliaments and nation), it is thought, will make the Duke d'Aiguillon his chief minister. T. G.

CLXXVI.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Pembroke Hall, October 24, 1770.

DEAR MASON—I have been for these three weeks and more confined to my room by a fit of the gout, and am now only beginning to walk alone again. I should not mention the thing, but that I am well persuaded it will soon be your own case, as you have so soon laid aside your horse, and talk, so relishingly of your old port.

I cannot see any objection to your design for Mr. Pierce. As to Wilson[1] we know him much alike. He seems a good honest lad; and I believe is scholar enough for your purpose. Perhaps this connection may make (or mar) his fortune. Our friend Foljambe has resided in college, and persevered in the ways of godliness till about ten days ago, when he disappeared, and no one knows whether he is gone a hunting or a . . . The little Fitzherbert[2] is come a pensioner to St. John's, and seems to have all his wits about him.

[1] Thomas Wilson, elected Fellow of Pembroke in 1767; became vicar of Soham, 1769; died, 1797.

[2] The little Fitzherbert was afterwards Lord St. Helen's:

Your *elève* Lord Richard Cavendish, having digested all the learning and all the beef this place could afford him in a two months' residence, is about to leave us, and his little brother George[1] succeeds him. Bishop Keene has brought a son from Eton to Peterhouse; and Dr. Heberden[2] another to St. John's, who is

he took a high degree in 1774. Of the visit which Gray paid to him on the occasion, Lord St. Helen's gave an account to Mr. Samuel Rogers, which he has allowed me to transcribe from his own words:—"I came to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1770, and that year received a visit from *Gray*, having a letter of introduction to him. He was accompanied by Dr. Gisborne, Mr. Stonhewer, and Mr. Palgrave, and they walked one after one, in Indian file. When they withdrew, every college man took off his cap as he passed, a considerable number having assembled in the quadrangle to see Mr. Gray, who was seldom seen. I asked Mr. Gray, to the great dismay of his companions, what he thought of Mr. Garrick's Jubilee Ode, just published? He answered, 'He was easily pleased.'" Lord St. Helen's was Minister for some time at the Court of St. Petersburg, and could recollect in after-life and repeat some interesting anecdotes of the Empress Catherine. He resided and I believe died in Albemarle Street. Mr. Rogers often speaks of the pleasure he had in his acquaintance, of his visits to Lord St. Helen's house, and of his agreeable and enlightened conversation. In his last illness—moriens legavit—he presented to Mr. Rogers, Pope's own copy of Garth's *Dispensary*, enriched with the MS. annotations of the younger poet, in his early *print-hand*. The Ode of Garrick was "An Ode on dedicating a building, or erecting a statue, to Shakspere at Stratford-upon-Avon, by D. G.," 1769, 4to, *and it is bad enough!*—[*Mit.*]

[1] Lord George Augustus Henry Cavendish (1754-1834); he was the last survivor of persons who had known Gray.—[*Ed.*]

[2] Dr. William Heberden, formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, died in his 91st year in May 1801, being then Senior Fellow of the College of Physicians.—[*Ed.*]

entered pensioner, and destined to the Church. This is all my university news; but why do I tell you? come yourself and see, for I hope you remember your promise at Aston, and will take us in your way as you go to your town residence.

You have seen Stonhewer, I imagine, who went northwards on Saturday last; pray tell me how he is, for I think him not quite well. Tell me this, and tell me when I may expect to see you here.—I am ever yours, T. G.

CLXXVII.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

November 25, 1770.

I DO not see why you should suppose that you only are to have the privilege of being ill. For me, from the time you left me (till within these three days) I have been only one day out of the walls of this college. That day was employed in going to the hills by way of airing after the gout, and in catching such a cold and cough as has given me no rest night or day, and has only now taken its leave of me. I sent away your letter to Bonstetten directly: I saw no reason against it. He was then at Aubonne, near Geneva, with his brother, and is now at Berne. The picture is not arrived, nor (I suppose) ever will; though he says he has sent it, but by what conveyance or by what hand he does not say.

You do me wrong: I have thought very frequently of you, especially since Sir A. Allin's death. I am

rather glad his family were about him, though I know not well why, for he perhaps was insensible to it. These sort of deaths are alarming to the spectator; but perhaps the best for the sufferer. I have now every day before my eyes a woman of ninety, my aunt, who has for many years been gradually turning into chalk-stones; they are making their way out of the joints of both feet, and the surgeon twice a day comes to increase the torture. She is just as sensible and as impatient of pain, and as intractable, as she was at sixty years ago. She thinks not at all of death, and if a mortification does not come to release her, may lie in this agony for months (at least), helpless and bed-rid. This is what you call a *natural* death!

It is well you live in a dry country, but do not your lakes overflow? Can anything get from Norwich to Blundeston? Two hundred thousand acres are drowned in the Fens here, and cattle innumerable. Our friends at Worcester, Gloucester, etc., are sailing through the street from house to house. Adieu! The post is impatient. My respects to Mrs. Nicholls. —I am faithfully yours, T. G.

CLXXVIII.—TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

How did we know, pray? nobody here remembered another burying of the kind.[1] Shall be proud of your

[1] The funeral of Roger Long, Master of Pembroke Hall, who died December 16, 1770, aged 91.

advice the next opportunity, which we hope will be some forty years hence. I am sorry you would not send for me last night. I shall not be able to wait on you chez vous as soon as I could wish, for I go in a few days to town, when I shall see Mr. Walpole. Adieu! at my return we shall meet.

Saturday, 22d December 1770.

CLXXIX.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

Pembroke College, January 26, 1771.

DEAR SIR—I want to know a hundred things about you. Are you fixed in your house, for I hear many vague reports of Miss Allin's inclination to part with the estate, and that the Loves are desirous of the purchase, and would bid high? what part of the mansion (where I used to tremble at a breath of air) was blown down in the high wind? did not you bless your stars for that dreary flat that lay between you and Corton, and barred all sight of the sea in its fury, and of the numberless wrecks that strewed all your coast? as to our little and unpicturesque events, you know them, I find, and have congratulated Mr. President,[1] who is now our master, in due form; but you do not know that it never rains but it pours: he goes to town on Monday for institution to the living of Streath-ham, in the Isle of Ely, worth from two to three hundred pound a year, and given him by the king's majesty. The detail is infinite, the attacks,

[1] James Brown.

the defences, the evasions, the circumventions, the sacrifices, the perjuries, are only to be told by word of mouth; suffice it to say that it is carried swimmingly and triumphantly against two lords temporal and one spiritual, who solicited for their several protégés in vain; so our good uncle Toby will have about four hundred pounds a year, no uncomfortable pittance! I have had several capricious letters from Berne. He has sent me some pretty views of his native country and its inhabitants. The portrait too is arrived, done at Paris, but no more like, than I to Hercules: you would think it was intended for his father, so grave and so composed: doubtless he meant to look like an Englishman or an owl. Pray send me the letter, and do not suppose I grudge postage.

I rejoice you have met with Froissart: he is the Herodotus of a barbarous age: had he but had the luck of writing in as good a language, he might have been immortal! his locomotive disposition (for then there was no other way of learning things), his simple curiosity, his religious credulity, were much like those of the old Grecian. Our ancestors used to read the *Mort d'Arthur*, *Amadis de Gaul*, and Froissart, all alike, that is, they no more suspected the good faith of the former than they did of the latter, but took it all for history. When you have tant chevauché as to get to the end of him, there is Monstrelet waits to take you up, and will set you down at Philip de Comines; but previous to all these, you should have read Villehardouin and Joinville. I do not think myself bound

to defend the character of even the best of kings. Pray slash them, and spare not. My best compliments to Mrs. Nicholls. I am very sincerely yours,

T. G.

Your friend Mr. Crofts has just left me. He is a candidate for the University, and will succeed in the room of De Grey, now Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

CLXXX.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

Pembroke College, February 2, 1771.

It never rains, but it pours, my dear Doctor, you will be glad to hear, that Mr. Brown has added to his mastership (which is better than £150 a year) a living hard by Cambridge, Stretham in the isle of Ely, worth, as it was let above forty years ago, at least £240 more. It was in the gift of the crown during the vacancy of the See of Ely, and that its value is really more than I have said, you will hardly doubt, when you hear it was carried against an Earl, a Baron, and a Bishop, the latter of the three so strenuous a suitor, that he still persisted above a week after I had seen the presentation signed to Mr. Brown by the King's own hand, nay, he still persisted a day, after the King had publicly declared in the Drawing-room, that he had given it Mr. Brown by name. And who was this bishop? no other than your friend, who wanted it for a nephew of his, a poor *unfortunate* nephew, that had been so imprudent many a year

ago to marry a farmer's daughter, where he boarded, when Curate; and continued ever since under a cloud, because his uncle would give him nothing. As to us, we had a Duke, an Earl, a Viscount, and a Bishop, on our side, and carried it so swimmingly you would stare again. There was a prologue and an exegesis and a peripeteia, and all the parts of a regular drama; and the Hero is gone to London, was instituted yesterday, and to-day is gone to Lambeth, for the Archbishop too spoke a good word for us and at a very critical time. The old Lodge has got rid of all its harpsichords, and begins to brighten up: its inhabitant is lost like a mouse in an old cheese. He has received your generous offer of a benefaction to the common good, but it is too much to tax yourself: however we all intend to bring in our mites, and shew the way to the high and mighty: when a fund is once on foot, they will bestir themselves.

I am sincerely concerned to find Miss Wharton is still an invalid. I believe, you must send her into the milder regions of the South, where the sun dispels all maladies. We ourselves have had an untoward season enough: vast quantities of rain instead of winter, the thermometer never below 40 degrees, often above 50, before Christmas; unusual high winds (which still continue), particularly the 19th of December at night it blew a dreadful storm. The first grain of snow was seen on Christmas day, of which we have had a good deal since, but never deep or lasting. The second week in January was really severe cold

at London, and the Thames frozen over. One morning that week the glass stood here (at eight in the morning) at 16 degrees, which is the lowest I ever knew it at Cambridge. At London it never has been observed lower than 13 (understand me right. I mean, 13 above Zero of Fahrenheit), and that was 5th January 1739. Now it is very mild again, but with very high winds at N.W.

I give you joy of our awkward peace with Spain. Mason is in town taking his swing, like a boy in breaking-up time. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Wharton, and all the good family. Did I tell you of my breaking-up, in Summer, in the midland counties, and so as far as Abergavenny one way, and Ludlow the other? I have another journal for you, in several volumes. I have had a cough for above three months upon me, which is incurable. Adieu!—I am ever yours, T. G.

CLXXXI.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

February 24, 1771.

Dear Sir—Your friend Jean Froissart, son of Thomas, by profession a herald painter, was born at Valenciennes in Hainault, about the year 1337, was by nature fond of every noble diversion, as hunting, hawking, dress, good cheer, wine, and women (this latter passion commenced at twelve years old), and was in his own time no less distinguished by his gallant poesies (still preserved in MSS.) than by his

historical writings, which he began at the desire of Robert de Namur, Seigneur de Beaufort, when he was barely twenty years of age. At twenty-four he made his first voyage into England, and presented the first part of his history to Edward the Third's Queen, Philippa of Hainault, who appointed him clerk of her chamber, that is, secretary, by which he became one of the household in that court. After the death of this Queen in 1369, he had the living of Lessines in his own country given him, and must then consequently be a priest. He attached himself to Wenceslaus of Luxemburg, Duke of Brabant, who dying in 1384, he became clerk of the chapel to Guy, Comte de Blois, who probably gave him a canonry in the collegiate church of Chimay, near Marienbourg, in the county of Hainault; he also had obtained of the Pope a reversion of another canonry in the church of Lisle, but of this he never could get possession. After twenty-seven years absence from England he made a third voyage thither in 1395, and stayed in it only three months. His patron, Guy de Blois, died in 1397, and Froissart survived him certainly four years, but how much more is uncertain. These and many more particulars are taken from the account of his life and writings, collected by Monsieur de la Curne de St. Palaye, in ten tome of the *Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscript.*, etc., where you may see much more about him. The same author defends him strongly against the suspicions that have been entertained of his partiality to the English nation.

A man-at-arms was a complicated machine consisting of about seven men, *i.e.* the knight or gentleman himself completely and heavily armed, and mounted on his great war-horse, caparisoned and armed as strongly as the rider: the rest were his esquires, rather meant to assist him and watch his motions in the combat, than to engage in action themselves. All of them were (as I apprehend) on horseback, and thus, taken together, made the principal strength and principal expence of armies in those days. Ecuyers were the sons of gentlemen, trained up in quality of pages till twelve years old (commonly not in their father's castle, but in that of some famous knight, his friend), after which age they assumed the title of esquires, were exercised daily in feats of arms and courtesy, attended the person of their lord at home and abroad, and at twenty-one, were qualified to receive themselves the order of knighthood. Read the same St. Palayé's *Mem. de l'Ancienne Chevalerie*, 2 vol. 8vo, 1759, Paris. If you would have me say anything to F. you must remind me, what period of time he inquired about, for my memory fails me.

You may be sure of a month's notice from me if I undertake the voyage, which seems to me next to impossible. I received a letter from Bonstetten last night, which mentions you kindly, and seems very desirous we should come this summer. What you mention of herrings I know not: I have never seen or heard of them.

Monstrelet reaches from A.D. 1400 to 1467, and

there are additions at the end of him that come down to 1516; it is a splendid and very substantial folio, published in 1572. Adieu! My respects to Mrs. Nicholls. T. G.

CLXXXII.—TO JAMES BEATTIE.

Cambridge, March 8, 1771.

THE *Minstrel* came safe to my hands, and I return you my sincere thanks for so acceptable a present. In return, I shall give you my undisguised opinion of him, as he proceeds, without considering to whom he owes his birth, and sometimes without specifying my reasons; either because they would lead me too far, or because I may not always know what they are myself.

I think we should wholly adopt the language of Spenser's time, or wholly renounce it. You say, you have done the latter; but, in effect, you retain *fared*, *forth*, *meed*, *wight*, *ween*, *gaude*, *shene*, *in sooth*, *aye*, *eschew*, etc.; obsolete words, at least in these parts of the island, and only known to those that read our ancient authors, or such as imitate them.[1]

St. 2, v. 5. The *obstreperous* trump of fame hurts my ear, though meant to express a jarring sound.

[1] *To fare*, *i.e. to go*, is used in Pope's *Odyssey*, and so is *meed*; *wight* (in a serious sense) is used by Milton and Dryden. *Ween* is used by Milton; *gaude* by Dryden; *shene* by Milton; *eschew* by Atterbury; *aye* by Milton. The poetical style in every nation (where there is a poetical style) abounds in old words.—[*Beattie.*]

St. 3, v. 6. *And from his bending*, etc., the grammar seems deficient; yet as the mind easily fills up the ellipsis, perhaps it is an atticism, and not inelegant.

St. 4, and ult. *Pensions, posts, and praise.* I cannot reconcile myself to this, nor to the whole following stanza; especially *the plaister of thy hair.*[1]

Surely the female heart, etc., St. 6. The thought is not just. We cannot justify the sex from the conduct of the Muses, who are only females by the help of Greek mythology; and then, again, how should they bow the knee in the fane of a Hebrew or Philistine devil? Besides, I am the more severe, because it serves to introduce what I most admire.[2]

St. 7. *Rise, sons of harmony*, etc. This is charming; the thought and the expression. I will not be so hypercritical as to add, but it is *lyrical*, and therefore belongs to a different species of poetry. Rules are but chains, good for little, except when one can break through them; and what is fine gives me so much pleasure, that I never regard what place it is in.

St. 8, 9, 10. All this thought is well and freely handled, particularly, *Here peaceful are the vales*, etc. *Know thine own worth*, etc. *Canst thou forego*, etc.

[1] I did not intend a poem uniformly epical and solemn; but one rather that might be lyrical, or even satirical, upon occasion. —[*Beattie.*]

[2] I meant here an ironical argument. Perhaps, however, the irony is wrong placed. Mammon has now come to signify *wealth* or *riches*, without any regard to its original meaning.—[*Beattie.*]

St. 11. *O, how canst thou renounce*, etc. But this, of all others, is my favourite stanza. It is true poetry; it is inspiration; only (to shew it is mortal) there is one blemish; the word *garniture* suggesting an idea of dress, and, what is worse, of French dress.[1]

St. 12. Very well. *Prompting th' ungenerous wish*, etc. But do not say *rambling muse; wandering*, or *devious*, if you please.[2]

St. 13. *A nation fam'd*, etc. I like this compliment to your country; the simplicity, too, of the following narrative; only in st. 17 the words *artless* and *simple* are too synonymous to come so near each other.

St. 18. *And yet poor Edwin*, etc. This is all excellent, and comes very near the level of st. 11 in my esteem; only, perhaps, *And some believed him mad*, falls a little too flat, and rather below simplicity.

St. 21. *Ah, no!* By the way, this sort of interjection is rather too frequent with you, and will grow characteristic, if you do not avoid it.

In that part of the poem which you sent me before, you have altered several little particulars much for the better.[3]

St. 34. I believe I took notice before of this excess

[1] I have often wished to alter this same word, but have not yet been able to hit upon a better.—[*Beattie.*]

[2] *Wandering* happens to be in the last line of the next stanza save one, otherwise it would certainly have been here.—[*Beattie.*]

[3] I had sent Mr. Gray from st. 23 to st. 39 by way of specimen.—[*Beattie.*]

of alliteration. *Long*, *loaded*, *loud*, lament, *lonely*, lighted, *lingering*, *listening;* though the verses are otherwise very good, it looks like affectation.[1]

St. 36, 37, 38. Sure you go too far in lengthening a stroke of Edwin's character and disposition into a direct narrative, as of a fact. In the meantime, the poem stands still, and the reader grows impatient. Do you not, in general, indulge a little too much in *description* and *reflection?* This is not my remark only, I have heard it observed by others; and I take notice of it here, because *these* are among the stanzas that might be spared; they are good, nevertheless, and might be laid by, and employed elsewhere to advantage.[2]

St. 42. Spite of what I have just now said, this digression pleases me so well, that I cannot spare it.

St. 46, v. ult. The *infuriate* flood. I would not

[1] It does so, and yet it is not affected. I have endeavoured once and again to clear this passage of those obnoxious letters, but I never could please myself. Alliteration has great authorities on its side, but I would never seek for it; nay, except on some very particular occasions, I would rather avoid it. When Mr. Gray, once before, told me of my propensity to alliteration, I repeated to him one of his own lines, which is indeed one of the finest in poetry—

Nor cast one longing lingering look behind.

[*Beattie.*]

[2] This remark is perfectly just. All I can say is, that I meant, from the beginning, to take some latitude in the composition of this poem, and not confine myself to the epical rules for narrative. In an epic poem these digressions and reflections, etc., would be unpardonable.—[*Beattie.*]

make new words without great necessity; it is very hazardous at best.[1]

St. 49, 50, 51, 52. All this is very good; but *medium* and *incongruous*, being words of art, lose their dignity in my eyes, and savour too much of prose. I would have read the last line—"Presumptuous child of dust, be humble and be wise." But, on second thoughts, perhaps—"*For thou art but of dust*"—is better and more solemn, from its simplicity.

St. 53. *Where dark*, etc. You return again to the charge. Had you not said enough before?[2]

St. 54. *Nor was this ancient dame*, etc. Consider, she has not been mentioned for these six stanzas backward.

St. 56, v. 5. *The vernal day.* With us it rarely thunders in the spring, but in the summer frequently.[3]

St. 57, 58. Very pleasing, and has much the rhythm and expression of Milton in his youth. The last four lines strike me less by far.

St. 59. The first five lines charming. Might not

[1] I would as soon make new coin, as knowingly make a new word, except I were to invent any art or science where they would be necessary. *Infuriate* is used by Thomson, *Summer*, 1096; and, which is much better authority, by Milton, *Par. Lost*, book vi. v. 487.—[*Beattie.*] By twenty people; Gray was a merciless critic.—[*MS. note by Mrs. Thrale.*]

[2] What I said before referred only to sophists perverting the truth; this alludes to the method by which they pervert it.—[*Beattie.*]

[3] It sometimes thunders in the latter part of spring. *Sultry day* would be an improvement perhaps.—[*Beattie.*]

the mind of your conqueror be checked and softened in the mid-career of his successes by some domestic misfortune (introduced by way of episode, interesting and new, but not too long), that Edwin's music and its triumphs may be a little prepared, and more consistent with probability?[1]

I am happy to hear of your successes in another way, because I think you are serving the cause of human nature, and the true interest of mankind. Your book is read here too, and with just applause.[2]

CLXXXIII.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

Pembroke College, May 3, 1771.

Dear Sir—I cannot tell you what I do not know myself, nor did I know you staid for my determination to answer Bonstetten's letter. I am glad to hear you say you shall go at all events, because then it is sure I shall not disappoint you; and if (which I surely wish) I should be able to accompany you, perhaps I may prevail upon you to stay a week or fortnight for me: if I find it will not do, you certainly shall know it.

Three days ago I had so strange a letter from Bonstetten I hardly know how to give you any account

[1] This is an excellent hint; it refers to something I had been saying in my last letter to Mr. Gray, respecting the plan of what remains of the *Minstrel*.—[*Beattie*.]

[2] Mr. Gray has been very particular. I am greatly obliged to him for the freedom of his remarks, and think myself as much so for his objections as for his commendations.—[*Beattie*.]

of it, and desire you would not speak of it to anybody. That he has been le plus malheureux des hommes, that he is decidé à quitter son pays, that is, to pass the next winter in England, that he cannot bear la morgue de l'aristocratie, et l'orgueil armé des loix, in short, strong expressions of uneasiness and confusion of mind, so much as to talk of un pistolet and du courage, and all without the shadow of a reason assigned, and so he leaves me. He is either disordered in his intellect (which is too possible), or has done some strange thing that has exasperated his whole family and friends at home, which (I'm afraid) is at least equally possible. I am quite at a loss about it. You will see and know more; but by all means curb these vagaries and wandering imaginations, if there be any room for counsels.

You aggravate my misfortunes by twitting me with Temple, as if a pack of names of books and editions were any cure for his uneasiness, and that I withheld it from him. I have had neither health nor spirits all the winter, and never knew or cared what weather it was before. The spring is begun here, swallows were seen 23d April, the redstart on the 26th, the nightingale was heard on the 29th, and the cuckoo on the 1st of May. Methinks I could wish that Wheeler went with you, whether I do or not! Adieu! —I am truly yours, T. G.

CLXXXIV.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

London, at Frisby's, Jermyn Street,
May 20, 1771.

I RECEIVED your letter enclosing that of poor Temple the night before I set out for London. I would by all means wish you to comply with his request. You may say many things to Lord Lisburne with a better grace than he can. I trust to the cause and to the warmth of your own kindness for inspiration; there is little of management required, nothing to conceal but the full persuasion (I trust) we both have, that Lord Lisburne knows the distress of his circumstances at least as well as we do. This doubtless must be kept out of sight, lest it carry too keen a reproach with it. In all the rest you are at full liberty to expatiate on his good qualities, the friendship you have long had for him, the pious imprudence that has produced his present uneasy situation, and, above all, your profound respect for Lord Lisburne's character and sensibility of heart. Who knows what may be the consequence? Men sometimes catch that feeling from a stranger, which should have originally sprung from their own heart. As to the means of helping him, his own schemes are perhaps too wild for you to mention them to Lord Lisburne, and (if they are to separate him from his wife and family) what is to come of them in the meantime? I have a notion that the chaplainship at Leghorn is still vacant

by the death of a young Mr. Byron: at least I have never heard it was filled up. It depends on recommendation to the principal Italian merchants, which seems much in Lord Lisburne's power. The Bishop of Derry (I apprehend) is at Nice, or somewhere in Italy, for his health: it is true he has a great patronage in Ireland, and sometimes (from vanity) may do a right thing. The other projects do not strike me as anything, but (if Lord Lisburne can be brought to mean him well) many different means will occur, by which he may serve him.

I shall pass a fortnight here, and, perhaps, within that time may see you in town, at least I would wish so to do. I am but indifferently well, and think, all things considered, it is best not to keep you in suspense about my journey. The sense of my own duty, which I do not perform, my own low spirits (to which this consideration not a little contributes) and (added to these) a bodily indisposition make it necessary for me to deny myself that pleasure, which perhaps I have kept too long in view. I shall see, however, with your eyes, and accompany you at least in idea. Write or come, or both soon. I am ever yours sincerely, T. G.

My respects to Mrs. Nicholls. Clarke (I hear) is in town at Claxton's.

CLXXXV.—TO THOMAS WHARTON.

Dear Doctor—I was really far from well in health, when I received your last letter: since that I am come to town and find myself considerably better. Mason has passed all the winter here with Stonehewer in Curzon Street, May-fair, but thinks of returning homeward in a week or ten days. He had your letter (which had gone round by Aston) and was applying to Mr. Fraser and others for proper recommendations in case poor Mrs. E[ttrick] should be obliged to make use of them: but now you have given us some hopes, that these expedients may not be necessary. I for my own part do heartily wish, you may not be deceived, and that so cool a tyrant as her husband seems to be, may willingly give up the thoughts of exercising that tyranny, when it is most in his power: but, I own, it seems to me very unlikely. However I would not have you instrumental (but at her most earnest entreaty) in sending her out of his reach. No persuasion or advice on this head should come from you: it should be absolutely her own firm resolution (before sure witnesses) for that is the only thing, that can authorise you to assist her. It must have been her own fault (at least her weakness) that such a decision as that of these delegates could find any grounds to go upon. I do not wonder, that such an event has discomposed you: it discom-

posed me to think of the trouble and expense it has brought on you!

My summer was intended to have been passed in Switzerland: but I have dropped the thought of it, and believe my expeditions will terminate in Old Park: for travel I must, or cease to exist. Till this year I hardly knew what (mechanical) low spirits were: but now I even tremble at an East-wind. It is here the height of Summer, but with all the bloom and tender verdure of Spring. At Cambridge the laurustines and arbutus killed totally: apricots, almonds, and figs lost all their young shoots. Stonehewer has had a melancholy journey: to-morrow we expect him here. Adieu! I am ever yours,

T. G.

At Frisby's, in Jermyn Street, St. James's,
May 24, 1771.

CLXXXVI.—TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

Jermyn Street, June 28, 1771.

Dear Sir—The enclosed came a few days after you left us, as I apprehend, from Temple. I continue here much against my will. The gout is gone, the feverish disorder abated, but not cured; my spirits much oppressed, and the more so as I foresee a new complaint, that may tie me down perhaps to my bed, and expose me to the operations of a surgeon. God knows what will be the end of it.

It will be an alleviation to my miseries if I can

hear you are well, and capable of enjoying those objects of curiosity, that the countries you are in promise to afford you: the greater the detail you give me of them the happier I shall be. Mr. Clarke called on me yesterday, and desires to be remembered. I know nothing new here, but that Mr. T. Pitt is going to be married to a Miss Wilkinson, the daughter of a rich merchant, who gives her thirty thousand pounds down, and at least as much more in expectation. Adieu! I am faithfully yours, T. G.

Wilkes is like to lose his election.[1]

[1] But at the close of the poll, on the 1st of July, he stood at the head of it by a very large majority.—[*Ed.*]

END OF VOL. III.

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